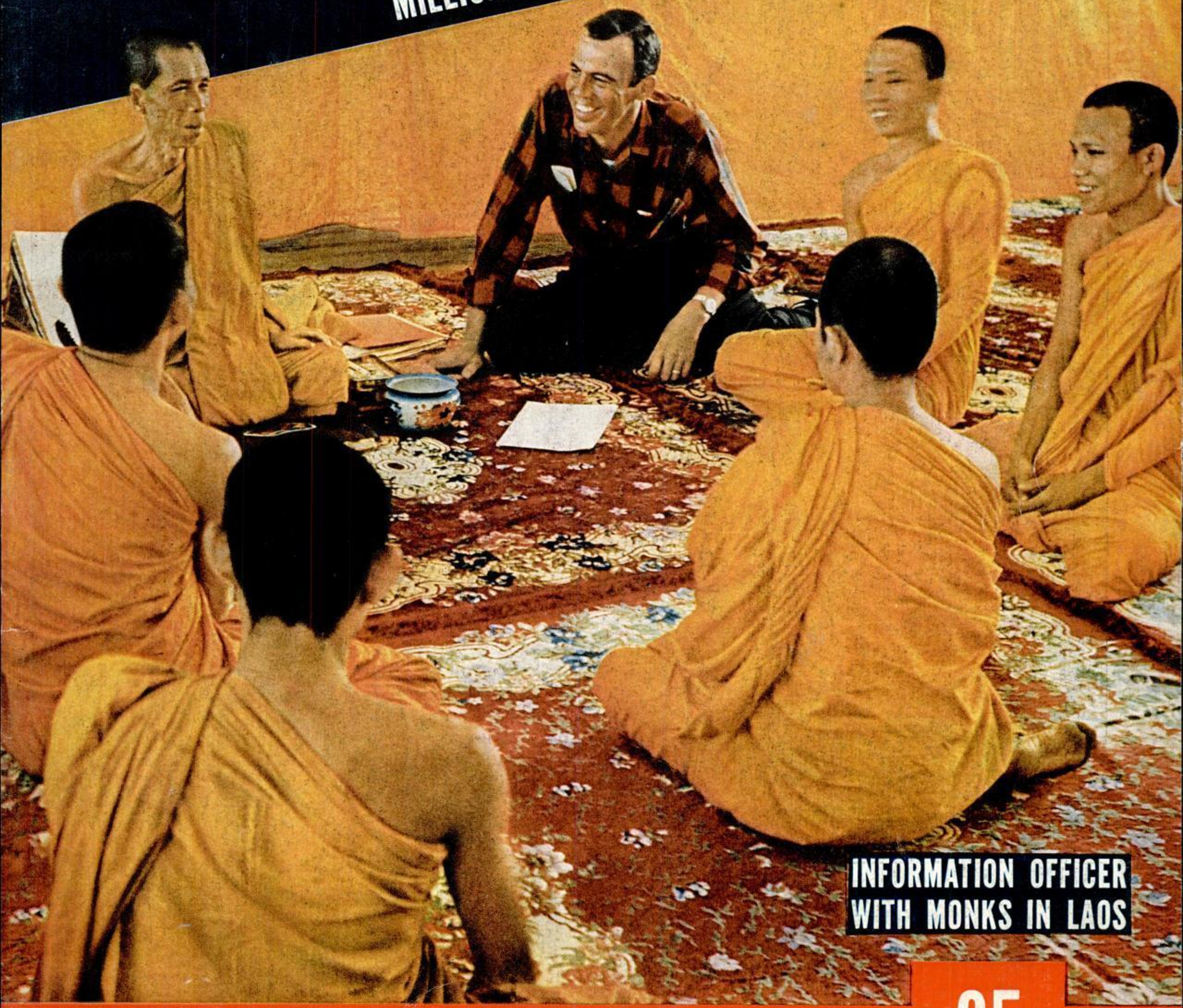
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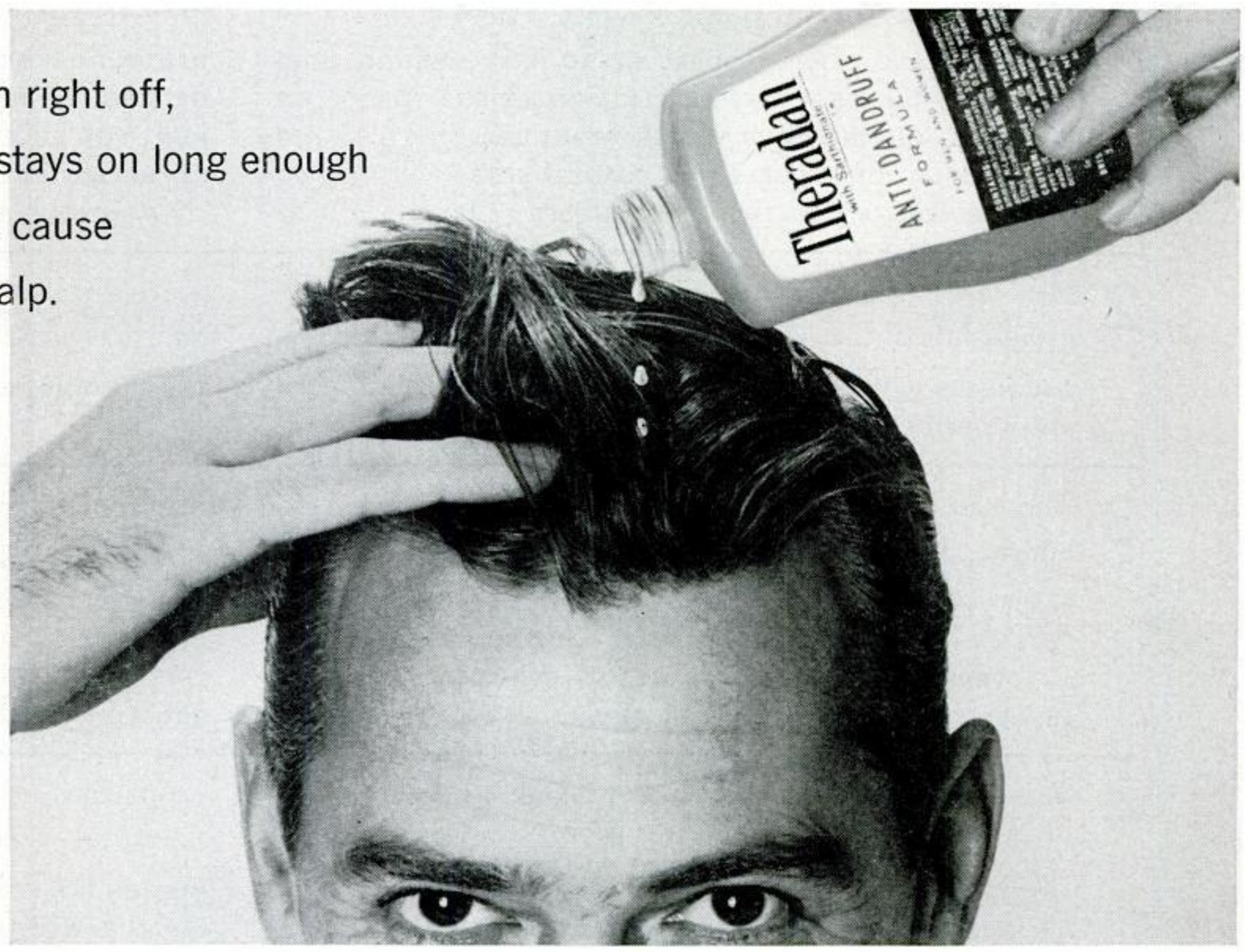
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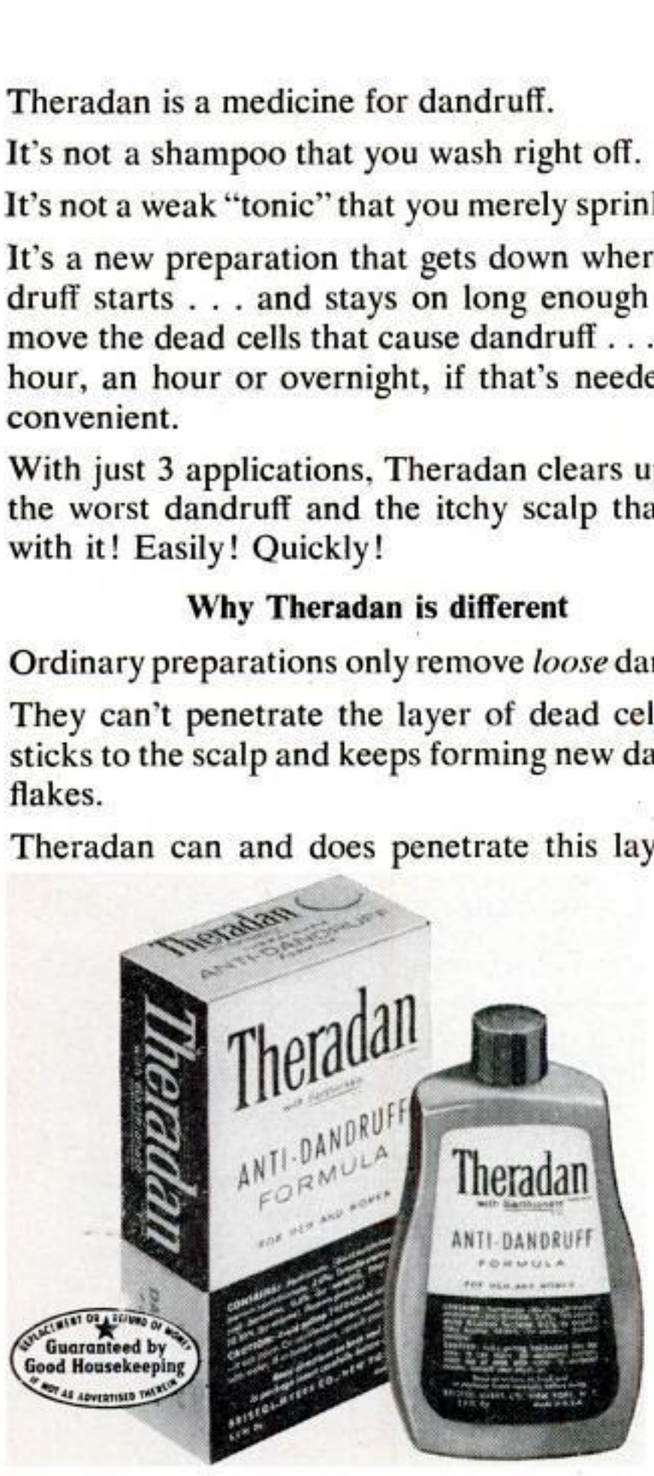
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Vol. 43, No. 26 LIFE December 23, 1957
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A DOUBLE-ISSUE SUBJECT: AMERICA'S WORLD ABROAD

LIFE again devotes its special year-end double issue to a single major subject. This issue (which combines those of Dec. 23 and Dec. 30—the next issue will be dated Jan. 6) takes up America's world abroad—the nation's huge interests and commitments overseas. It is divided into four main sections, each dealing with an important aspect of America's foreign activity.

1 This section shows Americans getting things done overseas—from the No. 1 American, Dwight Eisenhower, who was negotiating at the Paris NATO meeting this week, to oilmen drilling at the southern tip of South America.

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$37 BILLION IN U.S. INVESTMENTS IN FIVE CONTINENTS: 78
PAINTINGS BY MITCHELL JAMIESON

2 Here are America's globe-girdling defenses, the military establishment that is the first priority abroad because it is preventing war. It also provides the indispensable shield for whatever Americans do abroad and for America's allies.

SAC KEEPS VIGIL AT OUTPOSTS IN SPAIN AND AFRICA 41
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3 The man on the cover, a U.S. information officer in Asia, appears in this section, which is generally about the myriad, fascinating and often surprising individual Americans who can be found in countless foreign situations.

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4 This last section deals with some people who play a particular role in forming the image of America that other people have. Here is a summary of how Americans look to the world—and what the world means to one U.S. town.

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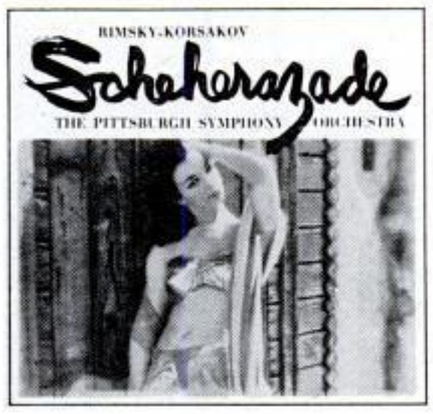
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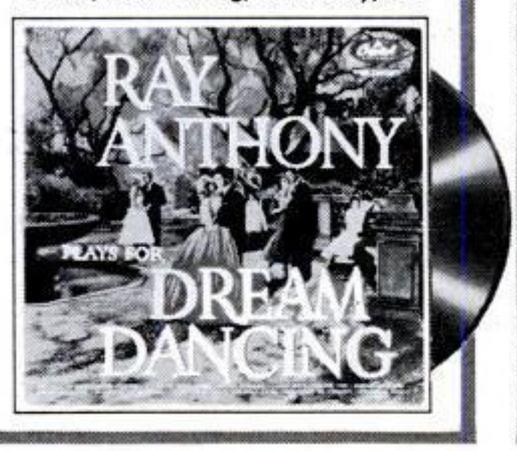


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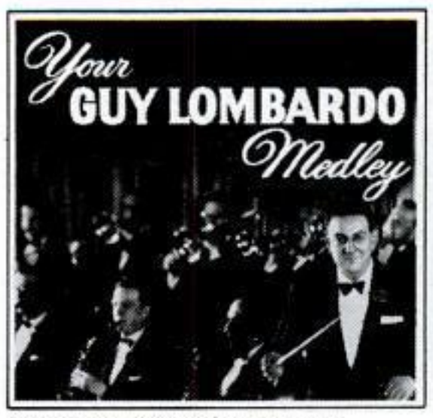


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Holiday time...is Pizza party time!



Serve APPIAN WAY

PIZZA MIX AND SAUCE
FIRST in AMERICA



Party Hint

Be a guest at your own party! Prepare the mix ahead of time, then bake it when you're ready. Make it early—serve it late!

Try a turkey pizza—Add pieces of turkey as topping . . . cover with Appian Way pizza sauce, then bake.

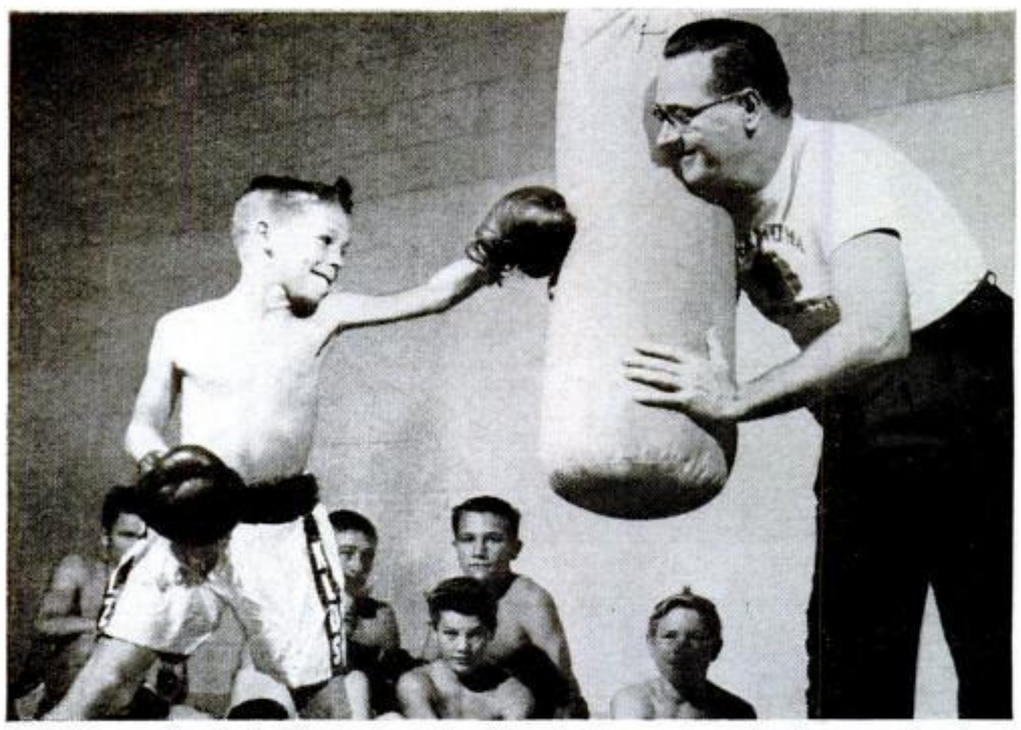
Warm hospitality at holiday party time calls for Appian Way Pizza. It's so easy to mix, fix, and bake the tastiest, bubbling-with-flavor pizza you ever served! Treat your friends to Appian Way Pizza—the ideal party snack that stays hotter longer!... Smart to serve as hors d'oeuvres—the appetizer men like!

Also Available in Canada

APPIAN WAY PIZZA MIX AND SAUCE

FOOD SPECIALTIES, INC.
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GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP is developed by Marcus E. Denham at Whitaker State Orphans' Home, Pryor, Oklahoma, where he assists in recreational activities. He is also prominent in many local community service groups. His work is typical of the many public service contributions of TV technicians everywhere.



BOY SCOUT WORK and assistance to Charlotte, Michigan, youth groups make Bart Rypstra, Jr., another "All-American". He is a member of the Charlotte city council, active in civil defense communications, and belongs to many community service clubs. When time permits, Bart devotes his technical talents to servicing sound equipment, movie projectors and record players at city schools.





JUDGES SELECTED 13 WINNERS to receive this trophy, $500 for use in community improvement, and luncheon with Under Secretary of Commerce Walter Williams at Washington, D.C.

"ALL-AMERICAN" TV TECHNICIANS WIN GENERAL ELECTRIC AWARDS FOR PUBLIC SERVICE

AMERICANS everywhere responded to General Electric's invitation to nominate candidates for "All-American" Awards, honoring television technicians who have distinguished themselves in public service.

The winners, whose pictures appear on these pages, were selected by a panel of judges composed of *Wendell Barnes*, Administrator, Small Business Administration; *Wendell Ford*, 1956-57 President, United States Junior Chamber of Commerce; *Herman Hickman*, Sports Authority; and *Ed Sullivan*, Columnist and TV Personality.

General Electric has established these awards as another step in its program to recognize the public service contributions made by independent businessmen everywhere.

The accomplishments of these television technicians should serve as an inspiration to all Americans. *General Electric Company, Receiving Tube Department, Owensboro, Kentucky.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

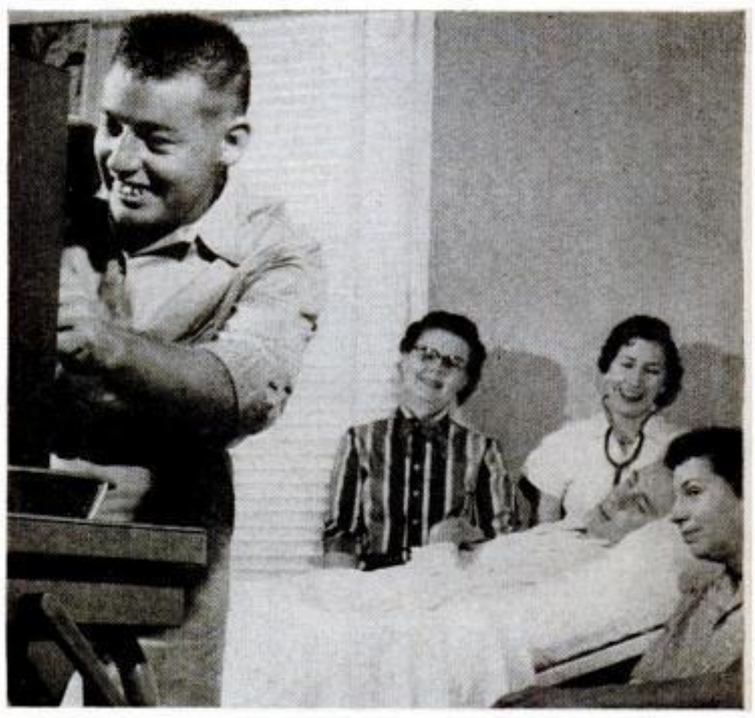
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VOLUNTEER FIREMAN and Instructor John R. O'Brien, Evanston, Wyoming, teaches first aid at neighboring fire companies and schools. He is active in communications during civic emergencies, and lends and installs sound equipment for town functions. Many community service groups benefit from his time and skills.



MANY WERE SAVED by Scott Witcher, Jr., during Lampasas, Texas, disaster. Here he shows height of water in raging flood which swept his area. Scott saved lives and helped restore communications to the community. He is active in the National Guard, in civic and youth organizations.



TV FOR THE SICK is provided by Billy Joe Jenkins of Paducah, Texas. By installing antenna cable and servicing sets without charge, Billy Joe has made it possible for patients in Richards Memorial Hospital to enjoy TV. He helps community improvement drives, teaches electronics to Boy Scouts.

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GIRLS' DRILL TEAM at St. Joseph's Parish is supported by Remo De Nicola, Quincy, Mass., as one of his many community services. He also gives free television service to a school for retarded children and is always ready to lend sound equipment for charitable affairs.



CIVIL DEFENSE LEADER Richard G. Wells, Jr., Pikeville, Ky., installed television cables from a community antenna to Pikeville College, high school, fire department, Scout building and Methodist Hospital. He is working to give the high school a closed-circuit TV system.



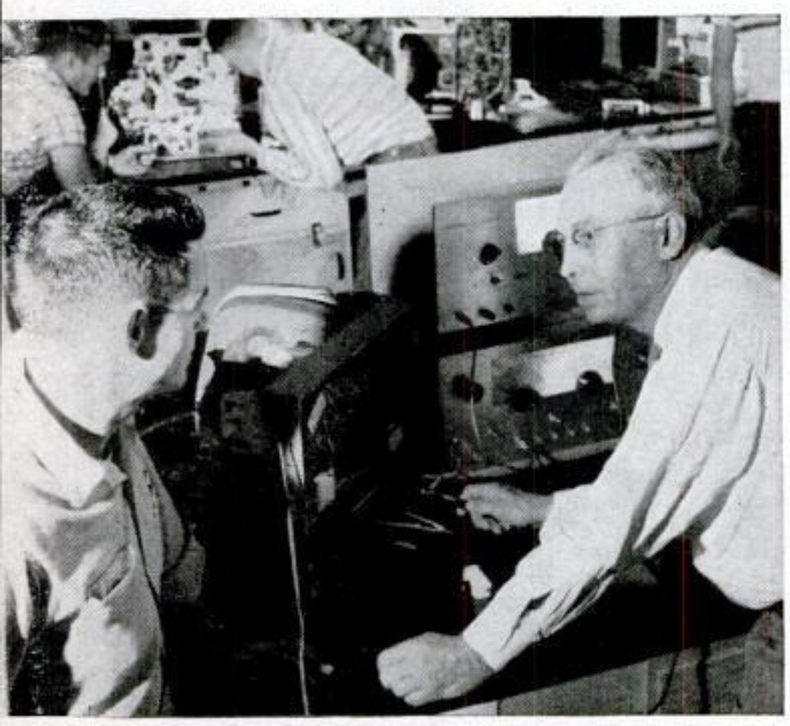
FIVE PUBLIC SERVICE CITATIONS plus a civilian Navy award were given Frank J. Hatler, Roselle, N. J., for his communications work in community emergencies. As local civil defense head, Frank organized communications networks, helped many to get radio licenses.



BLIND CAN SKATE because Philip G. Rehkopf, Jr., Louisville, Kentucky, installed a record player and placed loud speakers around the walls of the gymnasium at the Kentucky Home for the Blind. He developed an electronic device to give scores to blind basketball fans, and tape records text books for blind students.



WHEEL CHAIR is no handicap for Mortimer Libowitz of Brooklyn, New York. Though disabled all of his life, Morty has devoted his time to helping others in his community. With a crew of student volunteers, he maintains the radio station at Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn. He also services a Red Cross radio station and is active in civil defense communications. Morty has trained many youths in radio, developing some into amateur operators and skilled television technicians.



ELECTRONICS LABORATORY at Long Beach City College, California, was established with help from Harry E. Ward. Harry serves as chairman of the Business and Technology Advisory Committee and for fifteen years has devoted his time to finding work for students, graduates and others.



STUDENT BENEFACTOR Philip T. Di Pace, of Albany, N. Y., contributes used radio and television chassis and parts to Siena College students who are interested in electronics. Phil now heads a project to finance an athletic field and playground for 75 neighborhood children.



BASIC ELECTRONICS is taught to neighborhood boys by John H. Stefanski, Pontiac, Michigan. He has organized a scientific library for the boys and is now planning a new Pontiac Boy's Club. John has served as chairman of the Business Ethics Board of the Pontiac area Chamber of Commerce. Television sets in the Oakland County Sanatorium are serviced without charge through his efforts.

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NO. 1 AMERICAN

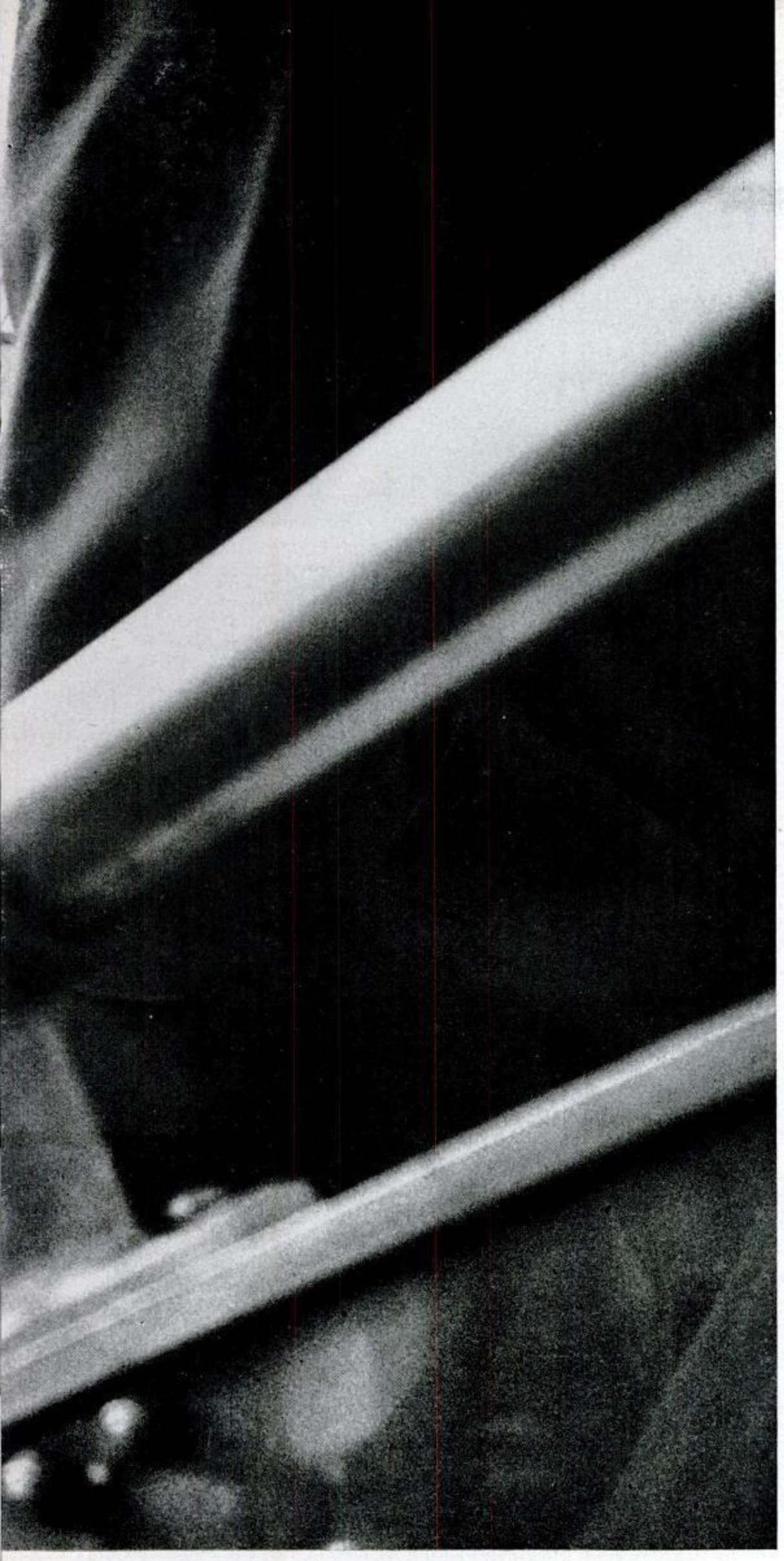
In an era when more Americans than ever before in peacetime were living far from their native shore, the foremost American abroad last week was the President of the United States. Unlike millions of U.S. "ambassadors," whose lives and works are illuminated in this special issue, a somberly thoughtful Dwight D. Eisenhower would be gone only a few days in his mission to the NATO summit conference in Paris. The President's mission, however, would be measured not by brevity but by its profound significance to the Free World in a crisis of leadership. In personal terms it could only be measured as a man's act of dedication to office and of singular personal bravery in the face of illness.

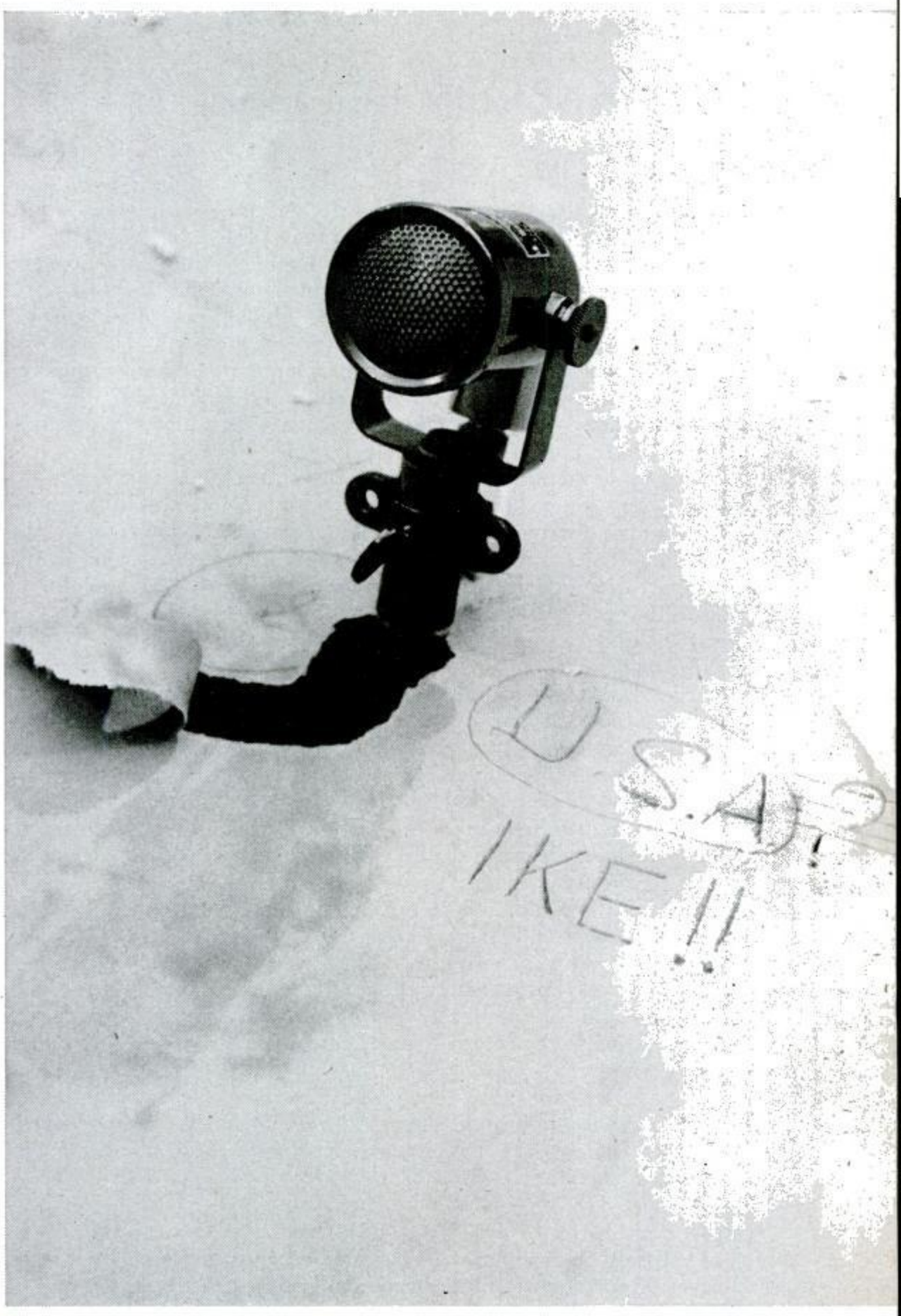
Leaving domestic affairs in the hands of Vice President Nixon, supported by the companionship of his son John, the President flew to Paris in a plane kept at sea-level pressure to minimize the physical strain. The proportions of the task which awaited the President at a microphone

← VICE PRESIDENT BIDS FAREWELL TO PRESIDENT AND AIDE, SON JOHN (RIGHT)

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Vol. 43, No. 26 **LIFE** Dec. 23, 1957





SIGN OF DECISION by President to attend showed up on protective paper over Palais de Chaillot table. Electrician had indicated doubt as to microphone's user.

←**LOOK OF DETERMINATION** is on President's face as he climbs the ramp to the *Columbine III* to head for Paris. Fifty government leaders and diplomats look on.

ABROAD: IKE AT NATO 'SUMMIT'

already reserved for him in the Palais de Chaillot were forbidding. Here was a time when Russian successes in a deadly new science—and concomitant American failures—were infecting the West with shocked discouragement and doubt of U.S. technology. An air of neutralism had spread among the NATO partners, in no wise diminished by a cynical Russian peace offensive spearheaded by Premier Nikolai Bulganin's form letter to them proposing prohibition of atomic weapons in Central Europe. In the face of Russian pressure and Western lassitude, Dwight Eisenhower had somehow to lead the NATO alliance to a new vitality and to the forging of an effective new character. There were profound differences of opinion and questions over what that character would be: closer political, economic and technical ties among its members or the shoring up of its military mission, or a combination of all, and in what proportion?

Whatever the answer, the President needed to restore confidence in the U.S. and to reawaken the sense of NATO interdependence. He was required to steer a course among conflicting and shortsighted self interests: France, for example, saw the NATO conference as a lever to force support for her policies in Algeria; Turkey saw it as a springboard to greater economic aid. Above all, he needed to convince doubting allies that the U.S. would be as steadfast in their defense as in its own. None knew better than Eisenhower that to get more than a vague reaffirmation of principles he would need the parting blessing of Agriculture Secretary Benson, "May the Lord bless you and the devil miss you."

To stiffen the NATO spines, the President and his team carried more meaningful proposals than many have suspected. Behind the American program was a diplomatic and moral philosophy set forth on the following pages by Secretary of State Dulles, a considered evaluation of the opposed forces of freedom and Communism at the dawn of the age of space.

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THE SECRETARY OF STATE DECLARES: 'OUR

As he leaves for the NATO meeting, America's chief diplomat describes for LIFE how free world can

I We live in exciting times. Each of us plays a part in the world's greatest peacetime drama. I say "each of us" because, in our country, every citizen helps to determine our role in the world. I say "peacetime" because, if we wage peace staunchly, the outcome will be peace, not war. I call it the "greatest" drama ever, because never has freedom been so tested. A unified despotic will directs one billion people and their vast resources into efforts to destroy freedom on the earth. The means are flexible. Open war, violent insurrection, military support of puppet regimes, threats, penetration by economic and military "aid," the lure of false promises—these are the instruments with which the arsenals of International Communism are bulging.

Of course the material aspects of this threat could be dwarfed if the free nations adopted the totalitarian pattern of Communism. It regiments labor and industry; it controls wages and prices; it requires, of the workers, long hours and gives most of them only a bare survival living; it channels productivity into instruments of potential aggression; it assures that education shall serve materialistic goals. To illustrate: if you divide the Soviet gross national product into halves, you will find that more than half goes for military purposes and for capital investment and less than half for all consumption, the total consumption of 200 million people. By contrast, two thirds of the U.S. national product goes for consumption by our 172 million people and only one third for all other purposes, including defense. This shows why, with a productive base little more than one third that of the United States, the Soviet Union can put into its military establishment and so-called "aid" to satellites, efforts comparable to those of the United States for defense and mutual security purposes.

If the United States were to adopt the Soviet pattern of regimentation of industry and labor and the use of production primarily for military and "cold war" purposes, we could have a military effort so vast as to make the Soviet military establishment look very inferior indeed. And we could have resources for constructive use abroad which would dwarf those used by International Communism for subversive and predatory purposes.

So the issue we face is not whether we have the material means to surpass the materialism of Communist despotism. We clearly have that capacity. The question is whether we can and will surmount the danger while *still retaining freedom.*

II Already, in freedom, we have done much to preserve freedom. We have the most powerful military establishment in the world. We have helped to build a sound worldwide defensive system which deters armed aggression by assurances that each will come to the aid of any which is attacked. We are helping in military and economic ways to develop and sustain a resistance to Communism. We maintain a community of spirit with the captive peoples, so that they continue to hope, and know that they are not forgotten.

This has been done with a now balanced budget, no runaway inflation and no regimenting controls. These efforts have had major results. For seven years the geographical onrush of Communism has been checked. I recall the gloating editorial of *Izvestia* of Jan. 1, 1950, which listed the countries then composing "the camp of democracy and socialism" and boasted that "the forces of this camp are multiplying day by day." But nearly 3,000 days have passed with no appreciable additions to their 1950 list. And they have taken some setbacks at home and abroad.

Their material power has grown. But so also has grown internal unrest. The East German revolts of June 1953, the Polish outbreaks of June 1956 and the Hungarian revolt of October-November 1956 show that Soviet Communism has not won acceptance. No longer can the Soviet Union derive military and economic strength from the satellites; they are becoming liabilities. Within the Soviet Union there is a growing class of scientists, technicians and managers who will not indefinitely accept thought-control by the Party. There has been a succession of political crises marked by the defamation of Stalin, the killing of Beria, the purging of Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich and Shepilov, and the demotion of Zhukov. The current Soviet Five Year Plan had to be abandoned as beyond the economic capabilities. There is widespread unrest in Communist China.

Despite the brilliant achievements of Soviet scientists and the abnormally rapid expansion of the Soviet industrial base, the "dictatorship of the proletariat" faces growing and unsolved political, social and economic problems.

III At this juncture, the Communist rulers want, most of all, to achieve a success by diplomatic means. This would require no added burden on their already overstrained economy and might give them fresh resources that they badly need. They feel that their prestige is now at a high point, as a result of Sputniks, and that we may be wearying of a struggle that seems now to be moving into what may be a new, prolonged and more intensive phase. Also the Soviet rulers know that we Americans are prone to forget and forgive.

The Soviets now seek:

Acceptance of Soviet domination of the European satellites;

Acceptance of the reunification of Germany, Korea and Vietnam under conditions which would give the Communist Party a position of power;

Acceptance by the United States of a major Soviet role in the Middle East such as Stalin sought from Hitler;

The liquidation of such collective defense pacts as NATO, SEATO, and Baghdad, and the liquidation of all United States overseas bases;

Diplomatic recognition by the United States of the Chinese Communist regime; its seating in the various organs of the United Nations (including veto-wielding membership in the Security Council) and acceptance of the Chinese Communist claim to Taiwan (Formosa);

The dropping of present restrictions on supplying the Sino-Soviet bloc with goods of military significance;

Demotion of our allies to an inferior status which would require them to accept anything upon which the Soviet Union and the United States agreed.

Communist propaganda suggests that these Soviet demands reflect the "inevitable" and that it is better to concede them now and thereby quickly gain the promised land of "peaceful coexistence" and "relaxation" from tension.

IV The American people and their government ardently desire to reduce the danger of war; to end the costs of defense and collective security, and to have good relations with the Russian and Chinese people and with governments genuinely representing them. But we recall our past efforts to achieve good relations with the Soviet Union on the basis of its promises. For example:

In 1933, when the United States gave diplomatic recognition to the Soviet government, it agreed to cooperate with the United States "for their mutual benefit and for the preservation of the peace of the world." It gave explicit promises, all of which were repudiated once recognition was obtained. And the Soviet rulers shortly aligned themselves with Hitler in an effort to divide the world.

In 1945, at Yalta, the Soviet Union undertook, with the United States and the United Kingdom, "to maintain and strengthen in the peace to come that unity of purpose and of action which has made victory possible." In this connection, much was conceded to the Soviets in Europe and in Asia and they gave explicit promises in return. The Soviets repudiated all of their promises and used their gains to threaten further the Western allies.

In 1955, at the Summit Conference at Geneva, the Soviet Union pledged itself, with the United States, the United Kingdom and France, to a "relaxation of international tension and to the consolidation of confidence between states." The foundation was the agreement of Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin to "the reunification of Germany by means of free elections." But now they totally repudiate their agreement.

Our experience, which merely confirms that of others, demonstrates that the governments dominated by International Communism practice Lenin's dictum, "Promises are like pie crusts, made to be broken."

V We should not let hatred, prejudice, or past misadventures lead us to refuse all association with the Communists and to have no agreements with their governments. Nor should we refuse to do what is sound merely because the Communists want it. The United States, with our allies, has made far-reaching disarmament proposals, predicated on dependable

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CAUSE WILL PREVAIL'

meet today's Red danger by JOHN FOSTER DULLES

verification. We are negotiating now for radio, cultural and technical exchange with the Soviet Union, on a basis of reciprocity. We must keep on trying, again and again, to make them realize that a world of "peaceful coexistence," which they profess to desire, requires that international engagements be honored.

We have an armistice agreement with the Communists in Korea. But it is worthy of note that the Communist side violates every provision of that agreement *except the one provision that we enforce;* namely, that they shall not advance militarily beyond the armistice line.

There is a lesson to be drawn from this. We cannot rely on a world-wide "armistice" agreement *except as we can enforce it.* If the terms of such an agreement diminish our will or capacity to stop International Communism, or increase the assets which it could use against us, then it increases our peril. Surely, we should not seriously weaken our position in reliance on new promises of the Soviet Union while it is gravely in default on its present promises.

If the Soviets get what they now demand, that could be catastrophic to freedom. The United States would be subject to ever closer encirclement and strangulation, and a final struggle where our chances would be desperate.

VI So long as International Communism pursues its predatory purposes, by evil means, the United States has no honorable or prudent course but to continue to combat it by peaceful means in all of the far-flung areas of the globe. Indeed, some further efforts are called for to take account of growing Soviet scientific and technical achievements and industrial and military power.

1. There should be a stepping up of our efforts in the outer space and missile fields. The free nations are up against 12 years of concentrated Soviet educational and military technical efforts in these new fields. One way in which we can offset this concentrated effort is through better use of free world scientific resources, as by a pool of research brains and programs as proposed at NATO.

2. There should be an intensification of United States mutual security programs, both military and economic. Economic programs are fully as important as the military. The strains on other free nations are great. Also those people who have recently gained political independence will not retain the ways of freedom, and resist Communist subversion, unless it is demonstrated that freedom includes the possibility of lifting up their hundreds of millions of people from age-old poverty to the active sharing of economic progress and the prospect of a better, fuller life.

3. We must increasingly accept interdependence with other free nations in military, scientific and trade matters. There is much that they can contribute to us, just as there is much that we can contribute to them. One of the most important implications of interdependence is trade. It is absolutely essential that the United States, as the greatest economic producer and exporter in the world, be a dependable international market.

All of these steps can be taken without turning ourselves into a regimented society or a garrison state. It will require going without, or deferring, some desirable, but non-vital, domestic projects.

VII We shall need to be steadfast. That does not mean being obstinate or being brittle. Our minds should be flexible, constantly striving for the policies that will best serve the cause of peace, justice and human liberty. But nothing could be more dangerous for us than to operate on the premise that, if hostile evil forces do not quickly or readily change, then it is we who must change to get "agreement" with them. If Communism is stubborn for the wrong, let us be even more steadfast for the right. There is no more, indeed far less, "inevitability" about Soviet goals than freedom's goals.

A capacity to change is indispensable, but so is the capacity to "run with perseverance the race that is set before us."

VIII Many will, I hope, agree generally with the foregoing presentation. But many of these may feel that it is enough for them passively to agree. That would be false to our national ideals.

Our nation was founded by those who felt it their personal mission to help change the world. That derived largely from their religious faith. Our Declaration of Independence meant, as Lincoln said, "Liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time." Our founders and their successors saw a great prospect and were filled with a great purpose. In order better to fulfill that purpose they practiced simple virtues—hard work, frugality, personal charity, the exercise of self-discipline and self-control.



PARIS BOUND, DULLES TALKS TO UNDERSECRETARY HERTER AT AIRPORT

Under the impulsion of their faith and works there developed here an area of great spiritual, intellectual and economic vigor. It was no exclusive preserve; indeed, sharing was a central theme. Through missionary activities; the establishment of schools and colleges; trade, travel and benefactions, American ideals and the good fruits of our freedom were carried throughout the world. What we did became known as "the Great American Experiment." The tide of despotism which was high when our nation was founded receded largely under the impact of such ideas as we professed and practiced.

Today, when despotism again rides high and when there are many "uncommitted" peoples, our society is closely observed. Many are trying to judge whether this freedom, of which we talk so much, is really a product that they want to import. Some see our freedom as license, and the using of our productive power for frivolities rather than filling vital human needs.

That is where the individual must feel responsibility. In a struggle where freedom is the issue, the only adequate exponents of freedom are free people. Only individuals can have a personal faith and can demonstrate freedom. Such faith and works are what we need today. They are more important than material things. And they can be provided only by individuals, not by government. So your government appeals for your individual demonstration, at home and abroad, of freedom so significant, so dynamic, so penetrating that it will be for all men a symbol of hope.

Given that, I am confident that our cause will prevail, and that we shall indeed assure for ourselves and our posterity the blessings of liberty.

CONTINUED 13

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WORKING IN THE PARIS NIGHT, Secretary of State Dulles arrives at the Hotel Matignon, official residence of France's premiers, to make his first call on the French leaders. He conferred with the recently appointed premier, Félix Gaillard, who called their talk "cordial," a hopeful sign for the formal meetings to follow.



TALKING MISSILES in London, Defense Secretary McElroy meets British counterpart Duncan Sandys.



TALKING BASES in Bonn, McElroy is questioned by West German defense chief Franz Josef Strauss.

WE GO CALLING TO EXPLAIN PLANS

Even before Eisenhower arrived, advance members of his team were in Paris and circulating among the capitals of the NATO nations. As the formal conference began, Western Europe was already aware of the bold nature of the program Eisenhower was bringing to the great round conference table.

The U.S. was prepared to invest NATO with a force and character of its own. Here, from the most powerful member, came a genuine offer to surrender and share power in the common good.

The U.S. concept giving reality to the NATO emblem (a deterrent sword and a defensive shield) was contained in a series of "position papers." The first set forth U.S. intent to stockpile atomic warheads in NATO; the second proposed to furnish the missiles to carry them and defined a doctrine for their use. Together these were expected to answer the grave European fear of an outsider triggering a nuclear war from European territory. Neither the U.S. nor any partner would make the decision. It would come from NATO.

Under this concept NATO's supreme allied commander, now U.S. General Lauris Norstad, would acquire significant discretionary power. The U.S. would furnish intermediate range ballistic missiles to NATO. In turn the missiles could be allocated to the NATO countries by Norstad. No missiles, however, could be allocated "except with consent of the country concerned." Atomic warheads would be stockpiled in conjunction with the missiles but would remain in possession of U.S. personnel. Thus the U.S. program provided a system of check and balance: the U.S. controls the warheads but her partners control the means of delivery, and neither could fire a nuclear weapon except by agreement of both and the order of NATO.

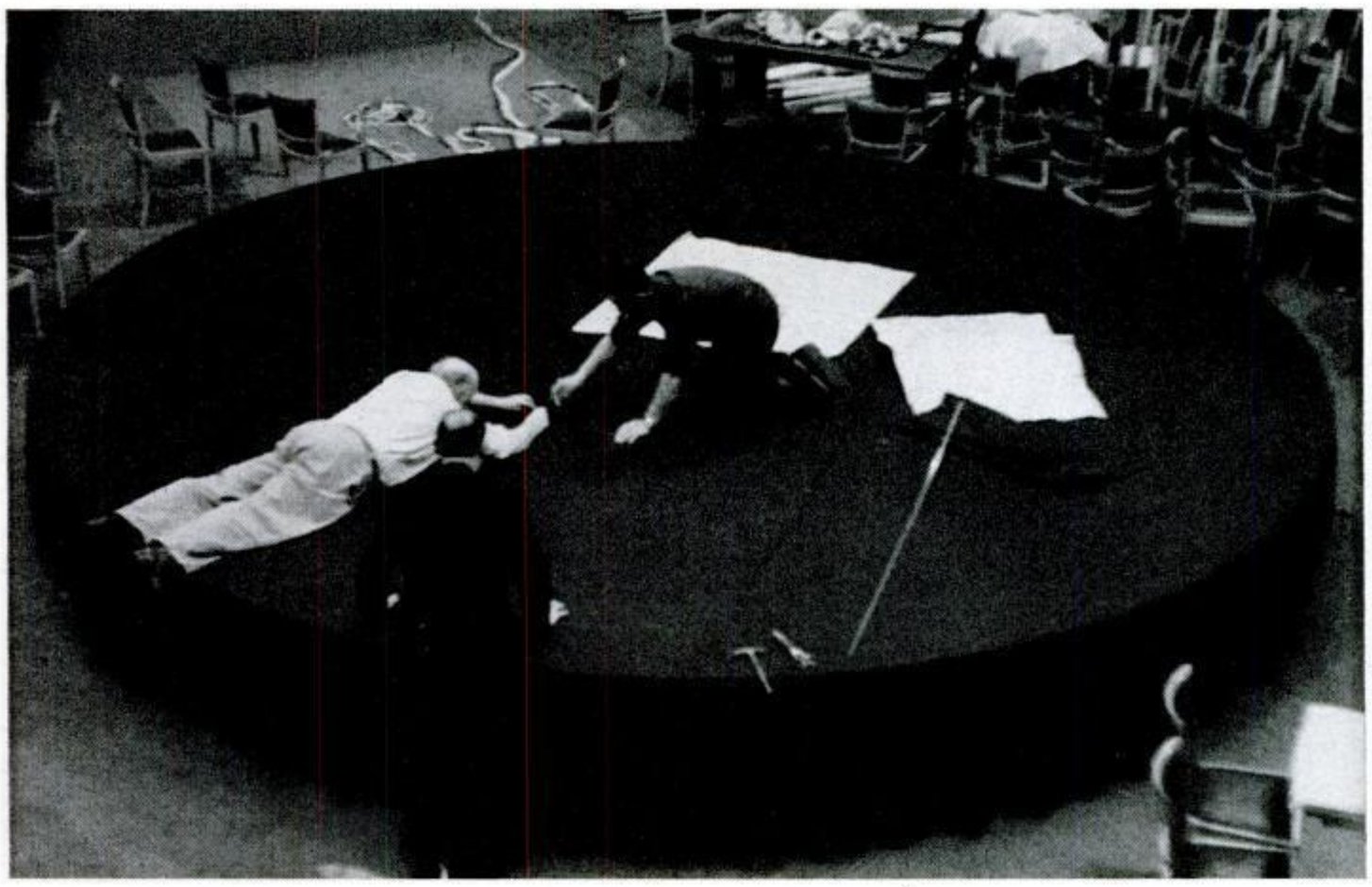
Going further, the U.S. concept called for training Europeans in missilery and for gradually transferring blueprints and know-how until NATO missiles can be entirely built in and by the European partner countries.

The U.S. program, no less importantly, called upon the partners to cooperate in scientific research, promoted coordination in production of new weapons, affirmed U.S. intent to keep forces in Europe, but shied from the demands of some members to make NATO an instrument for taking up internal political disputes.

Whether NATO would implement the unified tone of its communiqué was unsure. But early reaction to U.S. proposals was encouraging: Britain and the U.S. agreed on "identity of approach" to missiles policy, and to Belgium's NATO envoy André de Staercke the U.S. program represented "equality in NATO."



NATO COMMANDER, Lauris Norstad, makes his point to Netherlands' General B.R.P.F. Hasselman.



READYING ROUND TABLE for the opening public session, workmen sprawl to pin down felt covering.



DIPLOMATS, Secretary Dulles, NATO Secretary-General Spaak meet by statue of Benjamin Franklin. →

CONTINUED

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THE WEST SALUTES AS ITS LEADERS ARE ASSEMBLED



STAR-SPANGLED SALUTE to the national anthem of the U.S. follows the President's arrival at Orly airport outside Paris. From left are Secretary Dulles, NATO Deputy Commander Field Marshal Montgomery, General Lauris Norstad. At upper right are Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson, AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss.



GERMAN LEADER, Konrad Adenauer, is accompanied by Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano.



FRENCH LEADER, Premier Félix Gaillard (*left*), welcomes a smiling President Eisenhower at Orly.



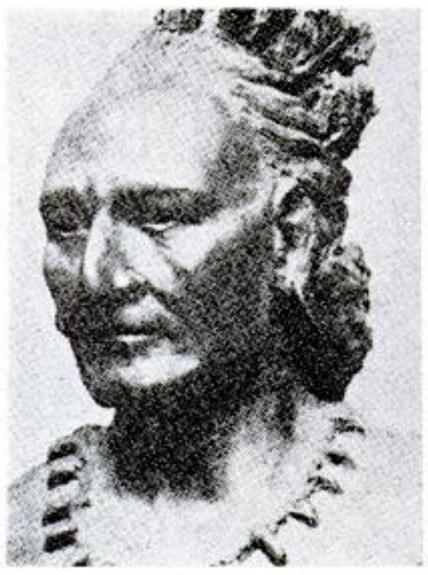
BRITISH LEADER, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, is met by Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb (*left*).

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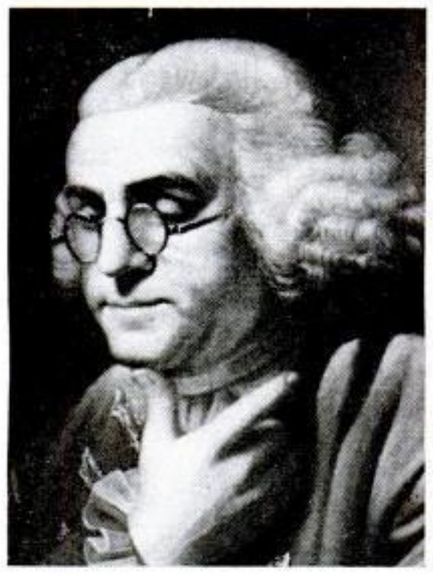


IN A SOLEMN MOMENT, the President greets his welcomers in the biting 36° air at Orly field. NATO was meeting, he said, "to consider new elements in the challenge we now face. . . . We shall meet it in unity." "It is for us, together, to determine whether men shall continue to live in freedom and in dignity. . . ."

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SQUANTO: An American Indian, he went to England, learned language and came back in time to be an interpreter for Pilgrims.



FRANKLIN: An ambassador, he won friends for American Revolution by persuading Europeans of common cause with colonies.



DECATUR: A naval hero, he became a great American fighter by defeating North African pirates, promoting freedom of the seas.



FULLER: A famous author and journalist, she classified her fellow Americans in three contrasting categories in her writings.

EDITORIAL

OUR NEW AND

America's past and future, blessings and perils impose

Should the subject of this issue of LIFE be described as the American Empire? "There can be no question," writes Professor Max Lerner in his new study of *America as a Civilization*, "that America has become one of the big empires of history." But he hastens to add that its particular pattern is "unknown in the history of imperialism, indeed it is a reversal of the traditional pattern." There is certainly no trace of traditional imperialism in our official foreign policy (*page 12*); there is none in our economic policy, which instead of draining primitive economies gives them money and instruction. The few lands where American influence is enforced against popular will (as in Okinawa, *page 122*) are in freakish contrast with the pattern as a whole. So if "empire" were the right word, it would need new definition.

The definition suggested by these pages is not hegemony but some outposts of order and a big transplanting of the same lives Americans lead or would like to lead at home. Numerically most of these Americans, notably those in uniform, are on temporary and uncongenial assignments; Professor Lerner calls them "reluctant wanderers." The rest are voluntary visitors who are simply pursuing happiness abroad by the same permit Thomas Jefferson gave them to pursue it at home. The world is dotted with American builders, gripers, beautifiers, uglifiers, workers and loafers—just like America itself.

The "empire" bounded by these manifold activities shows one strong contrast with the other real modern empire, that of international Communism. Outside the lands fully entrapped by Communism, less than 5,000 Soviet citizens are at work; but, with the help of their millions of foreign Communist party agents, they influence more of the world's politics than Russia could ever have influenced as a nation. This international Communist empire is a triumph of willful effort. Every gain it has made was planned and executed by purposeful men. Their achievement is partly secret but wholly deliberate. The new range of American influence, by contrast, has been largely unsought and not secret at all. It has been fitful, reluctant, uneven, inefficient and diffuse, like so many other *natural* growths.

This *naturalness* is both our weakness and strength. The weakness is particularly glaring in the light of the last 10 or 12 years. The strength is better seen in the light of the two or three centuries during which the American role in the world has been slowly and naturally maturing.

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First let us look at a few random points in the longer perspective. The story of America's world abroad starts with the Massachusetts Indian Squanto, who had managed to get to England and home again before the Pilgrims arrived in 1620. Had he not been there to interpret for them, and teach them deer hunting and corn culture, the Plymouth colony might never have survived. Or take John Ledyard of Connecticut, who sailed to the South Seas with Captain Cook, foresaw the future of the Pacific coast, hiked or bummed from Hamburg to Yakutsk on his way to the coast before the Russian Empress Catherine arrested him, and whose travels helped persuade President Jefferson to authorize the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Or consider Ben Franklin, who spent years in Europe as the No. 1 salesman of the American Revolution, attracting allies and persuading Europe's courts and intellectuals "that our Cause is *the Cause of all Mankind.*" Later came the business pioneers—Robert Fulton who sailed his submarine in the Seine in 1801, Samuel Colt who made the first mass-produced firearms with American tools in London; the Yankee traders who sold American ginseng and ice and New Jersey-made rickshas in the Orient. There were also the handful of missionaries who turned Hawaii into an outpost of Christianity and American civilization; and the thousands of missionaries whose noble type (*p. 137*) is not yet extinct. And there were the military heroes like Stephen Decatur, who freed North Africa from piracy in our nation's earliest days.

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In the 1840s the critic-journalist Margaret Fuller described three species of her fellow Americans in Rome. "First, the servile American—shallow, thoughtless, worthless. . . . His object . . . to know some titled persons, and furnish himself with coffeehouse gossip." "Then there is the conceited American, instinctively bristling and proud of—he knows not what. . . . This is Jonathan in the sprawling state, the booby truant. . . . Yet in his folly there is meaning; add thought and culture to his independence and he will be a man of might."

Finally she found "the thinking American—a man who, recognizing the immense advantage of being born to a new world . . . yet does not wish one seed from the past to be lost." Men of this class, said Margaret Fuller, can "only become more American" as a result of their travels. They were made so by the many visible opportunities—as in the Italian revolution of 1848—for amelioration of the human lot according to principles which America had already tested and proved true.

One of these "thinking" Americans was Emerson, who warned his British friend Carlyle that Americans "play the game with immense advantage." By "game" he meant the whole story of human civilization, liberty and progress. From John Adams through Abraham Lincoln to Woodrow Wilson, this sense of an American mission was repeatedly expressed by American thinkers. They knew for a fact that the democratization of Europe drew its "strongest incentive" (as Lord Morley declared) from the success of the American experiment; they hoped with Seward that California would work a similar influence on Asia; and they sensed with Historian F. J. Turner that if Europe was one pole of American development, the other and more determinant pole was that fountain of democracy, the boundless frontier.

The sense of a special American purpose began to dwindle somewhat as our continental frontier lost its wildness. But events in 20th Century Europe have been its severest test. As these events made us the chief guardian of Western civilization, the dream of reforming the whole world seemed an unnecessary luxury and the idea of a *natural* growth of freedom became unreal. For if a beneficent nature were in

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VASTER FRONTIER

a mission of freedom, law and prosperity in the world

charge, how could some 700 million people have been forced or seduced into Communist slavery in the last 12 years?

The direct Soviet challenge that emerged from World War II found most Americans unprepared for the loneliness of the world leadership it thrust upon them. In view of this unreadiness, our reaction to the events of this grisly decade has on the whole been creditable. At least our national policy showed generosity and vision in the Marshall Plan, courage in Korea, patience in scores of bootless negotiations with the Soviets, initiative in the building of NATO and our other alliances. But the post-Sputnik crisis in this American leadership is evidence that these creditable reactions were not good enough.

They were not even good enough to maintain our domestic safety. Ever since 1953, when Russia got the H-bomb, Americans at home have been quietly living with a desperate fact unknown to our ancestors: an enemy has the physical capacity to destroy tens of millions of us at a blow. The imminent ICBM era makes this fact all the more desperate, since the time is at hand when the Soviet capacity may tempt them to use it, even as the Japanese were tempted into Pearl Harbor. Small wonder that our alliances have been profoundly shaken.

It is therefore our chief immediate business to regain the lead in long-range missilery as well as other branches of an explosive military science. It is our simultaneous task to give new leadership to the NATO alliance, and to strengthen the hand of those leaders of a unifying Europe, like NATO's Paul-Henri Spaak, who are not unnerved by the divisive drumfire of Soviet "peace" propaganda. All this and more is in the line of duty for American survival and must be done before anything else.

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But thinking Americans, from the President down, know our duty does not end there. The Soviet challenge takes at least two other forms, economic and political.

By American standards the Soviet economy is as contemptible as Soviet politics are immoral; but the Russians know what they are doing and have regimented their resources to a definite national purpose. Thus Trade Commissar Mikoyan, by the astute use of Russia's weak but single-handled lever of trade, can virtually capture the economies of Egypt and Syria and threaten or seduce the plans of the whole have-not world. Meanwhile the American free economy is serving its own people so well that it has all but put Americans in a coma of hedonism and triviality. In Russia politics is a daily matter of life and death. But the American political system works so painlessly that we can go long stretches without thinking about politics at all.

What *should* be the economic purpose of a prosperous nation in a largely have-not world? What *should* be the political goal of a nation which, having mastered self-government at home, casually welcomes to the anarchy of nationhood newcomers with no competence in this difficult art? The Soviet clarity of purpose understands how to exploit both the poverty and the incompetence of the world's new and have-not nations. The American lack of clarity at worst could cost us our own wealth and independence; and at best it gags our voice in the shaping of the world that will emerge from the present chaotic and revolutionary age.

Such are some of the dimensions of our present crisis, which has developed during the same decade in which millions of Americans have found their way abroad. But the manifold private purposes that took them there are no substitute for the clear national purpose to which our resources must be harnessed if our world is to be saved. Yet it is through their "thinking" fraction that our ancestral sense of mission may be recovered to inform our national purpose today. For the world they range is more than ancestral Europe; it is the new and vaster frontier —and it summons American freedom and democracy to a fuller destiny.

"Ah, America," wrote Margaret Fuller, "with all thy rich boons thou hast a heavy account to render for the talent given; see in every way that thou be not found wanting." The sentiment is unfashionable in phrasing but not in fact. Like the doodlebuggers of Peru and Chile (*p. 30*), Americans who have seen the world know that at least 50 years of work is cut out for them. The very size of the task invites the conviction that the American cause is still "the cause of all mankind."

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At the level of national policy, this sense of purpose has three applications to the world's greatest needs today.

The world's economic need is far greater than the capacity of even the U.S. economy to supply. This need, translated to our economy through bolder and wiser trade and investment policies, can awaken our purpose from its hedonistic slumbers. In concert with similar measures by others, such as Europe's nascent Common Market, it can start the longest stride in history toward a new Age of Plenty.

The world's need for peace and order is exacerbated not only by the Communist cancer but by man's neglect of his greatest political invention, the idea of law. The president of the American Bar Association, Charles Rhyne, believing that "nothing can be more powerful than an idea whose time has come," has launched a campaign to establish the rule of law in international affairs. The sense of justice and of universal moral law, which must undergird any such system, has always undergirded the American sense of mission.

Ben Franklin's "cause of all mankind" was freedom. It still is, though perverted these days into petty nationalistic caricatures of itself. With more than a billion people denied freedom, and millions of others uncertain how to keep it, the American mastery of self-government has more missionary work ahead than ever. Americans who exemplify this mastery abroad need a national policy to back and frame their efforts—a policy for example which will never let another Hungarian revolution go neglected to its grave. And such a policy needs the support of every American, at home and abroad, who values his own freedom, for it is as indivisible as the human race.



WILSON: He interpreted U.S. role as democratizing influence, originated World War I's "Make the world safe for democracy."



SPAAK: NATO Secretary-General, he spearheaded European Common Market plan with eventual prospect of European unity.

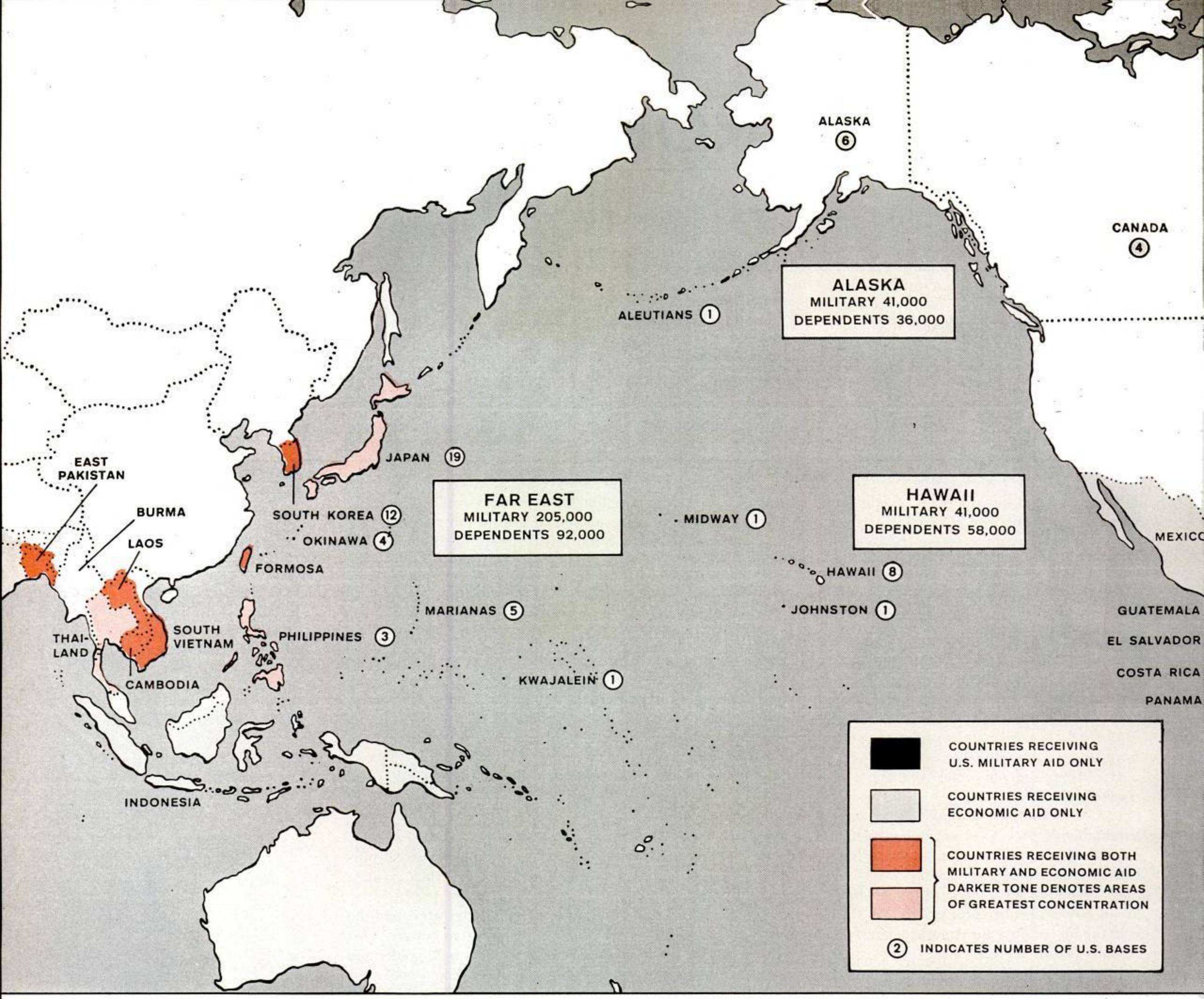


MIKOYAN: Deputy premier of Russia, he has used trade to get grip on economies of Egypt and Syria and threaten other nations.



RHYNE: President of American Bar Association, he has recently launched campaign to establish the rule of law all over the world.

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MAP OF U.S. MILITARY AND FOREIGN AID COMMITMENTS SHOWS A STRIKING CONCENTRATION OF EFFORT IN THE UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES ON PERIMETER

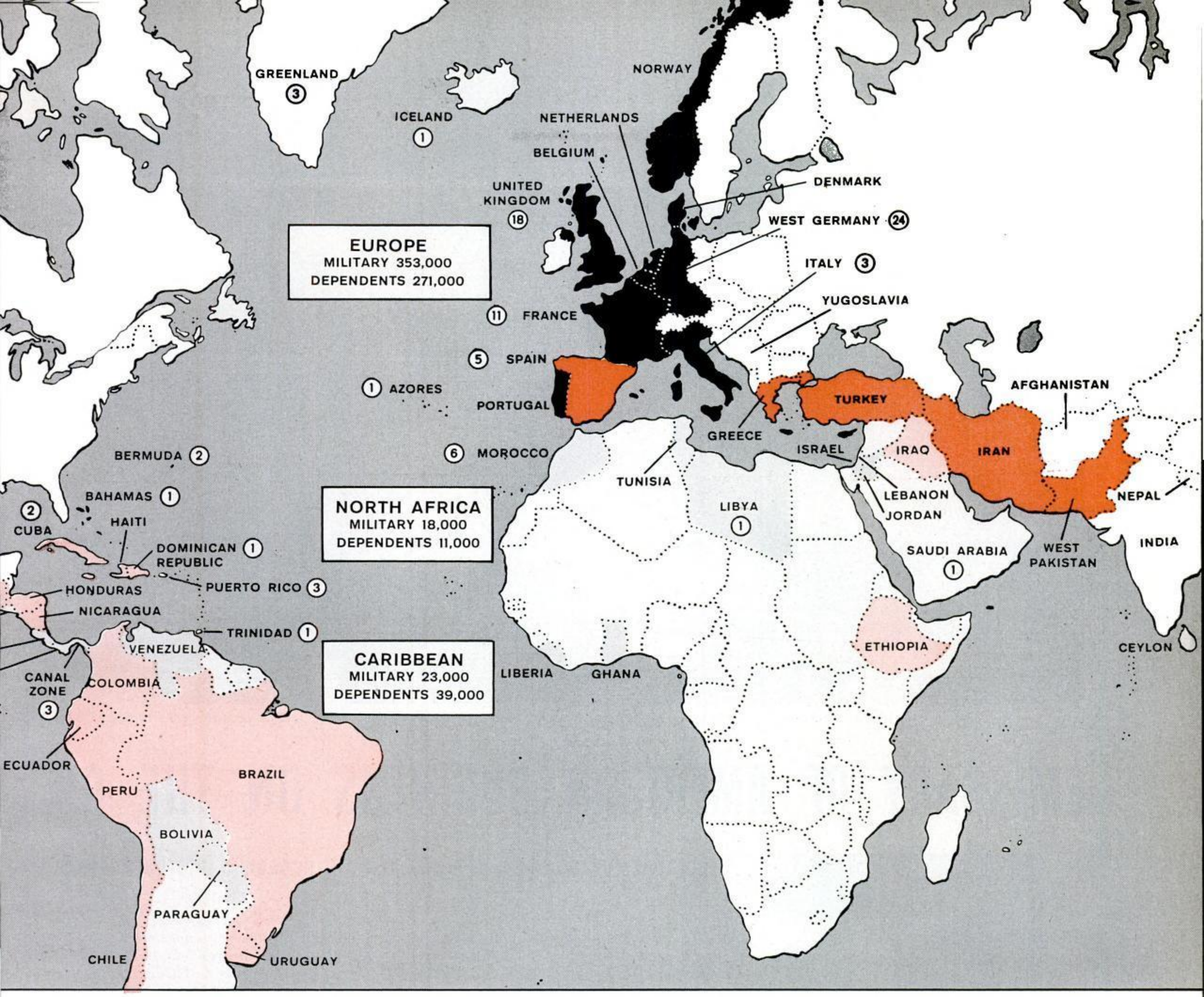
NATION'S COMMITMENTS

The map above and the chart below nail down one overwhelming fact: the U.S. has the largest foreign commitment, in people and in money, of any nation in the world. The physical presence of American troops and billions of U.S. taxpayers' dollars abroad reflects the recently woven web of diplomatic pacts that binds the U.S. firmly to dozens of foreign nations. The huge official involvement is paralleled by the enormous private investments overseas.

The bulk of the financial involvement, $420 billion, has been built up over the past decade. Most government spending abroad has been for upkeep of U.S. troops and for arming allies. But the nonmilitary government and private

UNITED STATES DOLLAR COMMITMENTS 1948-57 (IN MILLIONS)	EUROPE & DEPENDENCIES	CANADA	LATIN AMER. REPUBLICS	AFRICA	ASIA	AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND	TOTALS
GOVERNMENT SPENDING 1948-57							
MILITARY	23,000	1,400	600	700	10,700	0	36,400
NON-MILITARY	19,000	200	1,200	300	7,600	0	28,300
CUMULATIVE BALANCE OF LOANS AND INVESTMENTS 1948-57							
GOVERNMENT	3,000	0	700	200	1,400	10	5,310
PRIVATE	3,000	5,200	4,100	300	1,800	200	14,600
EXPORTS	80,300	38,200	47,800	3,800	36,100	2,100	208,300
IMPORTS	40,100	27,600	39,700	2,600	15,000	2,200	127,200

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OF THE COMMUNIST ORBIT. THE HAWAIIAN AND ALASKAN BASES, WHILE ON U.S SOIL, ARE CLASSIFIED AS BEING "OVERSEAS" BY THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

ALL AROUND THE EARTH

spending together show how the U.S. has concentrated on economic development of other countries. The cumulative balance of loans and investments is only the amount outstanding from 1948–1957. The total contribution has been greater, part of the loans and investments having already been paid off. The ratio of exports to imports shows plainly how much more has been sent out than taken in.

The strongest evidence of U.S. commitment is the number of Americans overseas. The 580,000 civilian residents abroad alone are one in every 300 Americans. They, with the military and their dependents and tourists, give the U.S. millions of ambassadors over the earth.

	EUROPE & DEPENDENCIES	CANADA	LATIN AMER. REPUBLICS	AFRICA	ASIA	AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND	TOTALS
UNITED STATES CIVILIANS RESIDENT ABROAD IN 1957							
GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES	52,800	1,200	11,200	8,600	24,600	300	98,700
BUSINESS & PROFESSIONAL	23,600	33,100	48,900	5,500	24,000	1,700	136,800
EDUCATORS & STUDENTS	22,700	5,500	16,800	3,200	16,300	900	65,400
OTHERS	78,600	121,300	52,200	1,700	21,500	3,700	279,000
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL IN 1957							
NUMBER OF TRIPS	915,000	4,600,000	928,000	5,500	49,500	6,300	6,504,300
DOLLARS SPENT (MILLIONS)	588	341	400	2	40	2	1,373

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IN MILAN FRANK WHITE AND ITALIAN INTERPRETER CROSS THE STREET TO THE RAILROAD STATION WHERE THEY WILL DEPART WITH HIS WIFE FOR BOLOGNA

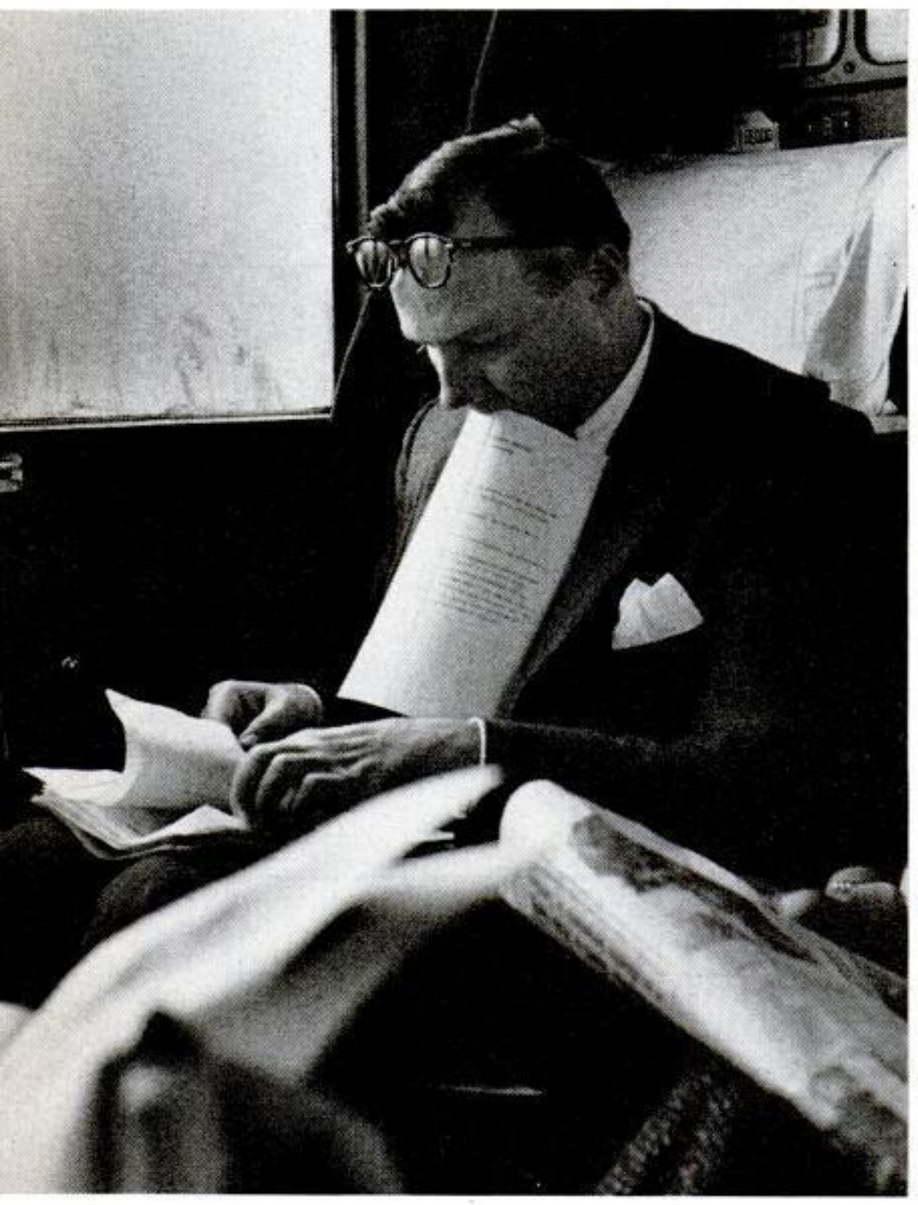
EMISSARY OF AMERICAN BUSINESS ON THE GO

Executive works for profit—and also for economic interdependence

As the political leaders prepared to talk about NATO, a new kind of global-minded businessman, to whom NATO and other alliances are a shield and a spur, was busy in Europe getting things done in a somewhat new American way. Frank X. White, 38-year-old vice president of American Machine and Foundry, is a whirlwind example of this businessman breed.

Before joining American Machine and Foundry, White worked for the Departments of the Army and Agriculture and the Economic Cooperation Administration at home and abroad. In three years he has risen to be head of the international operations of a company that does $13.5 million yearly business overseas, selling everything from tobacco machinery and skin diving gear to atomic reactors.

Hustling from Italy to Istanbul to London with his pretty wife, White confers with customers, government officials and employes of his company. But he believes his job is more than a chance to turn a profit for his company. "I feel strongly," he says, "that international business can be and sometimes is a contributing factor to the preservation of world peace. If other countries have a big enough stake in the United States and vice versa, it will become very difficult to disrupt these relations."



BRIEFING HIMSELF on the train, White bones up on a company plant that he will visit in Bologna.

GREETED AT BOLOGNA, Whites (*backs to camera*) are met by plant manager and other executives.

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IN ISTANBUL at Hilton Hotel, Whites (*right*) talk with Turkish banker and government official's wife.



IN ROME White sits next to Italy's Foreign Minister Pella (*left*) at a business meeting with Italians.



IN LONDON White talks with Mayor of Shoreditch who wears full regalia at opening of new AMF plant.



TRAVEL WEARY WHITES arriving after midnight in Milan from Rome trudge into fog on way from station to hotel across street. Next day he conferred with businessmen on European Common Market.

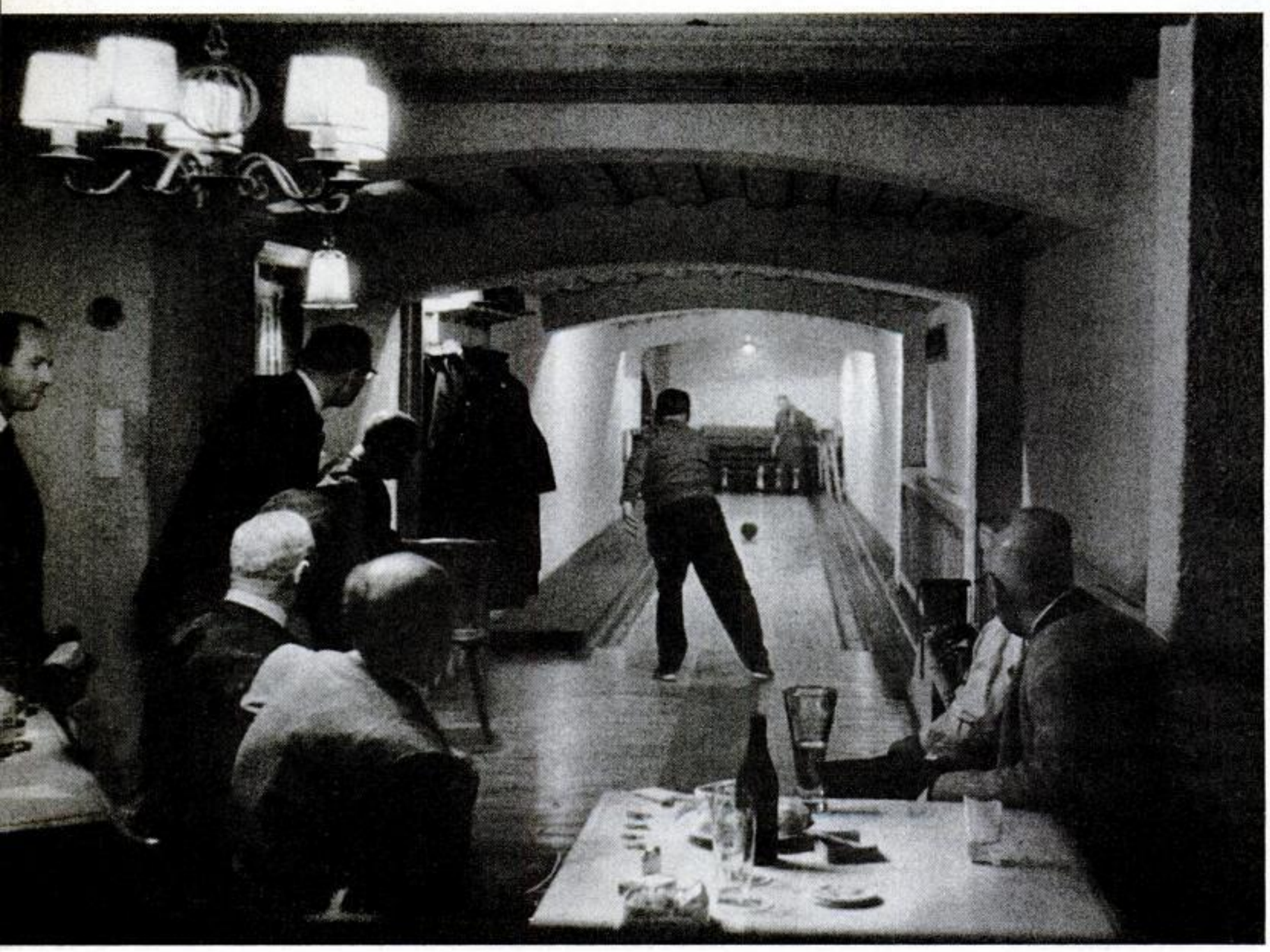
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WHITE AND ITALIAN EXECUTIVES STUDY PLANS FOR TOBACCO MACHINERY TO BE MANUFACTURED IN BOLOGNA PLANT RECENTLY PURCHASED BY HIS COMPANY

FROM AUTOMATIC BOWLING PINS TO ATOMIC RESEARCH REACTORS

When Frank White goes overseas for his company, as he has seven times in the past 18 months, he has almost no time for pleasure. He took his wife Louise on a recent eight-week tour of eight countries in the hope that they might see something of each other. But before the trip was over Louise was saying, "I see less of Frank on a trip like this than I do at home and that's not much." Almost as wearing for White as the trip was the need to keep shifting business gears, one time wondering if he could uncover a new market for a bowling alley device, the next discussing in physicist's jargon a $700,000 atomic reactor his company had built.



BOWLING ALLEY in Munich is inspected by White (*second from left*) as part of survey to determine the feasibility of selling Europeans American-style automatic pinspotters that are made by his company.



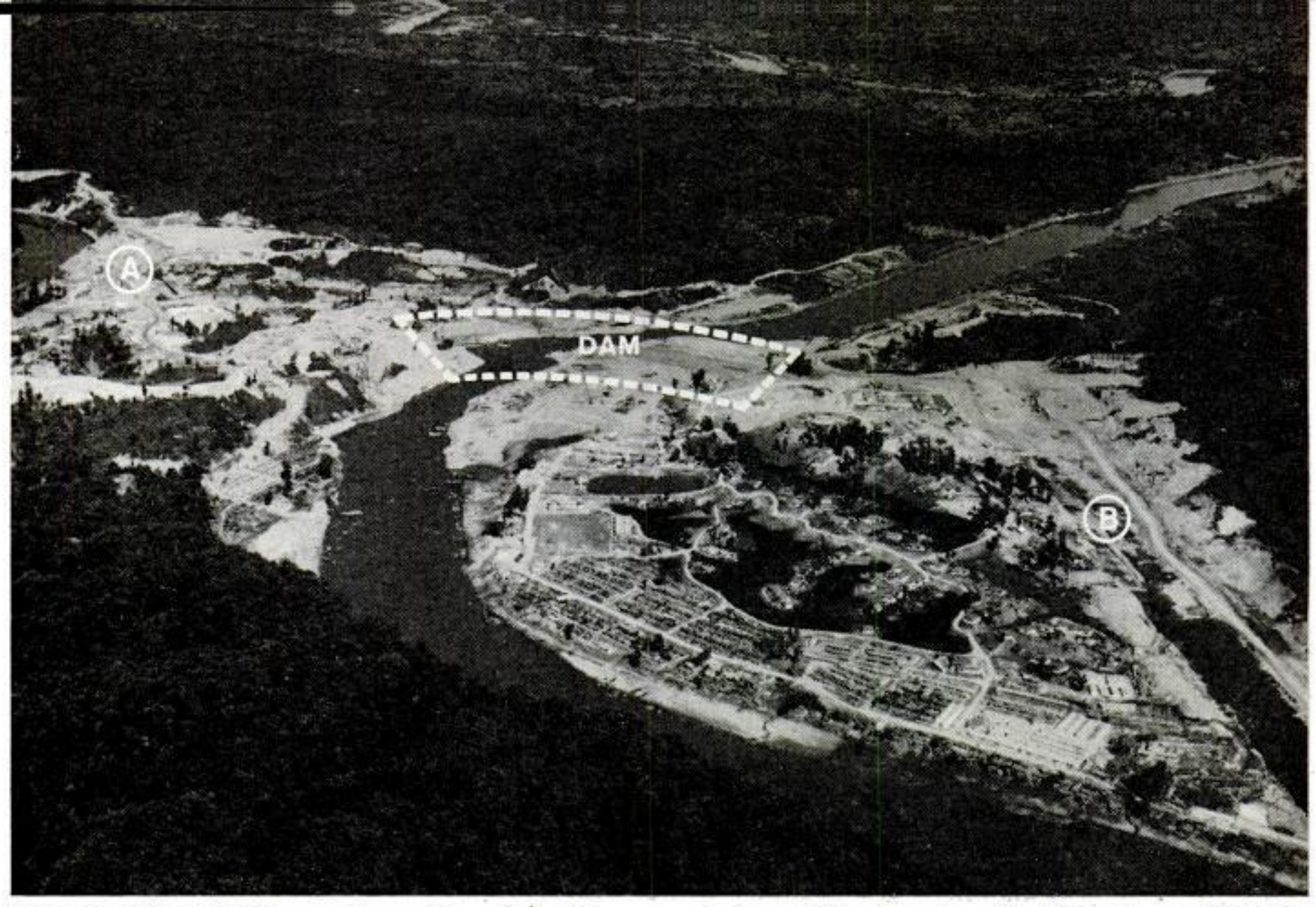
AIRBORNE TOAST to wife is proposed by White en route from Athens to Istanbul on her birthday.

RESEARCH REACTOR at University of Munich → is inspected by White (*left*) and atomic experts.

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SITE OF PROJECT is curving section of the Karnafuli. Dam's extent is shown by dotted line. Power station will be at spot marked A, spillway at B. Lake formed by reservoir will irrigate one million acres.

AMERICAN AID AND ENGINEERS RUSH HUGE DAM IN PAKISTAN

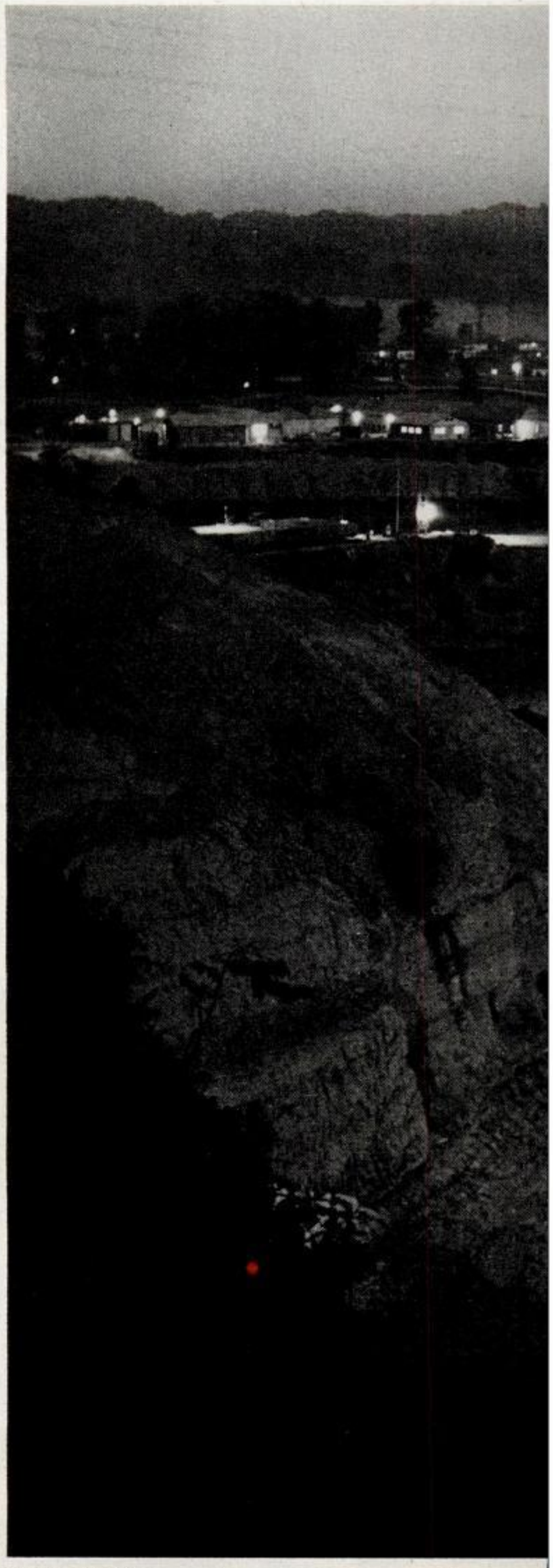
Ancient methods, modern machines develop a needed power source

Following in the wake of the U.S. salesmen and organizers are the American engineers whose prodigious energies last year threw up nearly $1 billion worth of heavy construction abroad. Last week, using an odd but efficient combination of ancient methods and modern equipment, U.S. engineers were pushing on the huge Karnafuli Dam in Pakistan. The largest power-irrigation project U.S. aid and engineers are putting up anywhere in the world, the dam will be a great embankment, 3,000 feet long and 130 feet high. It will block the tropical Karnafuli River 30 miles upstream of Chittagong, East Pakistan's only port on the Bay of Bengal. The 150,000 kilowatts its plant will generate are the only hope of large-scale power for a depressed and power-hungry part of Asia.

Pakistan set out to build the dam with 15,000 hand laborers in 1954, but work faltered for lack of modern equipment. Last year the U.S. granted a $12.7 million loan toward the project's total cost of $68 million. This gave Pakistan dollars to employ the Utah Construction Company. Utah's American engineers moved in and taught Pakistanis to use earth-moving equipment. They ingeniously solved a shortage of gravel for cement-making by manufacturing, as a substitute, mud baked into hard pellets. Today 70 Americans and 3,400 Pakistanis work round the clock toward 1960, when the dam's power will begin to directly benefit a quarter of East Pakistan's 40 million people.



TRADITIONAL PAKISTANI WAY OF TRANSPORTING



NIGHT WORK keeps heavy construction machinery working round the clock as Pakistani operators

CONVEYOR ROLLERS, over which an endless belt will flow to carry a high-speed stream of dam building materials, are assembled by Pakistani crew trained by a U.S. foreman, Bob Church (*standing, center*).



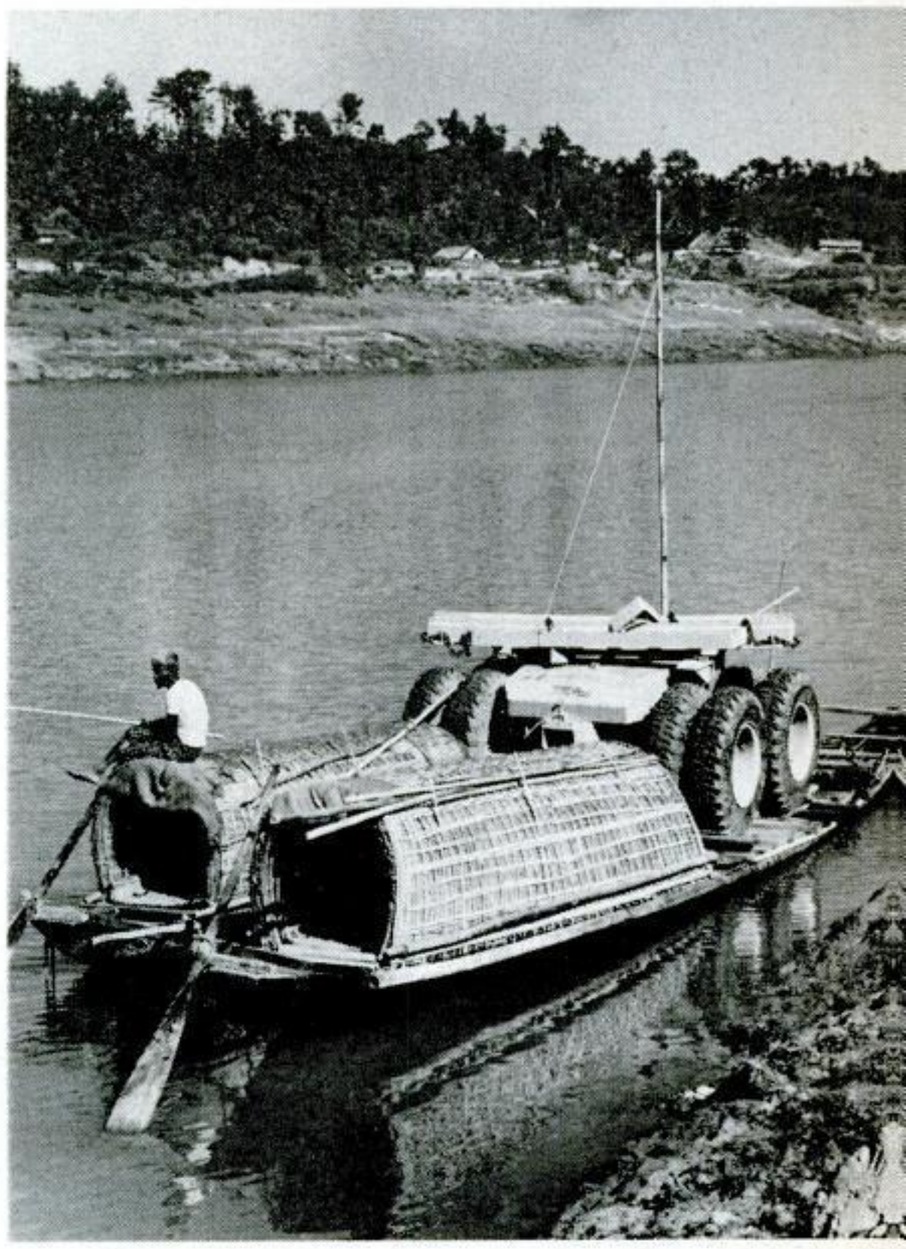
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EARTH—IN HEAD BASKETS CARRIED BY A FILE OF WORKMEN—IS STILL USEFUL IN PARTS OF THE PROJECT. FOREMAN WITH UMBRELLA SHOUTS INSTRUCTIONS



use loaders to dig mouth of tunnel that will divert the Karnafuli River around the damsite. The lights reflected in river behind are from the village of Kaptai near which most of the American engineers live.



EQUIPMENT FERRY made from two small Pakistani river boats carries large eight-wheeled trailer.



MEN IN CHARGE, Shafiqul Haq (*left*) for Pakistan, Byron Felkner of U.S., plan work schedule.

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BLOCKED by MVD man at airport, Dan Schorr cannot move up to record Khrushchev's departure.

A U.S. VOICE FROM MOSCOW

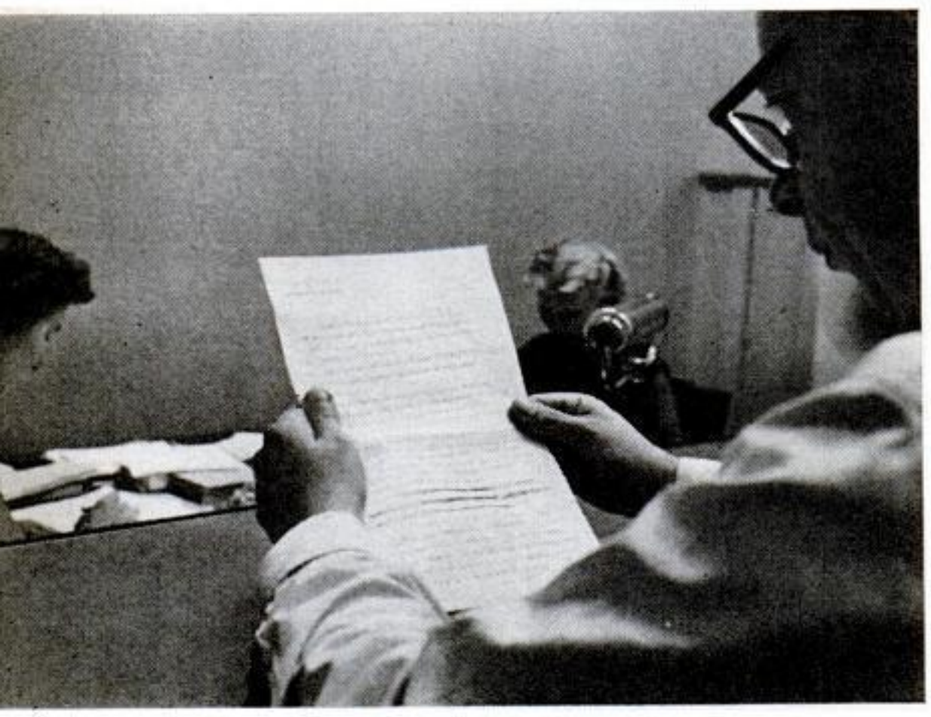
From behind the Iron Curtain last week came an American voice, perceptively analyzing Soviet moves to upset NATO's deliberations. "By playing on Europe's fears of a nuclear-armed Germany," said CBS Moscow Correspondent Daniel Schorr, "Russia sees its best chance of breaking the proposed ring of missile bases. Thus Russia is feeling for the West's weakest points." Schorr, 41, is one of a dozen American newsmen in Moscow. Despite formidable difficulties, he is a valuable American listening post, helping fill out hard-to-get information on what the U.S.S.R. is up to.

Schorr lives, he says, "on a little island of Westerners amid a sea of Russians separated not by hostility but fear of consequences of contact with 'capitalist agents.' " Often under surveillance, Schorr digs out material for a daily broadcast, tape recordings and films for television. There are moments when the mask of xenophobia slips to permit insights into the Russians and there are occasional scoops, like the TV interview with Khrushchev last spring.



DESCRIBING STREET SCENES on tape, Schorr stands in Red Square, St. Basil's in background.

SHOWING FRUSTRATION, Schorr slams down phone in hotel after vain attempt to call an official.



CENSORED, Schorr stares at lines inked out of a daily news dispatch to U.S. by a Russian official.



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WE'RE SO GLAD YOU LOVE OUR 3 NEW SOUPS!



We're cooking overtime, to keep up!



NEW! TURKEY NOODLE SOUP

Already a favorite . . . it tastes so good! Here's soup made extravagantly from the *whole* turkey! That's why the broth is so rich and full-flavored . . . why there's so much tender turkey meat . . . light and dark. And there are noodles by the spoonful . . . big, golden, enriched egg noodles!

NEW! CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

A hit . . . almost overnight! It's a hearty, heartwarming country-kitchen kind of chicken soup. The broth is what cookbooks call "good chicken stock." And it's filled to the brim with pick-of-garden vegetables, golden ribbon noodles and plenty of tender chicken.



NEW! MINESTRONE SOUP

People love it! It's a great big homey soup with 12 favorite vegetables! Carrots and potatoes, peas, green beans and pea beans. Tomatoes and onions, mustard and turnip greens . . . celery, cabbage and zucchini. All this, plus tenderest spaghettini and a zip of cheese.

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!



So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup—
***Campbell's*, of course!**

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A $100 MILLION HUNT FOR



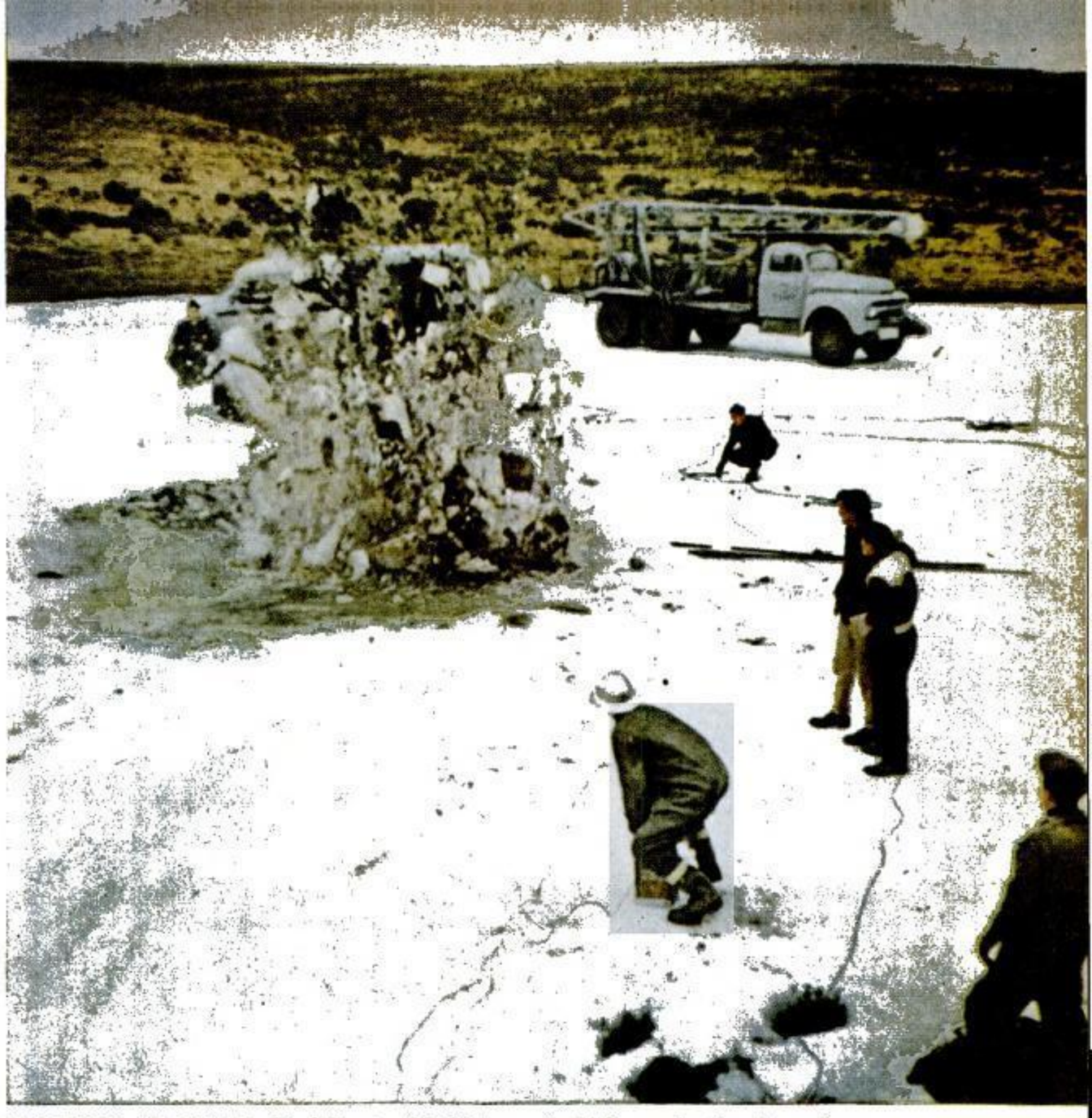
FOREIGN OIL

New fields are explored and tapped from South America's tip to its toe

As the world's greatest and ever-growing producers and users of oil, Americans are always in search of new oil reserves. The biggest and most dramatic current hunt for oil, a $100 million venture, is going on all over South America, from relatively well-explored Venezuela (*opposite page*) to the icy remoteness of Tierra del Fuego (*right*) and the tangled jungles of Peru (*below*). Thousands of American "doodlebuggers" (geophysical survey men), "tool pushers" (foremen on drill rigs) and production bosses have moved south to enjoy high wages, the hardy frontier life and a chance to train and work with South Americans.

In South America U.S. oil companies already have $3.2 billion invested and are adding to it at a rate of $500 million a year. The search for oil has been stepped up since the Suez crisis, when the U.S. need for nearby and dependably available oil became more acute. But the skilled U.S. oil hunters are not all working for the American account. Many of them are on contract to local government monopolies or non-American companies. All of them boost a boom that has in the last two years given South America the highest (14%) oil production gain in the world.

Photographed for LIFE by RALPH CRANE



BLASTING IN CHILE, Paul Banta (*khaki trousers*), U.S. production boss for Chile's oil monopoly ENAP, watches seismograph test of frozen Tierra del Fuego.

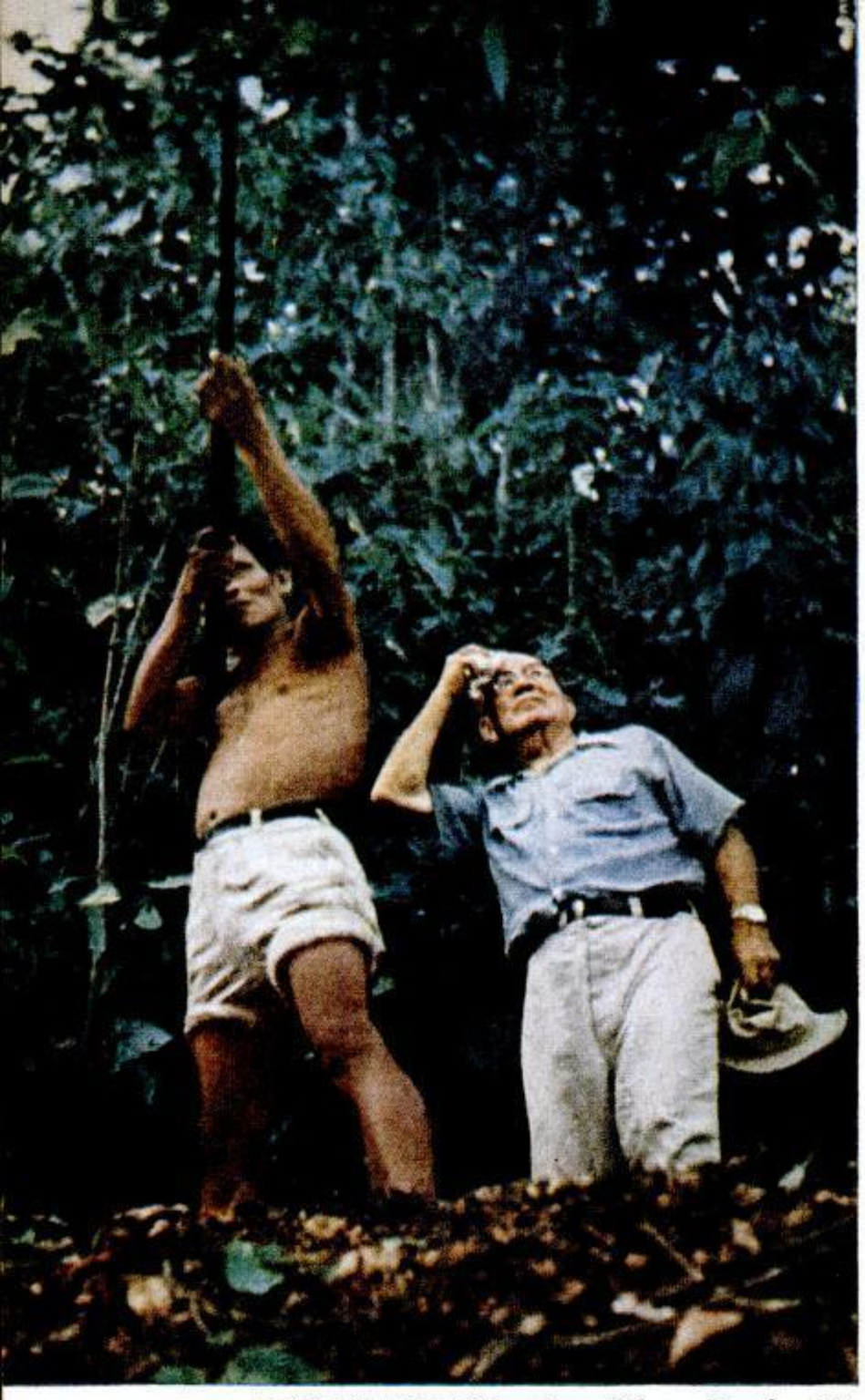


TEAMING UP IN VENEZUELA (*left*), American tool pusher Ed Lewis greets Venezuelan rig hand Angel Alvino, who rests 60-pound rock bit on his helmet.

INVADING JUNGLE IN PERU, wiry porters lead American geophysical survey men, Don Luster (*front*) and Jack Spray, to a new site for test shots for oil.

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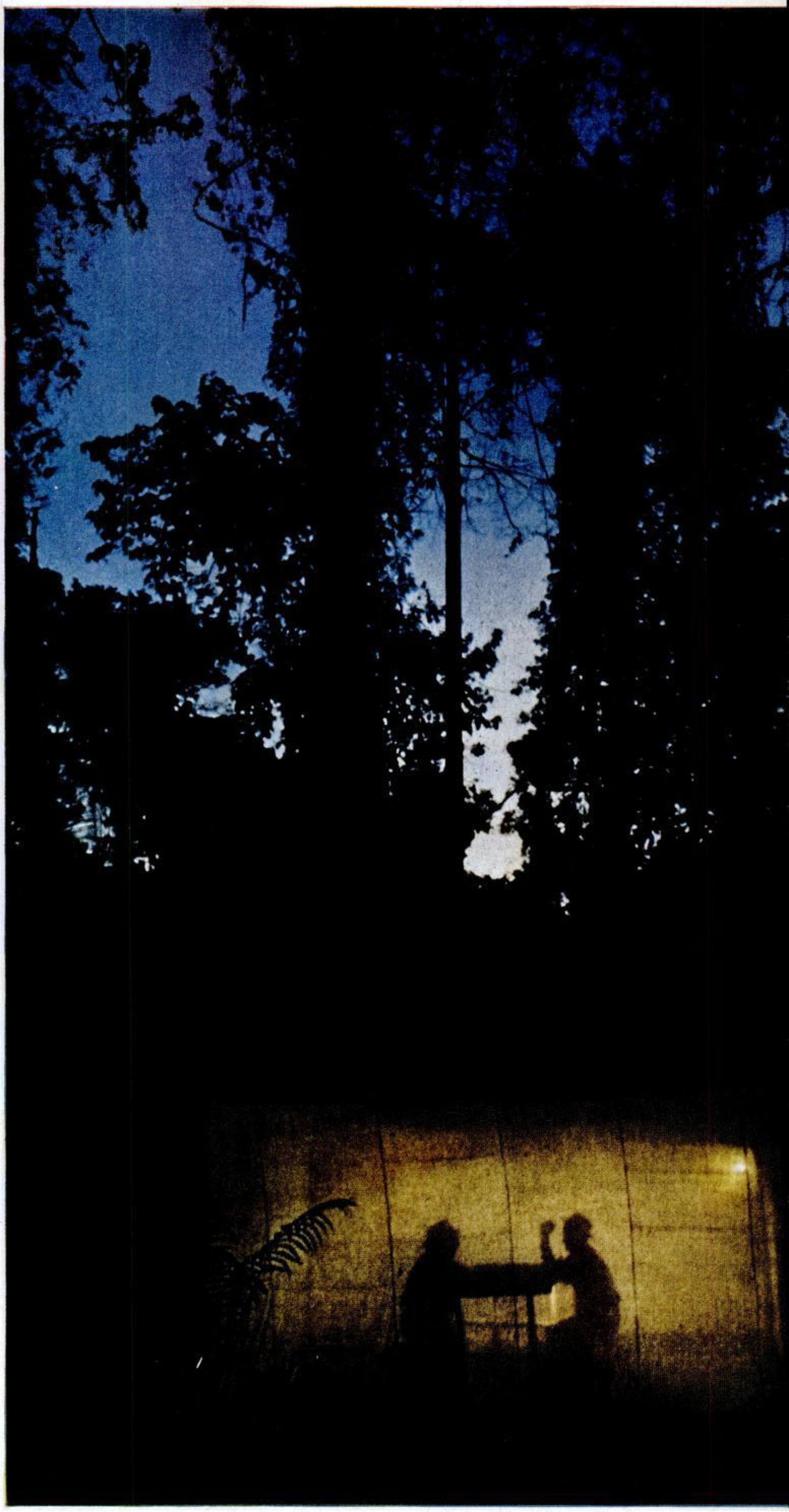
PIONEER IN PERU, veteran Oilman Douglas Fyfe watches Peruvian hunting birds for explorers' food.

TREKS, TESTING AND TROUBLE IN WILD PERU

In the forefront of the expanding oil hunt in Peru is 66-year-old Douglas Fyfe (*above*) from Cucamonga, Calif., whom the Peruvians affectionately call *Señor Petróleo* (Mr. Petroleum). A quarter of a century ago, while working for a Peruvian company, Fyfe made the first big oil find in eastern Peru's wild Amazon basin. Today, as the chief geologist for a Peruvian-West German combine, Fyfe still searches the jungle by day and by night. He is both teacher and hero to the crews of young doodlebuggers he has brought down from the U.S.

The doodlebuggers, protected by machete-bearing Peruvian porters, work in deep jungle alive with poisonous *Naca-nacas* (coral snakes) and *Shushutes* (bushmasters). "Sweat bees," ticks, chiggers and mosquitoes are routine nuisances to them. Undaunted, the doodlebuggers plant their blast charges and read the results of the test explosions on their delicate seismographic equipment (*top, opposite page*). The evidence of underearth structure has given many clues to profitable areas. But the big companies are still waiting for the outcome of more extensive testing.

"In Peru," says a U.S. oilman, "there's 50 years' more work for 10 seismic crews." This is good news to the doodlebuggers. "Maybe we don't always fit in back home," says one of them. "The States are getting too crowded for us. But we're sure as hell necessary out here."



NIGHTTIME PLANNING for exploration of a new area is done in mosquito-proof tent at jungle base camp by Fyfe (*left*) and Dorsey Plunk, manager of a seismograph team. They preceded the team by sea-

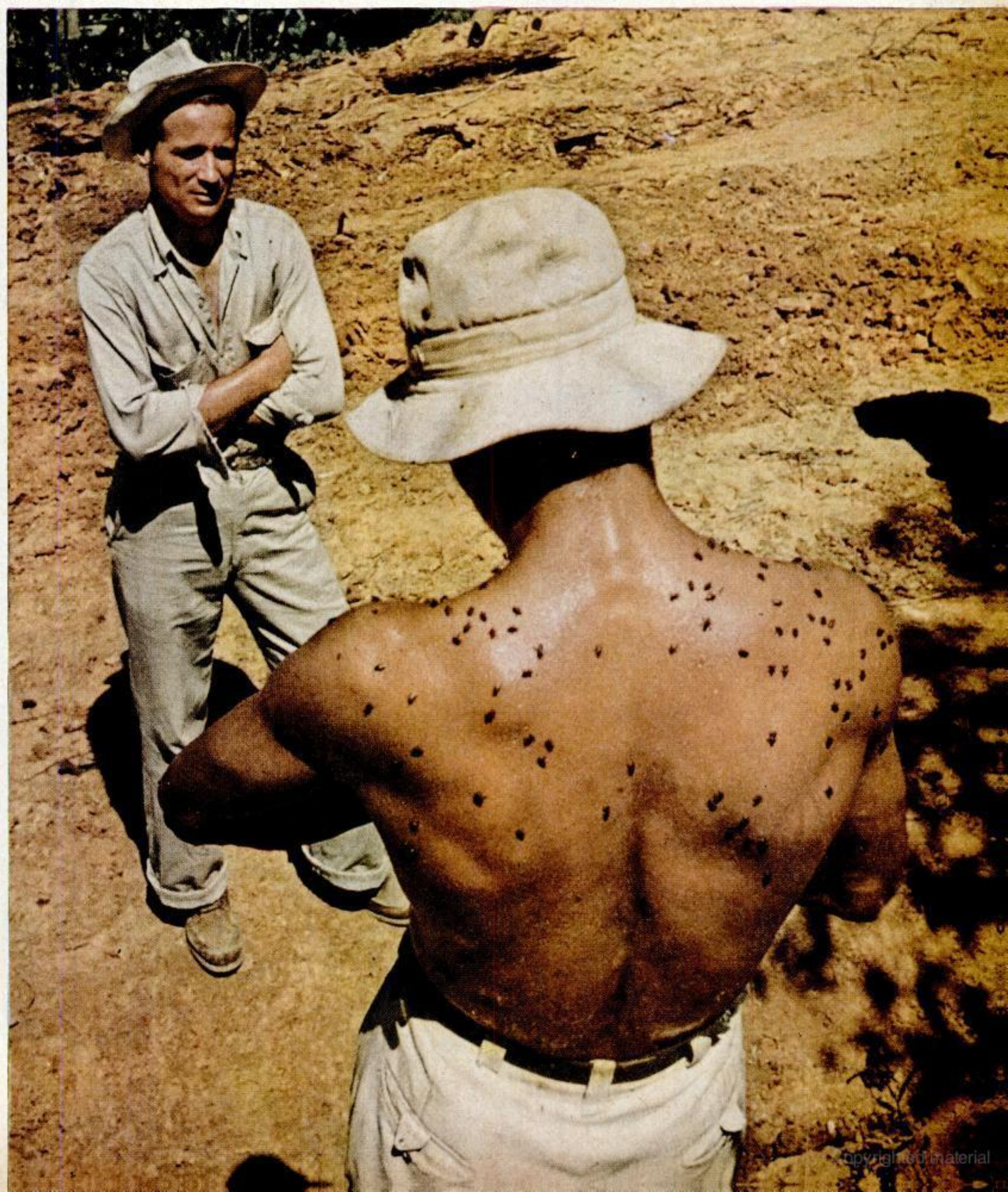
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plane to new upriver survey site, now go over supply problems of team which follows them by barge.



READING RESULTS of a test shot recorded on wet seismograph paper are Don Luster (*left*), Jack Spray (*center*), Peruvian and Argentinian assistants. They were sent down by Geophysical Service of Dallas.



"SWEAT BEES" (*below*), which do not sting but absorb perspiration, dot back of a Peruvian talking to 30-year-old Dorsey Plunk, who has been abroad since 1946, in Mexico, Brazil, Africa and now Peru.

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SUNDAY BARBECUE and croquet in suburban setting provide amusement for American oil families who live in own colony at Mata, Venezuela. Steel prefab house with air-conditioned bedrooms was sent from U.S., belongs to party's host, Texas Petroleum Company Engineer Joe Kiker (*foreground, back to camera*).





TRAILER LIFE at Mata is fine with Betty Welch, wife of Santa Fe Drilling Co. tool pusher, who has son's help as she hangs out clothes. Waste oil and gas billow at oil field burning pit in the background.



OIL SUBURBIA IN VENEZUELA

In Venezuela, the Texas of South America, American oil explorers operate out of a transplanted suburbia which has sprung up around productive fields like the Orinoco. Their job, from executive to tool pusher, is to bring in new wells in generally proved territory.

They put in their 60- to 70-hour weeks with great gusto. "I'd rather work in Venezuela," says an ex-Texan, "because nobody's going to tell me when to stop. Back in the States I didn't have anything after 22 years. At the rate I'm going down here—I'm saving $700 a month—I figure on 10 years more and then I can go back and won't have to work hard any more." The stakes that can be made and the stateside comforts that can be enjoyed while doing it have drawn 4,500 American oil workers and many of their families to Venezuela.

←**REPAIRING BOILERS** of a steam-powered drill rig, Arkansas Welder Gus Hess, 30, directs Venezuelans in cutting boiler bolts. Hess works for a local company that does repairs for U.S. oil outfits.



GOLF HAZARD at sandy Mata course created by Americans is fiery pit. Engineer Robert Hardeman, from Junction City, Texas, came close to pit with shot he hooked out of bounds and is now retrieving.

CONTINUED

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APPROACH TO OIL in Tierra del Fuego takes a plane past the spectacular, perpetually snow-covered Chilean Andes, where jagged peaks (*center*) rise up 11,000 feet in the formation called Cathedral Rock.



DRILL FOR ICE (*below*), a portable rig that goes down 30 feet so charges for seismic shots can be placed, is used by ENAP production manager Paul Banta (*khaki trousers*) and Chileans preparing a test.



OIL UNDER ICE AT LAND'S END

The southernmost search for oil in the world goes on on the Chilean side of Tierra del Fuego, an island below the Strait of Magellan. Oil was discovered here in 1945 and now flows at the rate of 13,000 barrels a day. A leathery, lusty crew of Americans working for ENAP, the Chilean government oil monopoly, hopes to double that output in the next five years. They are currently bringing in 60% of all the test wells, a spectacular average in their trade.

The cold and rugged conditions in Tierra del Fuego only add to its adventure for American oilmen like Clayton ("Buck") Smith (*above*). He and his family, well-housed on the Chilean mainland, are having the free-wheeling time of their lives (*far right*). On the job, Smith takes pride in teaching the Chileans. "When I go," he says, "I'm going to leave some good men on the rig." Meanwhile the Americans and Chileans in Tierra del Fuego exuberantly share an oil hand's highest moments—the time when a new well comes gushing in (*next pages*).

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SETTING UP DRILL RIG to "spud in" a well, Californian tool pusher, Clayton Smith, 31, and a Chilean member of his crew, Pedro Villegas (*helmet*), talk to a sheepherder whose sizable flocks graze on the flat Tierra del Fuego grasslands. Chilean workers at the 96-foot horizontal rig stack up the sections of drill pipe.



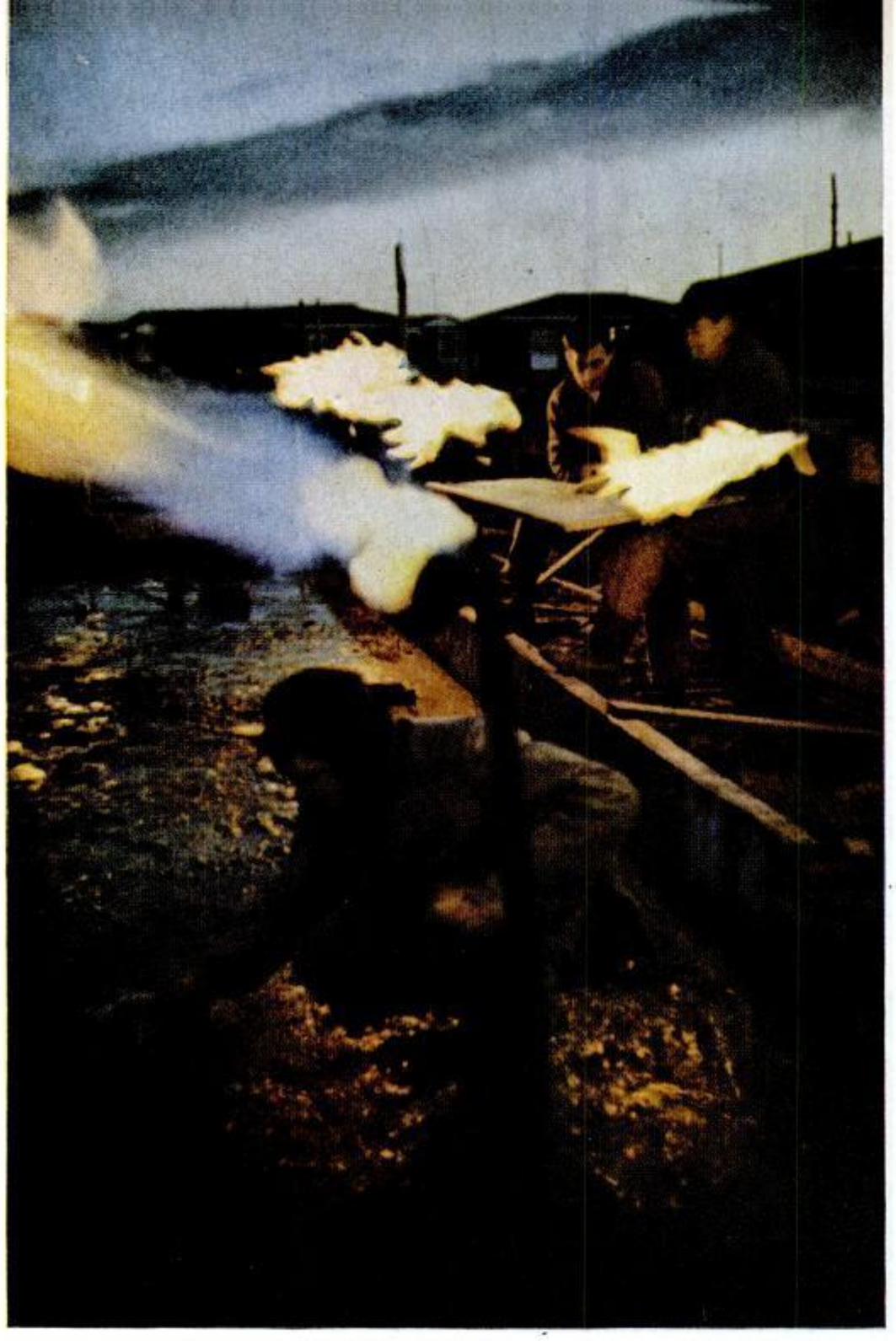


HIGH TIME AT HOME, in Punta Arenas on the Chilean mainland, is had by Smith as he and older children dance. Wife Mary and youngest daughter look on.

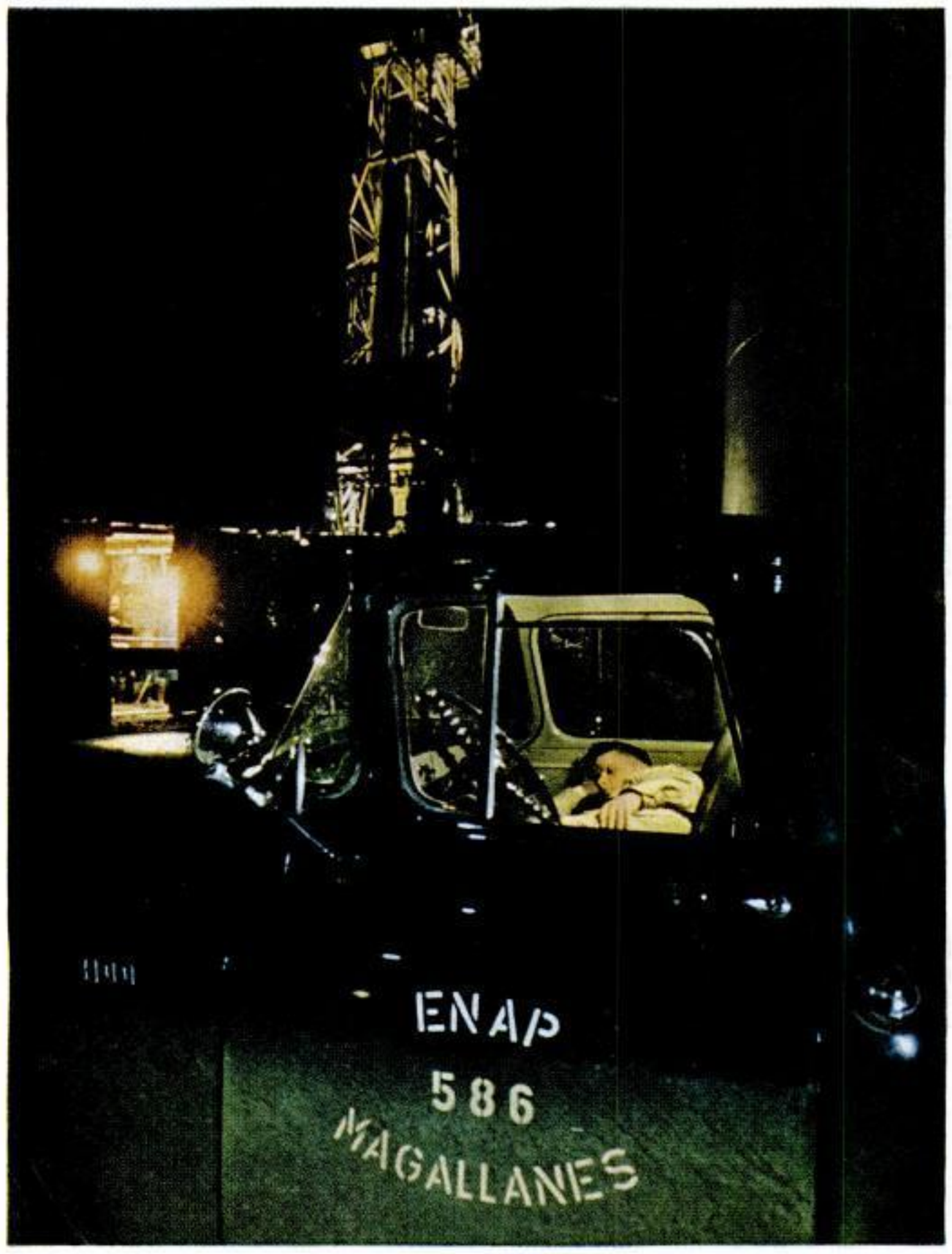
HEADING FOR MAINLAND Smith and friend Mike Clement (*hat*) and Chileans leave Tierra del Fuego by boat. They work 10 days then get four days at home.

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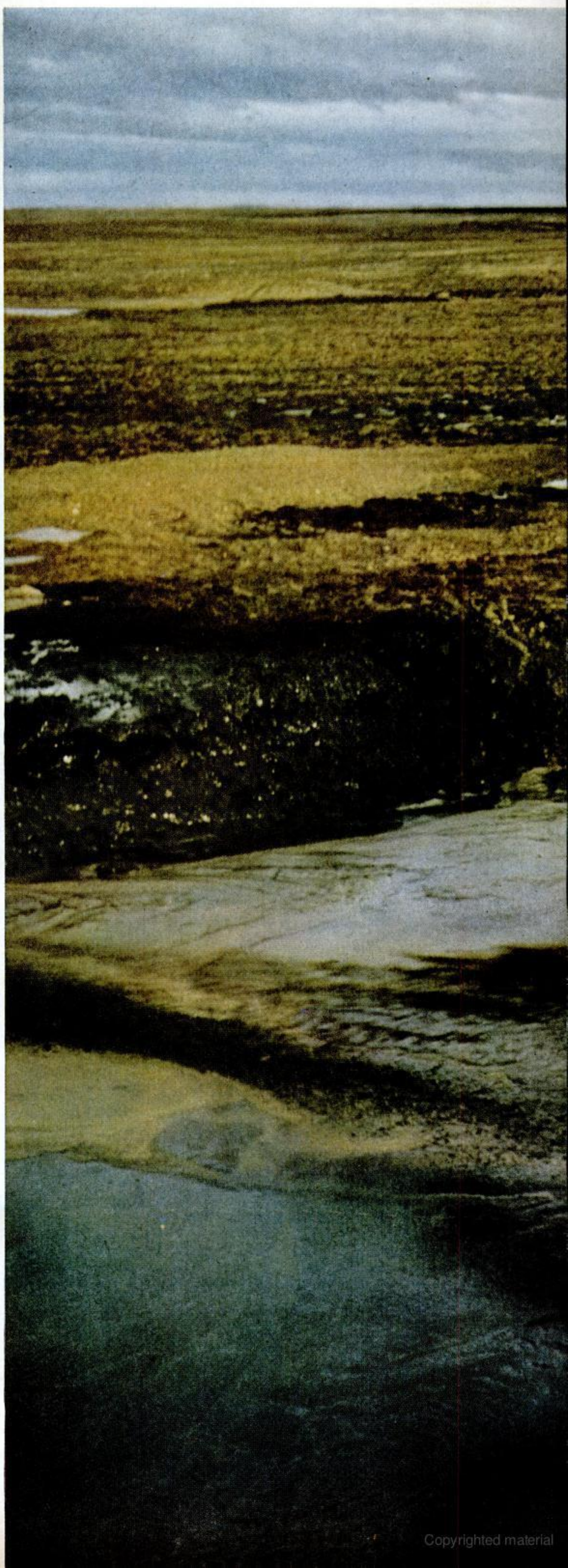


WARMING CONCRETE for island housing, gas torches help it cure despite the cold. Manantiales refinery boss, J. L. Reid (*right*), Paul Banta study floor plans.



ON CALL during the troublesome initial "spudding in" phase of drilling, Buck Smith catches a brief nap in truck during an all-night vigil at a new well site.

CELEBRATING OIL STRIKE, tool pushers Wendell Anderson (*at pipe*) and Mike Clement and Chilean crew members cheer result of 13 days of drilling.



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Holiday Greetings

TO all our friends in the United States and Canada, we of the Metropolitan Life extend our warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas...and the happiest of New Years in 1958 ✣ ✣ In the true spirit of Christmas, our thoughts turn to the gifts with which Divine Providence has enriched our lives. We have much for which to be thankful . . . warm and enduring ties with families and friends, peace in our two nations and that great blessing which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life . . . good health ✣ ✣ May you and your family have, in abundant measure, health, happiness, peace of mind during this Holy Season and in all the years ahead.

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AERIAL PROTECTOR AROUND THE WORLD



B-47 JET BOMBER MAKES A LOW PASS OVER THE SPANISH CITY OF SEGOVIA TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH TERRAIN. ON HILL IN TOP CENTER IS FAMOUS ALCAZAR

The first priority of the U.S. abroad is the prevention of war and SAC bombers keep vigilant patrol from faraway outposts

The first duty of Americans abroad these days is to defend our allies and to maintain the peace. All else—economic aid, trade and travel—depends upon our upholding the U.S. military commitment. Its agents in this task range from big naval fleets (*pp. 52–57*) to modest army missions (*pp. 47, 48*). The most far-flung of them is the U.S. Strategic Air Command, which keeps contingents of its high-flying bombers always in the air, many armed with nuclear weapons. Some planes, like the big B-52, fly their missions mostly out of SAC bases in the U.S. But the backbone of SAC is still the smaller B-47, a 3,000-mile jet bomber which needs overseas bases to keep it within effective range of the enemy. SAC has 35 bases scattered around the world in a dozen countries. Some are built on remote islands, others on top of arctic ice. The newest ones are located in Spain and in the deserts of Morocco.

The primary purpose of the big bases is to keep the bombers flying. The families of some flyers and maintenance crews have been settled on the bases, which have thus become isolated outposts of American civilization. The requirements of SAC's alertness keep the flyers tied closely to the bases much of the time. Often they fly in, turn the plane over to a fresh crew, then get a few hours' sleep before going back on "alert" duty again. But in their few free hours they have time to sample the life of the world outside the base.



NEWLY LANDED CREW, which has just completed a 10-hour flight from U.S. in B-47 bomber, checks in plane to relief pilot (*right*) at a SAC base in Morocco.

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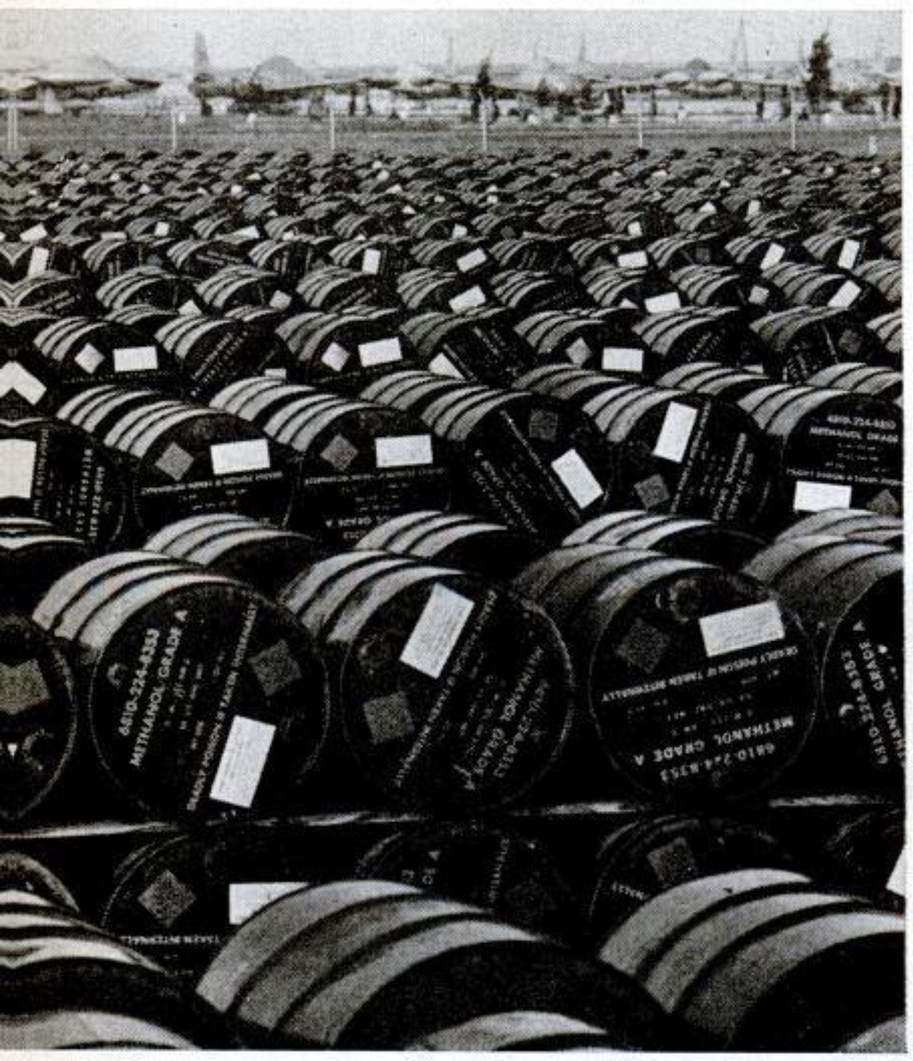


AT ENTRY to Nouasseur, biggest base in Morocco, U.S. (*left*) and French MPs stop all who pass.

Mixture of PX and couscous

Americans at SAC bases in Morocco find the local customs strange and the language problem formidable. Few families stay long enough to learn Arabic or to understand the people they have been thrown in with. Political unrest constitutes an ever-present risk and every wife, while her husband is on duty, must be prepared to evacuate the children into the desert if there is danger of an atomic attack.

SAC officers try to ease the duty by promoting home-away-from-home activities like bowling and school dances. They push families into seeing Morocco by setting up trips to such exotic spots as Marrakech. And sometimes, encouraged by friendly Moroccans, adventurous Americans will try the unfamiliar native food.



BOMBER FUEL, methyl alcohol, is stacked up in drums ready for emergency use at Nouasseur base.



AT THE NOUASSEUR BASE COMMISSARY, SAC AIRMEN AND CIVILIAN U.S. EMPLOYES CROWD IN AFTER

SAMPLING NATIVE DISH, M/Sgt. John deGafferelly's family visits Casablanca home of yard boy, Balah (*second from left*), for feast of couscous, dish of meat and vegetables poured over steamed wheat.





PAY DAY TO PURCHASE $14,000 WORTH OF GROCERIES, MOST OF THEM SHIPPED IN FROM THE STATES

SHOPPING AT BAZAAR in Casablanca, 1st Lieut. Ellis Greene and his wife, who live in a trailer camp at the Nouasseur base, decide that a brass teapot the Arabs have priced at $48 is much too expensive.





BIT OF GREENERY is added to desert at Ben Guerir by S/Sgt. Billy Anderson, who nurses young tree.



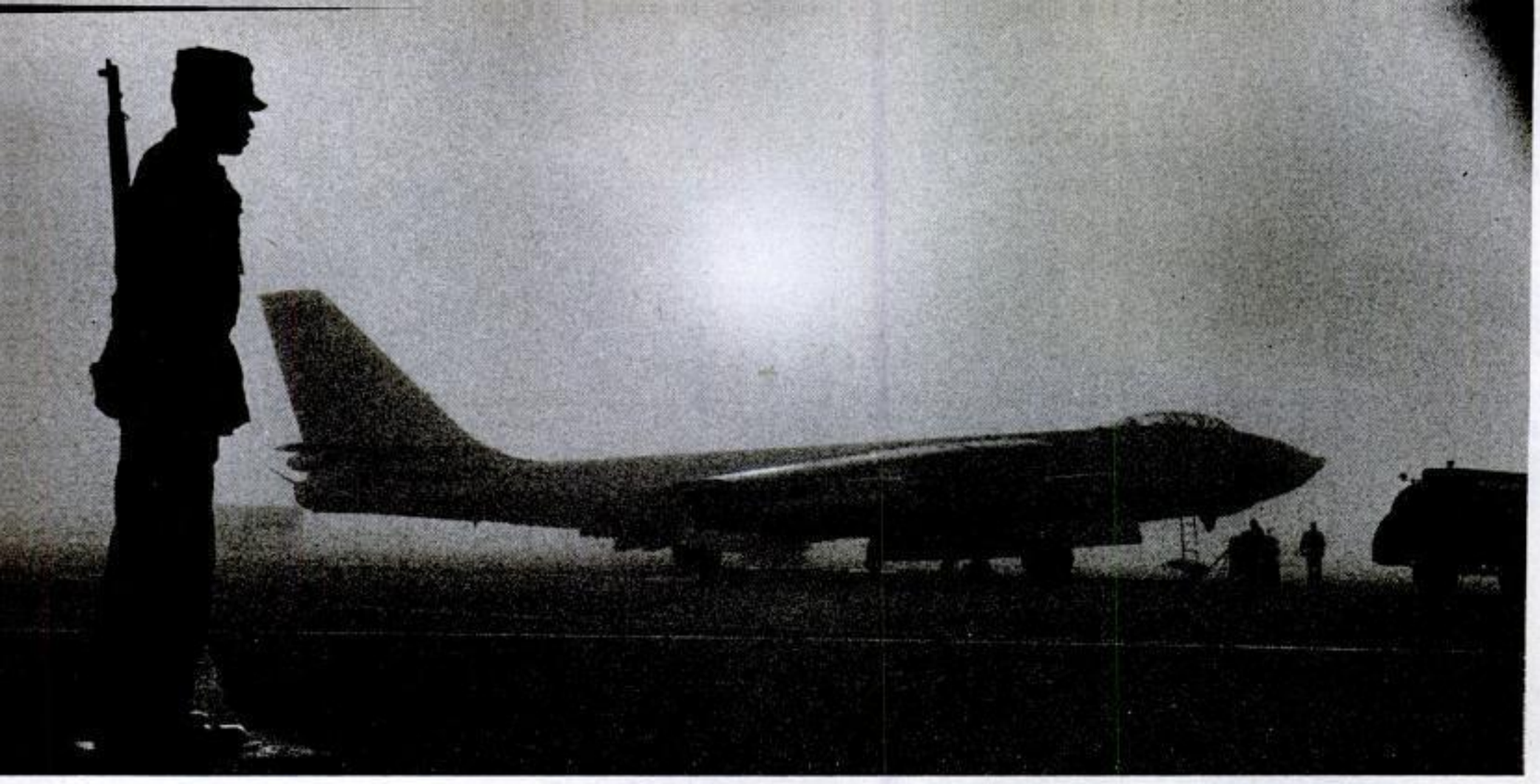
TEEN-AGE DANCE for children of men based at Nouasseur is given in the Air Force radio station.



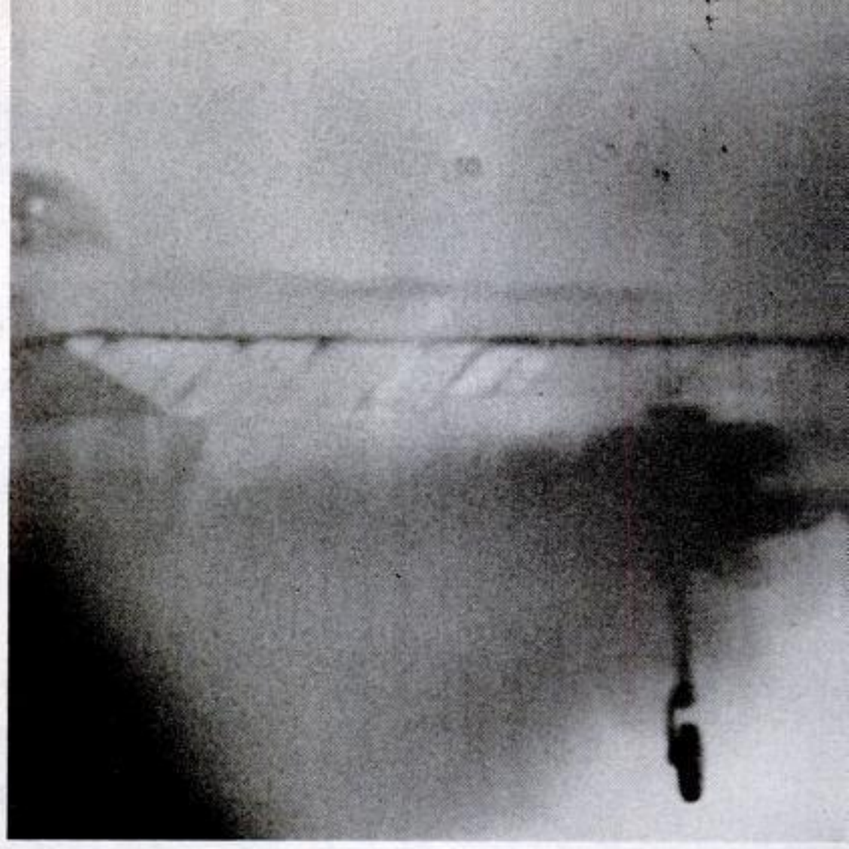
KILLING TIME at Sidi Slimane, Morocco, two SAC pilots browse through the PX for new U.S. records.

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STANDING GUARD at Sidi Slimane base in Morocco, an airman watches as crew gives B-47 an early morning inspection. When the bomber is ready it is posted with sign, "Cocked aircraft, do not enter."

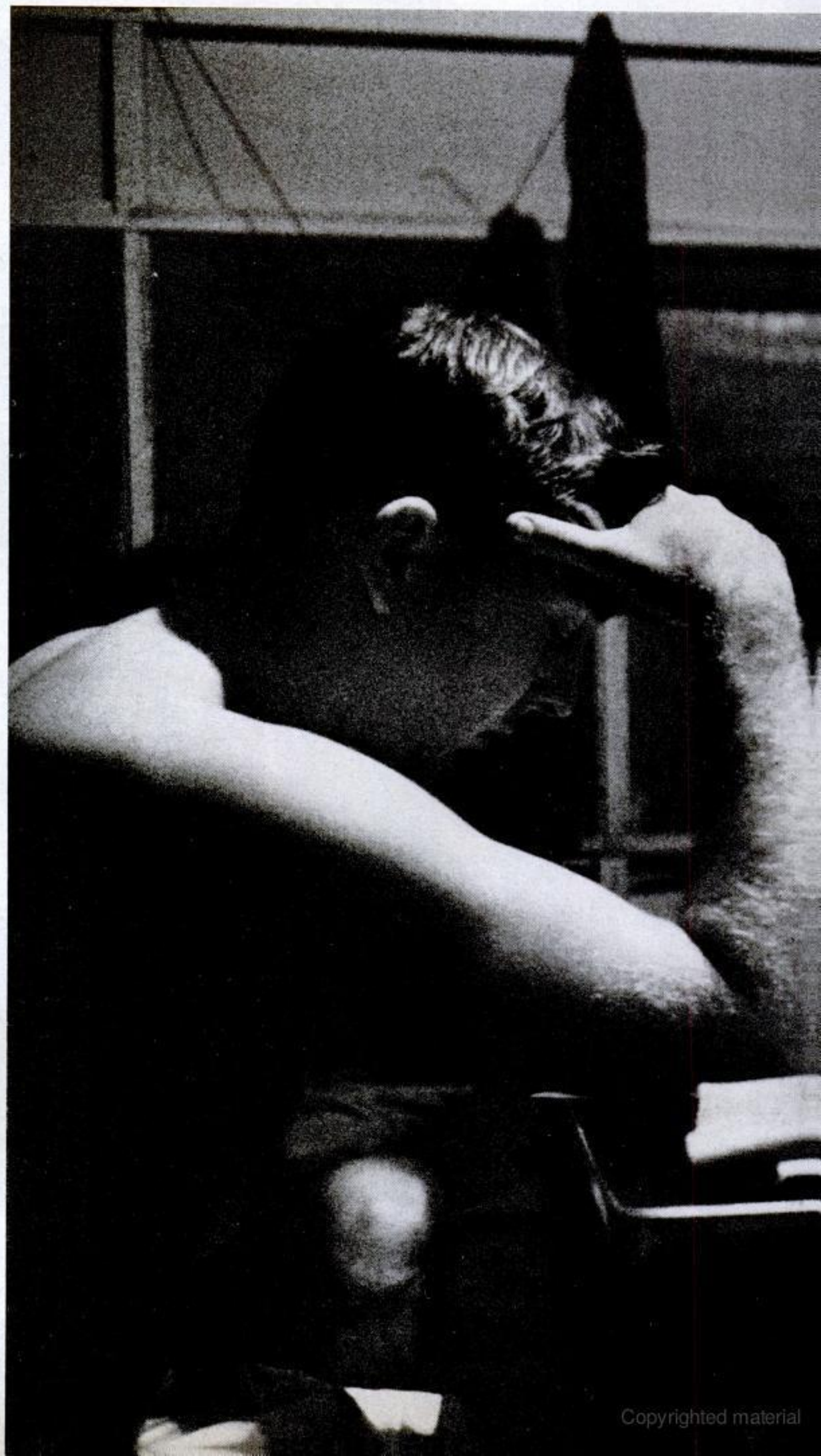


STEAM ASSIST, made by pumping mixture of water and alcohol into hot jet chambers as B-47 takes

Together every minute on alert for take-offs

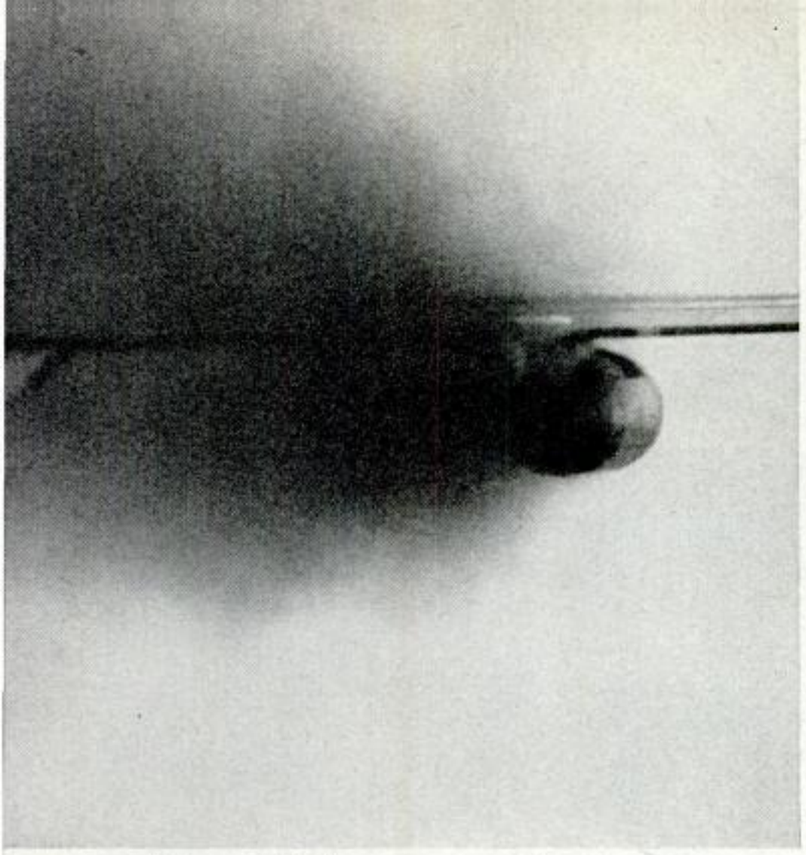


PLAYING ON THE JOB, pilot of SAC F-86D interceptor tosses basketball within running distance of the "hot line" (*background*), where his plane is ready to fly.



INSEPARABLE CREW, men from B-47 stick close together in hut at Sidi Slimane, ready to rush for their plane, dressing en route, if alert comes.

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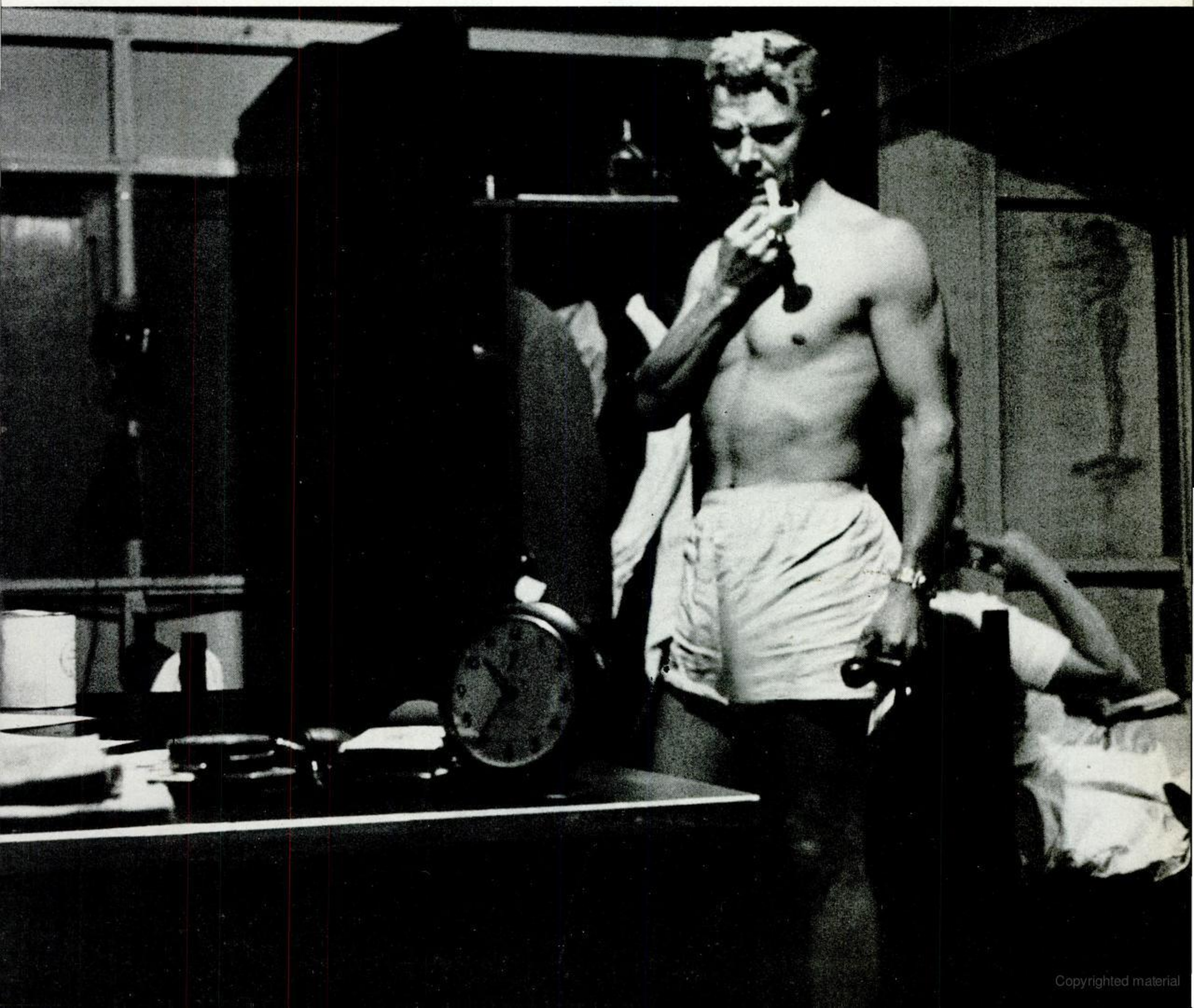
off from Sidi Slimane, gives plane's engines extra thrust to clear runway. It also blackens the exhaust.



TRIAL TAKE-OFF is made from new SAC base at Saragossa, Spain, where big dip, shown by sinking white line, makes runway questionable. Here B-47 goes up to determine whether field is safe for use.

Under a new plan of maximum alert each bomber crew on duty in Morocco must be ready to get its plane into the air within 15 minutes after the alert has been sounded. This means that the crew must stick together on the base, ready to head for the bomber as a unit when the alert signal sounds. For 48 hours at a stretch, after which a fresh crew takes over, the men eat together, sleep in the same room, even share the moments of relaxation. Under some alerts if one man wants to go to the PX, all the others go with him. If there is a movie on the base someone wants to see, all three go to see it.

SAC has flight plans worked out in such precise detail that the crews are expected to get to their bombers by Jeep without exceeding the 25-mph base speed limit. A crew may have to go through this alert procedure several times in one day. No one knows as he heads for the plane whether he is about to take part in a practice alert or, just possibly, combat.



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You don't have to be an expert! Every woman has a chance!

HERE'S a wonderful chance to "sew up" a fortune . . . by entering the third annual SINGER Sewing Contest!

Simply enroll in the Home Dressmaking Course at your local SINGER SEWING CENTER. You'll make your contest entry dress while you learn to sew.

There'll be a prize winner at every SINGER SEWING CENTER, and winning dresses then will be judged on a Regional level. The Regional winners get a free trip to New York for the Grand-Prize "Sew-Off"!

At the "Sew-Off" each contestant will make a dress for a model. And grand prizes will be awarded at an exciting fashion show!

Don't miss out on the fun, friends and sewing thrills this big contest offers. Enroll at your SINGER SEWING CENTER starting January 2. (Complete course of 8 lessons . . . 20 full hours . . . costs only $20.) Enroll *soon* before the popular "contest" classes are filled . . . it may be your first step to the big Grand-Prize of $25,000.

NOTE: Contest is open to every woman 18 or over in U.S. and Canada *except* professionals in dressmaking or fashion, sewing teachers, previous "Regional" winners, persons (or members of their families) who are engaged in the manufacture, sale, advertising, or service of sewing machines.



Here are the 3 top '57 winners. Models in the front row are wearing the outfits that won (left to right) 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grand prizes. Standing behind each winning garment is the contestant who made it, wearing the dress she made while taking instruction in a SINGER SEWING CENTER. Winners are (left to right) Mrs. C. Bishop, Calif.; Mrs. M. Rasmussen, Ore.; Mrs. H. Chooljian, N. Y.

1st GRAND PRIZE.. $25,000

2nd Grand Prize . . . $10,000

3rd Grand Prize . . . $5,000

4th Grand Prize . . . $2,500

5th Grand Prize . . . $1,500

30 Honorable Mentions—$250 each

PLUS . . . Free trip to New York City for the 35 regional 1st-prize winners . . . to compete in the "Sew-Off."

35 Regional 1st-prize winners—A Cabinet-Model SINGER* Slant-O-Matic Sewing Machine.

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for ages 18 through 25



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1st NATIONAL PRIZE $5,000

2nd National Prize $2,500

3rd National Prize $1,500

4th National Prize $1,000

Regional Prizes. SINGER Slant-Needle Portable Sewing Machines.

Local Prizes. Practical, luxurious, two-level, fitted sewing cases.

NOTE: Contestants 18 thru 25 are eligible to win both a Grand Prize and a Young Homemaker National Prize but are eligible only for one Regional, one Local Prize.

Don't delay. Get your entry blank with complete rules at your

SINGER* SEWING CENTER

Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

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COLONEL WILLETS (RIGHT), KOREAN GENERAL RYU HUNG SOO, TO WHOM WILLETS IS PERSONAL ADVISER, STAND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER IN FRIENDLY SHOOT

ARMY ADVISER TO AN ALLY

U.S. colonel works with South Koreans to teach them best use of U.S. arms

In addition to deploying its own armed forces throughout the world, the U.S. government supplies and supports the armed forces of many allies. One of the most successful efforts of America's Military Assistance Advisory Group has been training the half-million-man South Korean army, the fourth largest standing army in the world after Russia, Red China and the U.S. In South Korea 1,460 U.S. Army men like Lieut. Colonel George D. Willets of West Hartford, Conn. are teaching ROK commanders the most modern methods of war and the best use of their U.S. arms.

A 43-year-old infantry veteran of World War II, Willets is serving a 16-month tour of duty as senior military adviser to the ROK 1st Infantry Division. The South Korean army, rebuilt after suffering more than a million casualties in the war, has been so quick to learn American military lessons that Willets no longer needs to train troops personally and has become strictly an adviser. But though many of his duties are now diplomatic, his strenuous days still take him on 100-mile-long inspection trips to remote outposts where the Roks guard their uneasy border.





IN FRONT-LINE OUTPOST Colonel Willets inspects Korean gunner and U.S.-made recoilless rifle aimed through gun slit at demilitarized zone and North Korea.

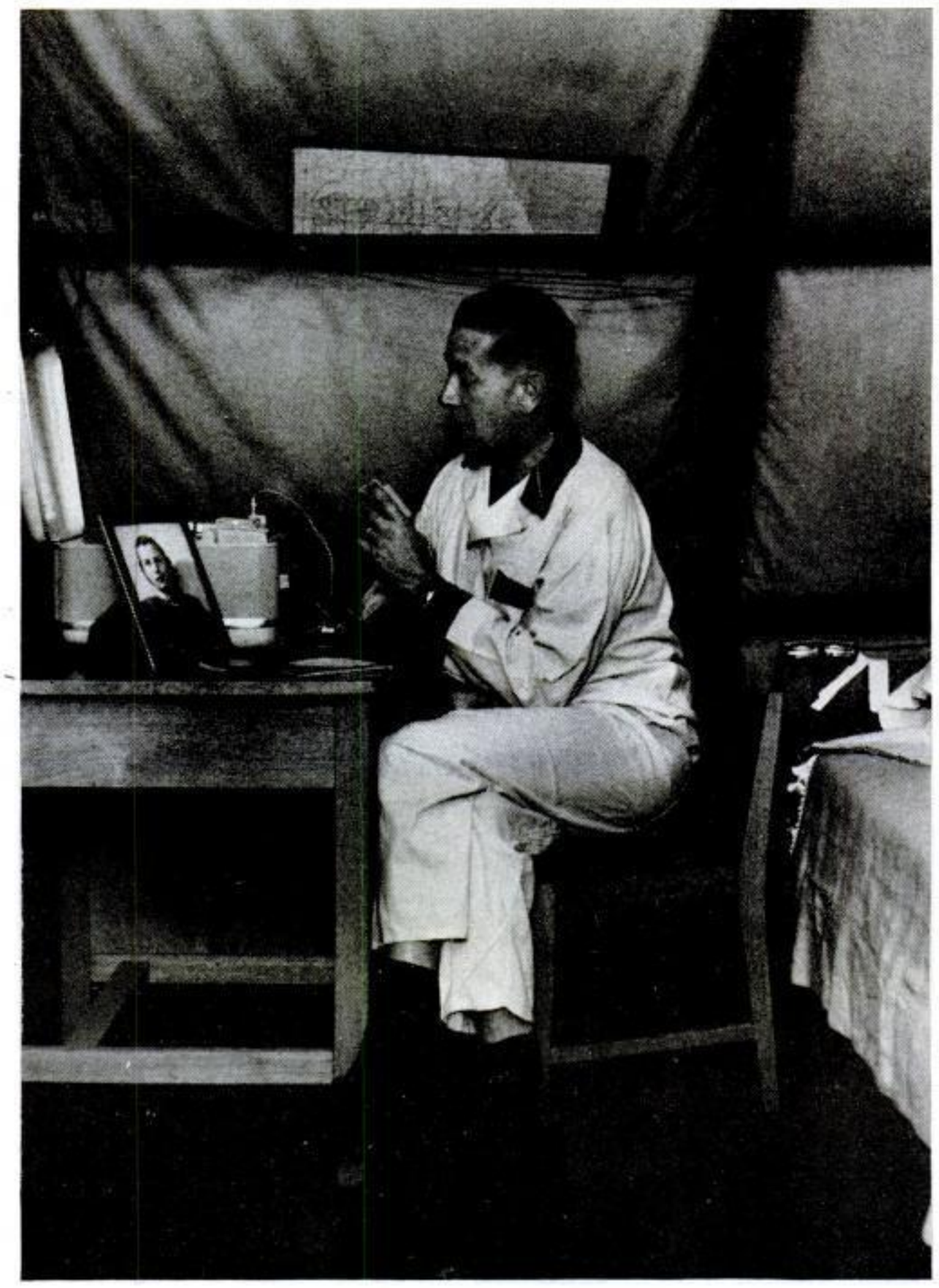
←**AT "COUNTERPART PARTY"** Colonel Willets (*right*), Colonel Hopkins (*left, center*) entertain their assigned commanders—Generals Ryu, Oh Duk Joon.

CONTINUED 47

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LOLLIPOPS FOR ORPHANS are handed out by Colonel Willets during one of frequent trips to Korean orphanage. Lollipops are sent by his mother in U.S.



TAPE RECORDING FOR WIFE in U.S. is made by Willets wearing pajamas in evening. He and wife usually exchange several tapes a week on days' doings.

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Cindy Wood (Mrs. Walter Wood in private life) was the lady who waited in Charles James' maternity coat. Her happy, healthy Mennen baby is Randall.

To Every Lady-in-Waiting of 1958

Your baby will be as happy, as healthy as these Mennen Babies of 1957

Soon you will be holding your baby . . . loving your baby . . . caring for your baby . . . just as these proud Mennen Ladies-in-Waiting of 1957 are now doing!

Soon you too will feel the warmth and softness of a tiny body hugged to yours and—like these Mennen mothers—you will want to protect every inch of that little body against diaper rash, chafing, and the irritations common to baby skin.

The beautiful babies you see here have been protected since the day they were born with Mennen Baby Products. Give your baby the same modern skin protection. Your doctor will tell you there are no finer baby products than Mennen.



Mennen Cleansing Baby Oil cleans diaper area without harsh rubbing. Mennen Baby Magic stops diaper rash before it begins. Heals it, too! Mennen Baby Powder resists moisture, prevents chafing.

for babies it's Mennen

Mother, Mrs. Walter Alshuk is model Sunny Harnett who posed for Mennen in Lanvin-Castillo's maternity cocktail dress. Now Michael's the picture stealer.

®F. D. CO., INC.



Remember Mennen model June Ross (Mrs. Arthur Kane) in Miguel Ferreras' maternity evening dress? Here she is with cuddly son, Jonathan.

Mrs. Robert Mendelson, known as Mary Oliver, loved the comfort of Simonetta's bathing ensemble. Baby Lisa Ann prefers Mennen Baby Powder for comfort.

You saw Mrs. Jerome Adler wearing Sybil Connolly's blue negligee. Here she is as model Dolores Parker with her new Mennen model, Amy Ellen.



NAVY DIPLOMAT, Seventh Fleet boss Vice Admiral Wallace Beakley calls on Chiang Kai-shek at home on Formosa with U.S. Ambassador Karl Rankin (*left*) and Chinese Defense Minister Yu Ta-wei.



SHIPBOARD HOSPITALITY brings National Chinese dignitaries to reception that Admiral Beakley is giving for Defense Minister Yu Ta-wei aboard flagship *Helena* as it lies in Formosa's Keelung harbor.



CHOPPERS FROM THE SEVENTH FLEET'S "THETIS

KEEPER

U.S. Seventh Fleet, the

Across millions of square miles of the Pacific, from Malaya to Hawaii to the coasts of Siberia and Red China, 60,000 Americans manning 125 major ships and 600 naval aircraft practice a watchful diplomacy. The U.S. Seventh Fleet is the largest, most integrated and most powerful naval force ever assembled on a permanent basis in peacetime. A "ready" fleet, it is constantly on guard against the danger of Communist aggression. But the Seventh is also a friendly fleet whose presence discreetly instills

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BAY," THE NAVY'S FIRST ALL-HELICOPTER CARRIER, AIRLIFT 1,000 MARINES DURING A VERTICAL ENVELOPMENT EXERCISE AT THE BASE OF JAPAN'S MT. FUJI

OF PEACE IN THE PACIFIC

world's most powerful naval unit, doubles in diplomacy and deterrence

confidence in the Far Eastern allies of the U.S.

The magnitude of the Seventh Fleet's dual mission is described by TIME-LIFE Hong Kong Bureau Chief James Bell: "The Seventh stands off growing Red Chinese and Soviet Far Eastern military forces which now include some 5,000 combat aircraft, among them the latest MiG 17s and MiG 19s, and at least 100 menacing submarines. Patrolling, often within sight of the Communist mainland, the Seventh keeps a wary eye on Communist industrial complexes and shore bases from Kamchatka to North Vietnam. It particularly tracks the Soviet subs and destroyers that sometimes sail serenely through its bailiwick. It deters the Chinese Communists from their proclaimed determination to 'liberate' Formosa. And in the event of hot war it carries Regulus missiles, homing torpedoes and atomic bombs that can be delivered 1,000 miles inland at blazing speeds and at a moment's notice.

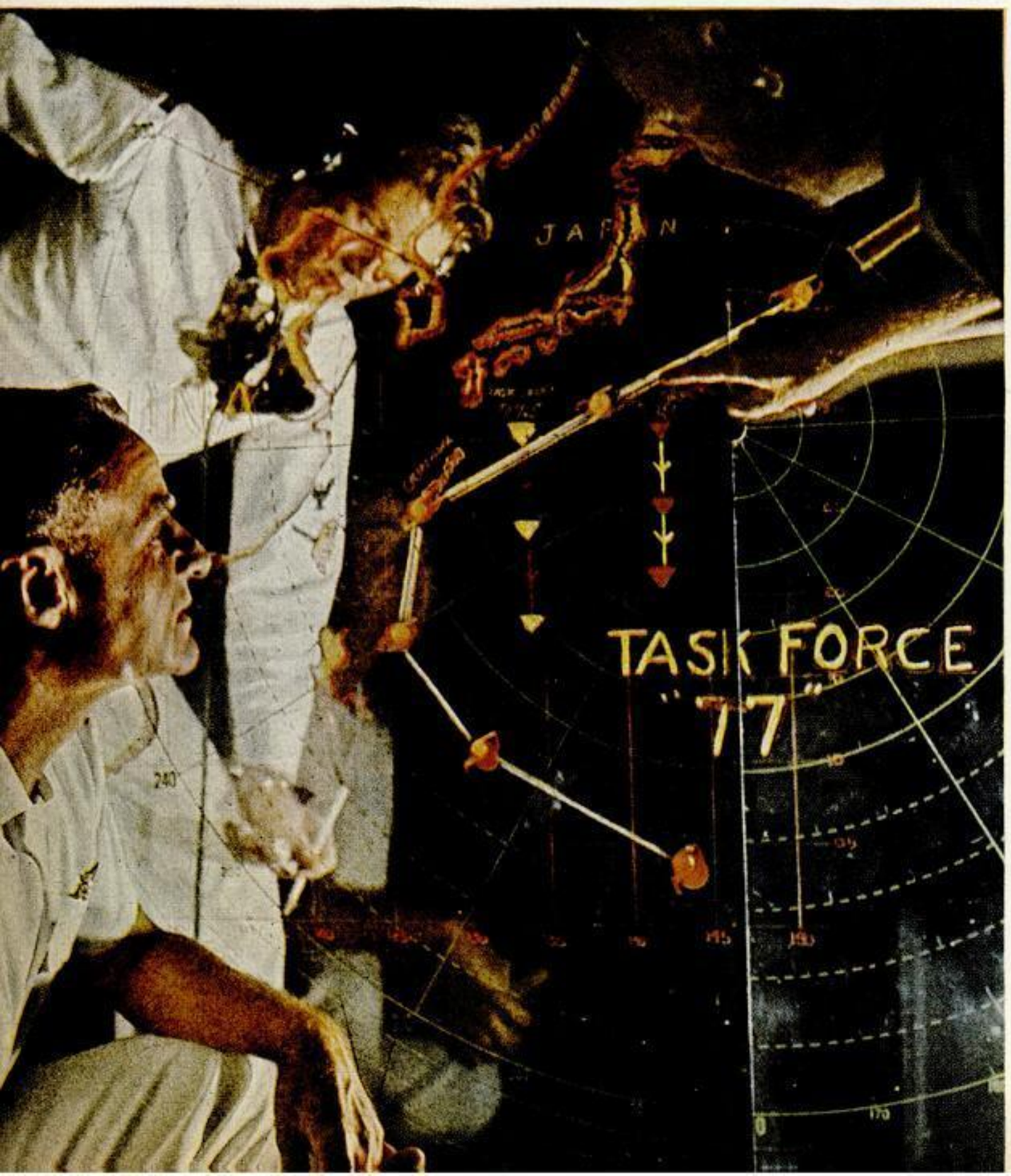
"As a friendly fleet, the Seventh on almost any given day puts its units peacefully into Inchon, Hong Kong, Manila, Keelung and elsewhere. There the fleet's commander, Vice Admiral Wallace Morris Beakley, a hot pilot, an anti-submarine expert and a broadly educated diplomat, talks to local dignitaries while his white-hatted sailors cheerfully see the sights. 'We have to fly the flag for our friends to see,' says Admiral Beakley, 'but we must not show it too often. Our friends must see the flag only enough to be reassured that we are here.' "

Photographed for LIFE by HANK WALKER

CONTINUED

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MIRROR LANDING, photographed from point between mirror and incoming plane, brings FJ3 fighter down toward deck of carrier *Bon Homme Richard.* Pilot from distance sees ball of amber light (*in lower*





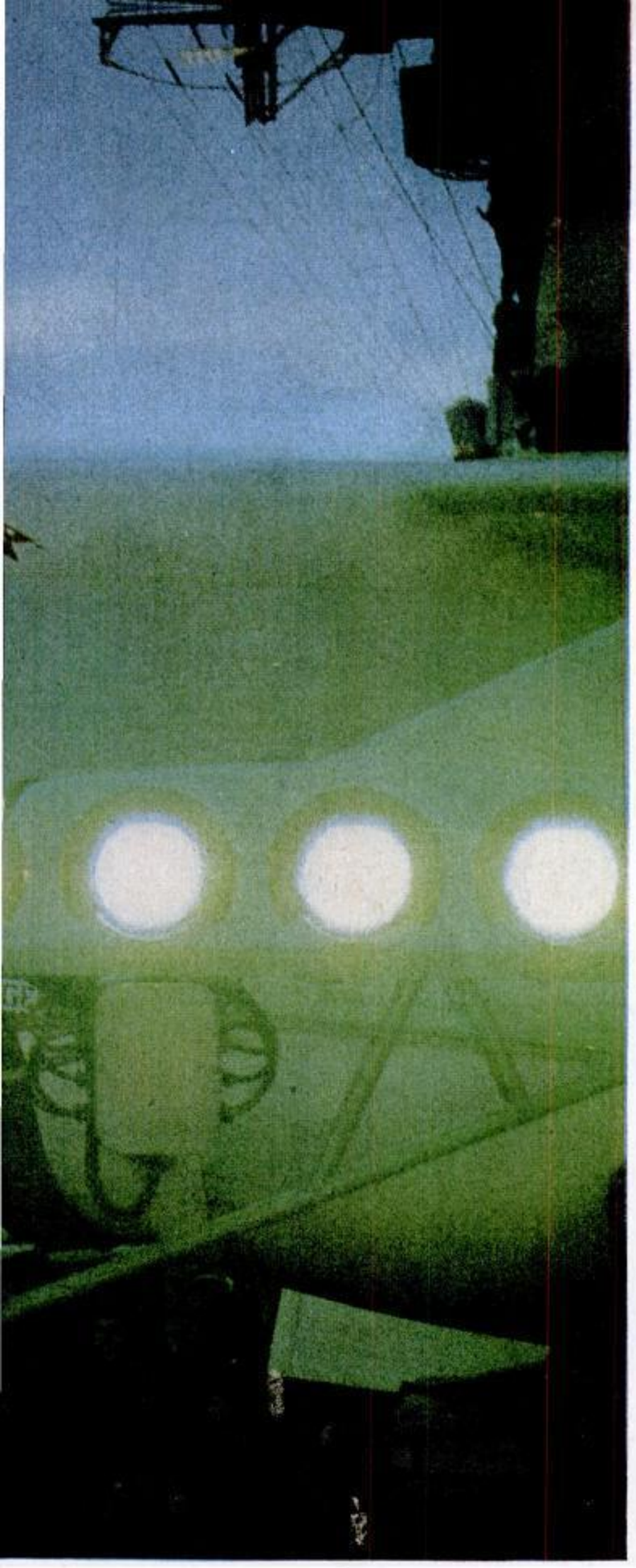
← **ALERT TO DANGER,** Beakley (*left front*), his chief of staff Captain James Davis and sailor study course of a typhoon (broad line broken by blobs) threatening fleet on Beakley's flag plot aboard the *Helena.*

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A BATTERY OF HARDWARE ALWAYS AT READY

The Seventh's "big sock" is Task Force 77, the fast carrier force of World War II and Korean War fame. Today TF 77 stays battle-sharp by constant drill in details like the mirror landing of carrier aircraft (*left*) and by special maneuvers far out to sea (*center, bottom*). And TF 77 carries the latest atomic weapons and the fighters to launch them against any attacker.

The other units of the Seventh are no less ready. TF 70, the "hunter-killer" force, prepares to cope with Red subs. TF 72 patrols the Formosa Strait, looking for signs of trouble. TF 73 resupplies the fleet, TF 75 is designed for surface strikes, TF 76 provides amphibious transport. Finally, TF 79 consists of 17,000 Marines, who are out in the field on Okinawa five days a week and have powerful support from the 1st Marine Air Wing, also atomically armed.



left corner of mirror). He tries to fly in at an angle that keeps the ball of light lined up in his vision between the horizontal lights at sides of the mirror. The red lights on top are to wave the pilot off.



SHOW OF POWER is provided by tight formation of TF 77 steaming along with two carriers and escort craft south of Formosa. Fighters in foreground are F4Ds, among the latest, hottest planes in the fleet.



ATOM BOMB DUMMY, shielded by canvas and guarded by armed Marine, is loaded into the bomb bay of A3D bomber aboard *Bon Homme Richard*. The men in yellow shirts are ordnance officers, in red shirts ordnance men, rehearsing a job that they must do with split-second precision if war comes. The A3D has a round-trip range of some 3,000 miles, operates at over 40,000 feet and travels above 600 mph.

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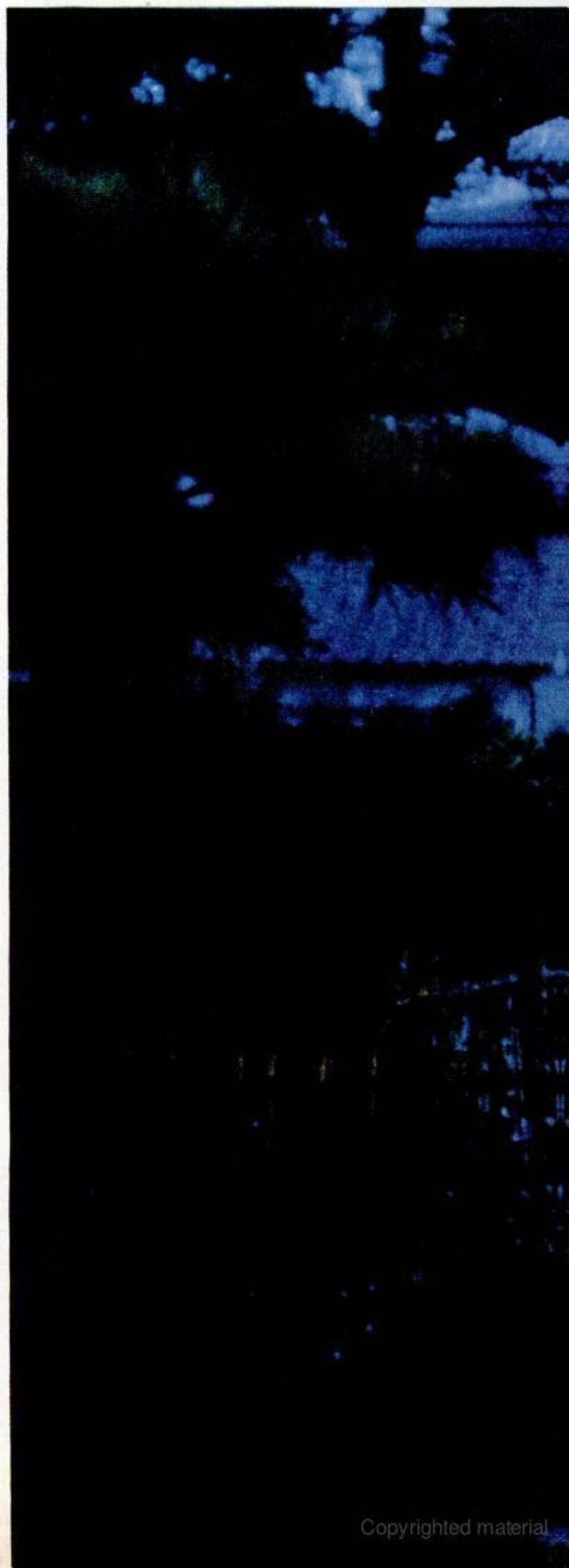
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ANGLO-AMERICAN COOPERATION in Far East is fostered by meeting of British Royal Navy Lieut. William Symons (*carrying sword*) and U.S. Rear Admiral Herbert Riley in Hong Kong. Symons escorts Riley on inspection of British guard of honor before Riley calls on British naval commodore in Hong Kong.



WELCOME TO JAPAN comes from girls presenting flowers to Captain Brush of *Bon Homme Richard* in Kobe. TF 77's Rear Admiral Carson (*left*) and crew's James Brown (*by Brush*) also got bouquets.



HOME IN JAPAN (*right*), Lieut. Donald Harvey rejoins wife Debbie and children in Hayama house. In a year Harvey, Seventh's assistant intelligence officer, spent 61 days at home, 304 days at sea.

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GOOD EMISSARIES WHILE IN PORT

Every ship and every man in the Seventh Fleet ultimately does diplomatic duty. The carriers and smaller ships, whenever they are in port, are the scenes of official entertainment that may strengthen the ties between the U.S. and its allies. Sailors can win respect for the U.S. by their conduct on shore. Shore-based units contribute generously to local charities. And Seventh Fleet wives waiting abroad for their husbands often form fast friendships with women of other countries.

"The Seventh is definitely succeeding in its mission to be a friendly fleet," reports Bell. "There is not a port in the western Pacific which is not happy to see a Seventh Fleet ship arrive. The white hats and the officers alike are well behaved. Recently, when the *Lexington* was in Hong Kong, I checked to see what the consequences were. Three thousand sailors were ashore for five days. The Shore Patrol picked up exactly one guy who had had too much to drink. One reason for this discipline is that Beakley has made it clear that any port where there was real trouble would go off limits for the entire fleet. The other reason is that the Seventh Fleet is the new Navy, which is never really off duty."



SIGHT FOR SAILORS, Chinese girl in the slit-skirt *chi pao,* strides by three Seventh Fleet men who are enjoying a brief shore leave in the port of Hong Kong.



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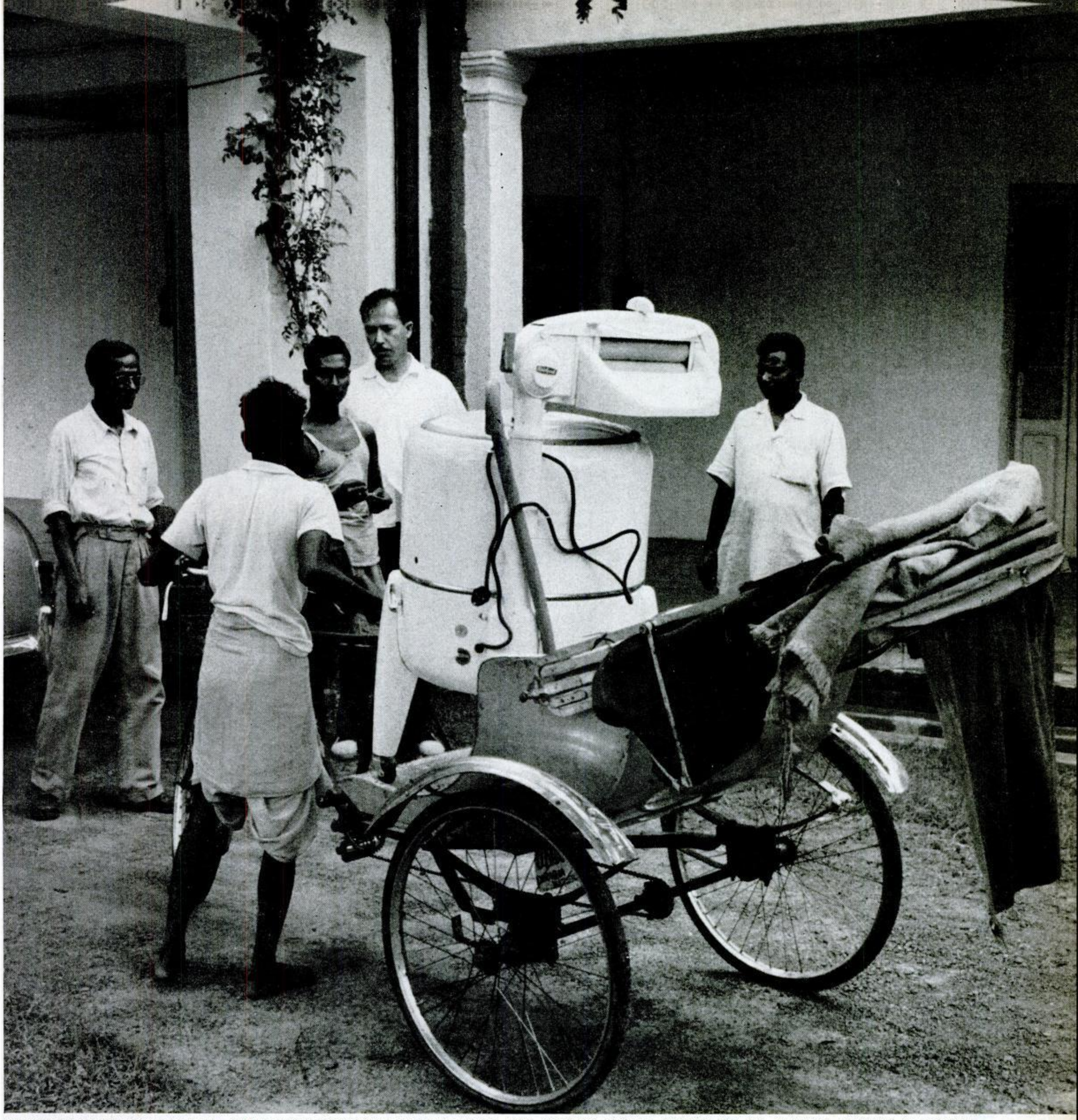
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AT NEW HOME IN CUTTACK, INDIA, RUFUS HUGHES (CENTER) OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK. WATCHES INDIANS DELIVER HIS U.S. WASHING MACHINE IN RICKSHA

A LITTLE ROCK FAMILY MOVES TO INDIA

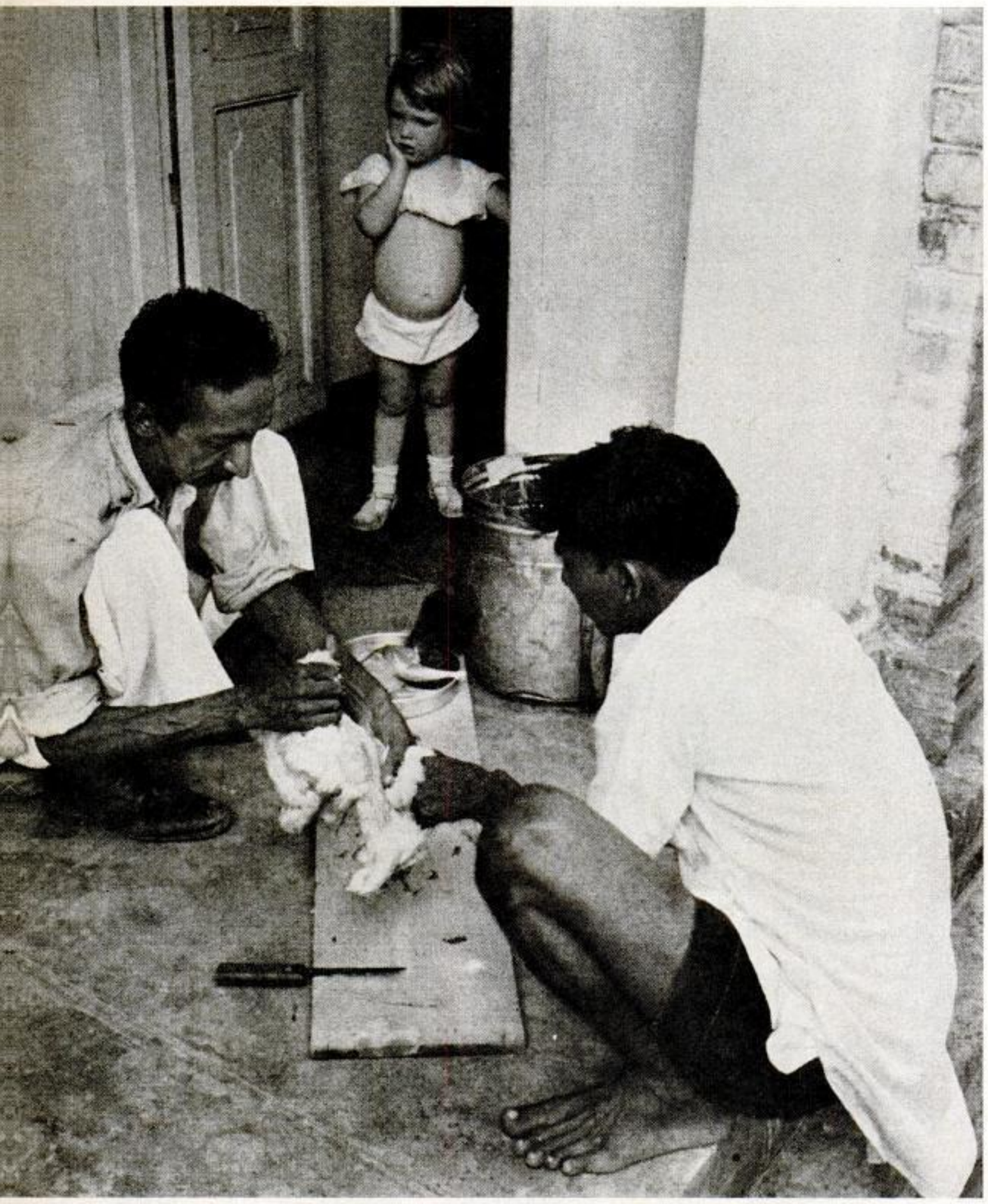
First Days in a New Land

To the thousands of Americans settling down amid strange surroundings abroad the first formidable task is coping with the bewildering mixture of excitement, confusion and homesick regret. The perplexities of Rufus Hughes of Little Rock, Ark. on arriving in Cuttack, India were summed up in the incongruous moment above. His American washing machine was being delivered to his new home on an Indian ricksha, and the Indian repairmen who are called "mystery men" were about to have a try at installing it.

Back home Hughes, a specialist in rural economics, had a comfortable teaching post with the University of Arkansas. But India's problems in his field were a challenge to him, and he accepted a two-year assignment from the Ford Foundation to teach at Cuttack's Utkal University. The Cuttack to which Hughes brought his wife and four small children is a city of 100,000, raddled with dirt, disease and poverty. The pictures on these pages show what the Hughes family encountered in their first days in Cuttack.

CONTINUED 59

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FRIGHT AT CHICKEN, newly killed and now being plucked by Hughes cook Amir (*left*) and sweeper Gokinath, overtakes Erin Hughes looking from doorway.



DISMAY AT FROG, seasonal invader of houses in Cuttack, brings protests from Erin as the family *ayah* (nurse) Ruth Mary tries to whisk it from porch.



THE HUGHES HOUSEHOLD lines up. From left are Erin, 3, Carla, 8, Betty, Leslie, 7, Rufus, Eric, 2, bearer Abdul, *ayah* Ruth Mary, Amir and Gokinath.

A bewildering time

All the members of the Hughes family had their difficult adjustments to make. By U.S. standards, the Hugheses had an enormous staff of servants (*above*). But Betty Hughes had to teach them what she wanted and just their presence was a problem for her. "Back home, where I had too much to do, I thought I was lazy," she said. "Here I start to do something, and four hands are there to take it away from me. I go nuts for something to do." She found her feeling of being superfluous heightened by the isolation that Indian society often imposes on women (*below*).



ISOLATION OF WOMAN in India keeps Betty Hughes sitting apart in living room in order not to offend Indian caller Sadasiv Misra. According to the local

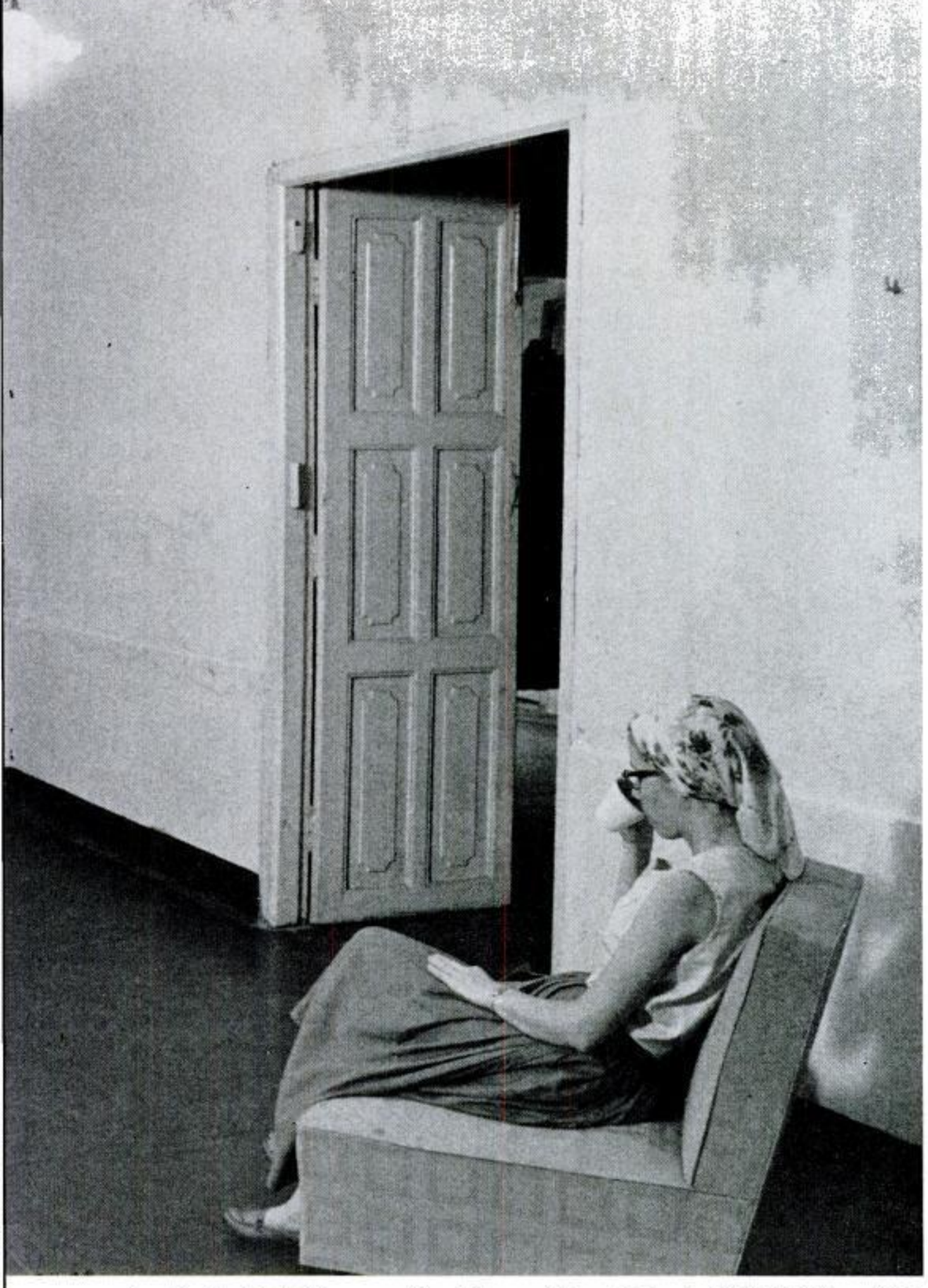
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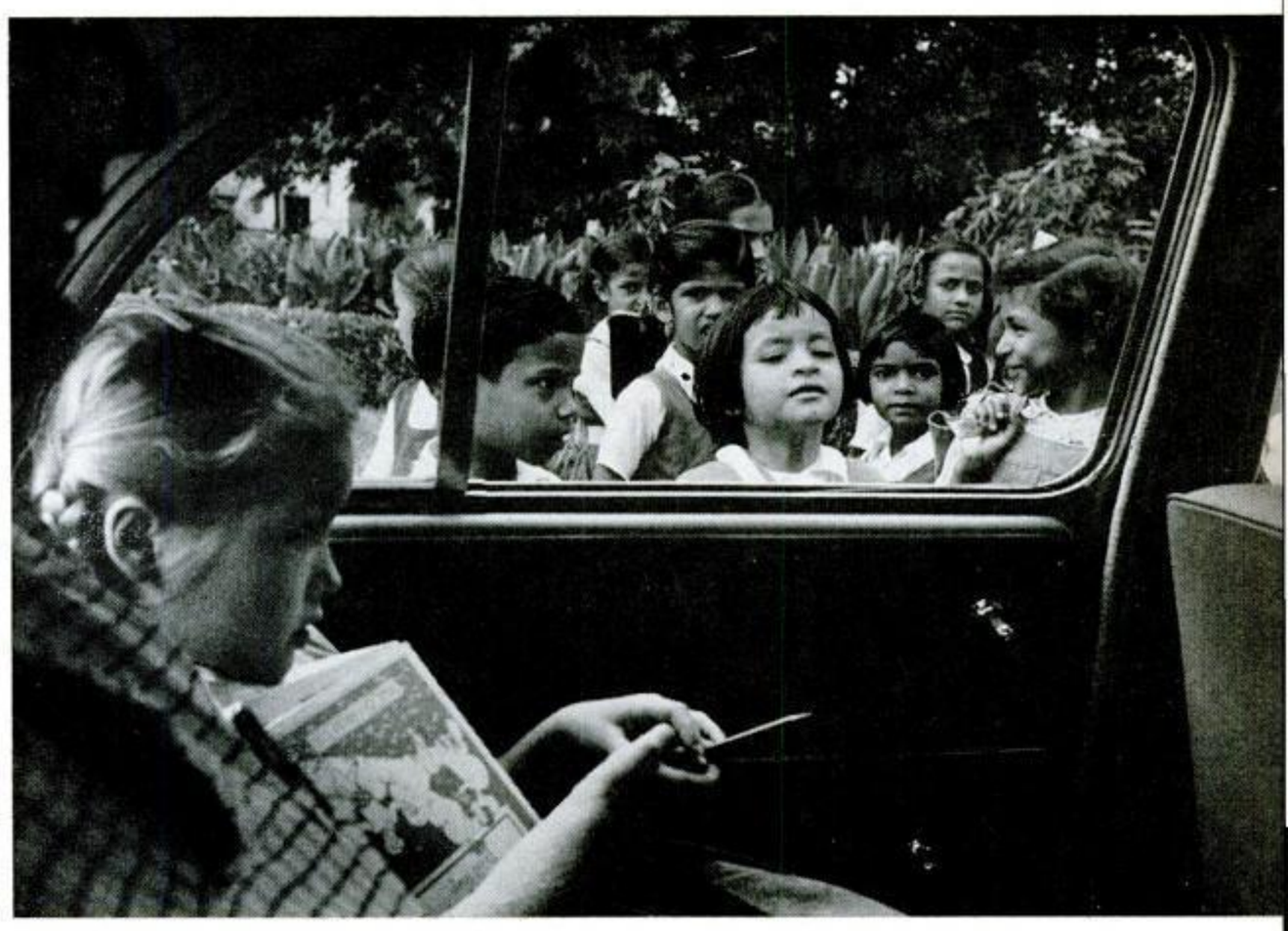
MEETING HIS CLASS of six graduate students for the first time, Hughes outlines the course in rural economic research methods that he plans to teach.

for the whole family

Rufus Hughes, as he started out on his teaching duties at Utkal University, felt that his students were shyly waiting for great words of wisdom from him right from the start. He first wanted to find out how much they already knew. His two older daughters at the Cuttack English-language school where they had been entered had to face the unabashed curiosity of the other pupils. They were also mortified to be put back a grade because some standards of their school in Little Rock, notably those in writing, were lower than the standards prevailing in Cuttack.



custom he had left his own wife at home. Misra is head of Utkal University's department of rural economics and sociology in which Hughes came to teach.



SHRINKING FROM SIGHT, Carla pulls back in seat of the Hughes car as she rides to school and curious Indian children on sidewalk peer in at her.



GRUMBLING AT LUNCH, Leslie (*left*) and Carla stare unhappily at unfamiliar school food, too highly spiced even though especially cooked for them.



SUBMITTING TO SCRUTINY, Carla sits glumly during recess while her Indian classmates cluster around to look at her blond hair and fair complexion.

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BEST OF BOTH WORLDS is enjoyed by Carla who gently has hair brushed by Indian Ruth Mary and also clutches her favorite American baseball glove.



GOING DOWNTOWN, Leslie (*left*) and Carla ride in separate rickshas on a shopping expedition conducted by the family's English-speaking bearer Abdul.

'I think we are getting over the hump'

Children are adaptable and soon the young Hugheses were eating and playing much as they had in the U.S. Rufus and Betty Hughes were a little longer in accepting the new ways. But when their U.S. refrigerator broke down, Hughes said to an Indian, "I guess if we make up our minds we can't have a refrigerator, we'll be all right." The Indian laughed, "The conquest of want—that's Hindu philosophy. You're learning." Thereafter the Hugheses daily put a cake of ice inside their electric refrigerator.

After a week in Cuttack, Hughes said, "I think we are getting over the hump." When LIFE checked several weeks after these pictures were taken, he said that "our household is running as well as it ever has in the U.S."



FUN IN THE TUB is had by Erin and Eric as Ruth Mary gives them their bath. Hughes house has showers but children prefer tin tub father bought for them.

SOCIAL LIFE begins for both Betty and Rufus Hughes when Cuttack Indians educated in the U.S., Professor and Mrs. Das, come to call as a couple.



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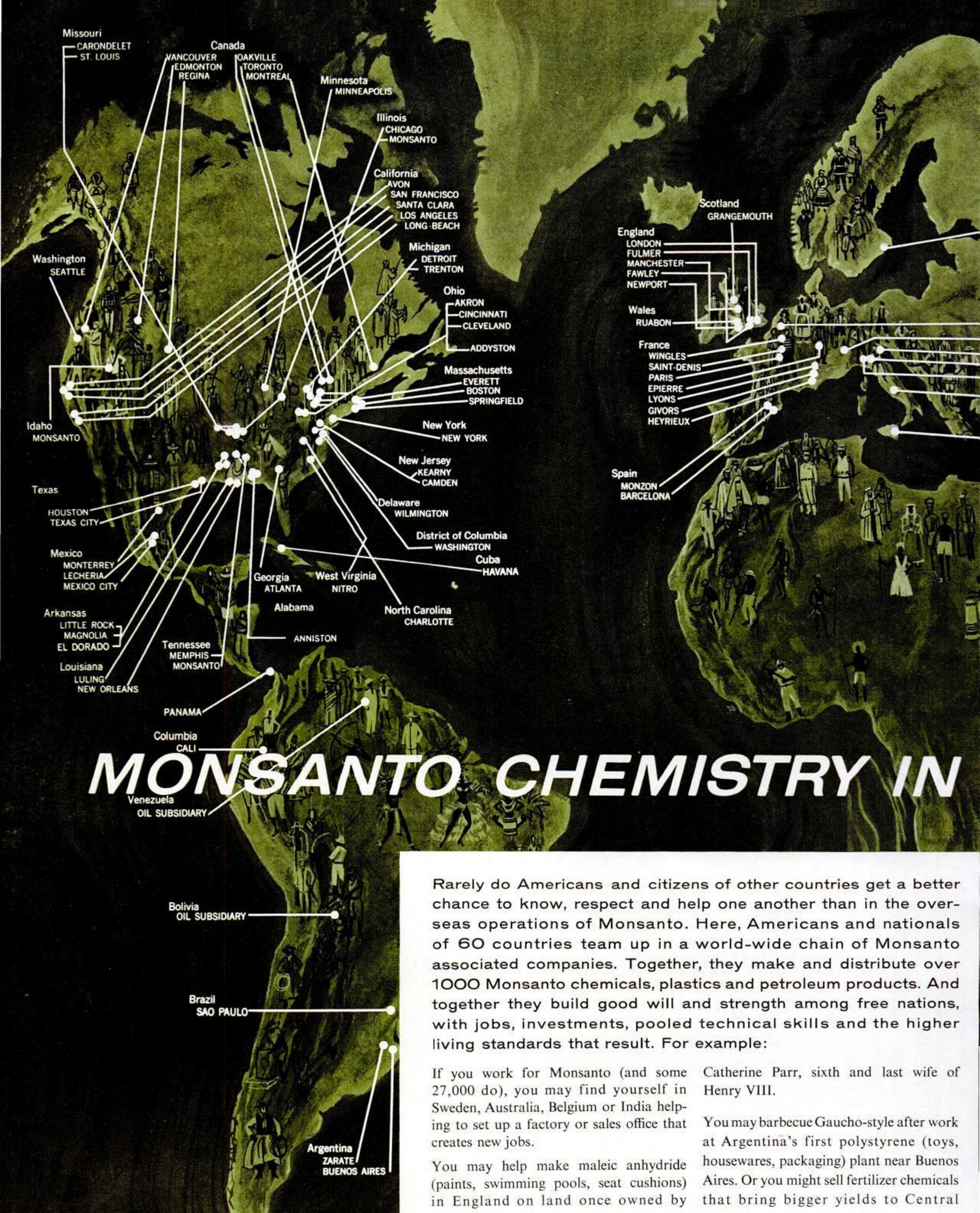


Girls at first kept eyes on each other for reassurance but before the shopping trip was over they were busy collecting impressions of the exciting city around them.



MAKING FRIENDS at their home, Hughes girls watch Anglo-Indian Colin O'Brien boyishly show off for them. Later all four broke into a game of tag.

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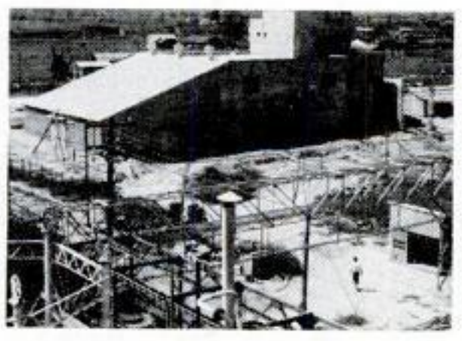
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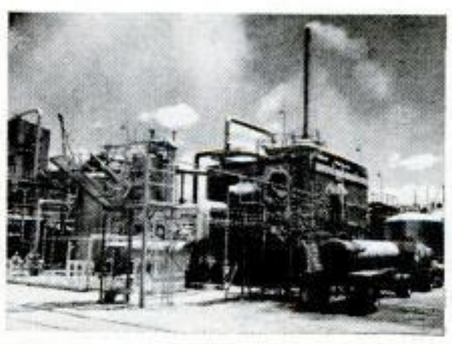
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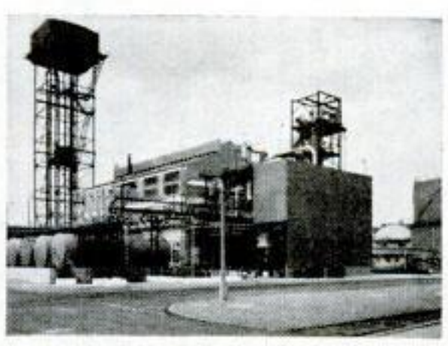
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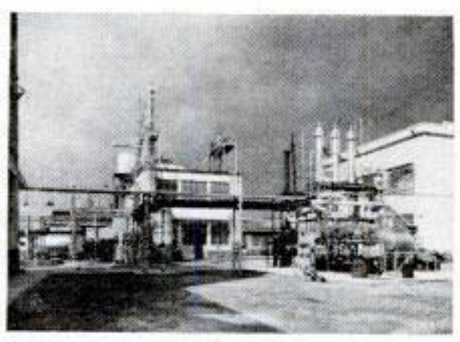
In Yokkaichi City, Japan's first commercial polystyrene plant



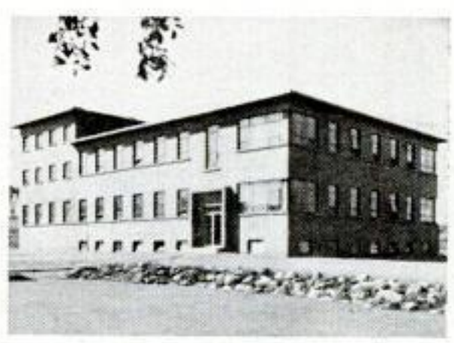
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THEY ALL SAY: 'LOOK AT THE AMERICAN SIGNORA!'

Presiding over chateaux, starting new businesses or doctoring the sick, our women overseas amaze, delight and sometimes shock the whole world

by WILLIAM BRINKLEY

TO PEOPLE of all lands the American woman is the world's most fascinating creature. They have never seen anything like her, and they look at her with every shade of emotion from love to horror. All over the world, in one language or another, they are saying what the Italian neighbors of an American woman in Rome exclaim when they gaze across their fences and observe her working her farm: "Look at the American *signora!*"

For 100 days I circled the world by ship, plane, train, jeep, air-conditioned Chrysler and horse-drawn *jutka*, talking with hundreds of American women, and with many people of different nationalities about her, on three continents and in a dozen different countries. She was absolutely everywhere—in a miserable room in Paris, in a castle in Denmark, in the equatorial jungles of Sumatra—and doing everything. It all started when I climbed up a gangplank in New York. . . .

ABOARD THE S.S. CONSTITUTION—They were from Denver, Minneapolis, Portland, Buffalo, Lincoln, Belleville, Brooklyn, Hyattsville and Branson, and they were bound across the Atlantic to exchange those addresses for Bilbao, Munich, Cairo, New Delhi, Salzburg, Karachi, Rome and Tripoli. By day under the hot sky the government girls stretched out in sunsuits by the swimming pool or played shuffleboard with the officers. By night they drank daiquiris and Drambuies and danced in the Barbary Tavern under the green, blue and yellow streamers. They said:

"Belleville, Michigan? Oh, my word. It has one dime store and a couple of drugstores. Salzburg has music festivals in the summer, and in the winter it's next door to the most wonderful ski resorts. I sail on the Wolfgangsee in the Salzkammergut. Belleville, Michigan? Oh, my word."

And: "Independence! I want independence! I knew if I was to be independent, I would have to get far enough away so I couldn't just go home anytime. I mean *emotional* independence."

And: "Being overseas—it gets in your blood. There's no other life."

The girl who had never been over before was a scant 21. Behind her tortoise-shell glasses was a face that intelligence endowed with beauty. She had been away from home only to go to school nearby, to visit Manhattan, then to stay at the YWCA in Washington. Soon now she would be living in the Taj Hotel in New Delhi. She said, very soft-spoken: "In the town I live in it was role-playing. I wanted to find out if I really existed. Right now I'm both scared and glad, but that's just another indication that I am a human being." She was scared almost to the point of wondering whether or not she would make it. But by the time the ship raised Gibraltar: When I climbed down into the shoregoing lighter, I looked upward. Suddenly her hand came up and fluttered in a wave, and she smiled, a smile that suggested the first faint stirrings of anticipation.



HEADING OVERSEAS, American girls bound for government posts in Europe and Asia lounge about in the sun on the boat deck of S.S. *Constitution.*

TANGIER—Many Americans of that select genre that can live where it pleases do so in Tangier because it is cheap, has no income taxes, free currency exchange, fine beaches, and places like the Parade, which is one of the most enjoyable bars in the world, skillfully presided over by an ex-GI from Kentucky named Jay Haselwood.

That night late it was full as usual, including an American divorcee who came to Tangier for 10 days and has been here two and a half years. She leads a highly regular life: up very late in one or more of the many interesting bars, then "in bed to 1 p.m., then breakfast, resting, reading, writing letters, all in bed, to 7 p.m. Then I go out. Why do I live here? My dear, in the States it's all such a crashing bore. . . ."

She let the old native land have it. Finally a master sergeant of the United States Army who was with her could stand it no more.

"You still hang on to the green passport, don't you?"

"Well, of course I do, but—"

"And you know what you'll do if things get hot? You'll run for cover —right back where that green passport *will take you.*"

From the parapets of the city they were calling all of Allah's own to the mosques. Presently the American couple and I came to a gate. A servant opened it, unveiling a sight out of a fable: a white Moorish palace planted atop a mountainside commanding the Strait of Gibraltar. It was like the ramparts of heaven.

We strolled through the fantasy: 14 rooms and seven baths with three servants, central heating and a champagne-filled electric icebox by the master bed, as well as Moorish arches, 18th Century Florentine furniture and intact harem room. All this, plus two trips a year to Europe, for $10,000 a year. Probable cost of the same type of living in U.S.: $100,000.

"Dick was in the building business in Beverly Hills," Mrs. Patricia Winton said. "We had servants and all that, but we were the two unhappiest guys in the world. The noise, the pace, the confusion! We came to Tangier for one week and decided this was it. We went back and sold everything and came here where people have time to look at the sunset or listen to the sea."

Down the steep, long hillside we picked out two Arab lovers, the man in brown *djellaba*, the woman in white, watching, like us from the West, the sun dipping into the sea.

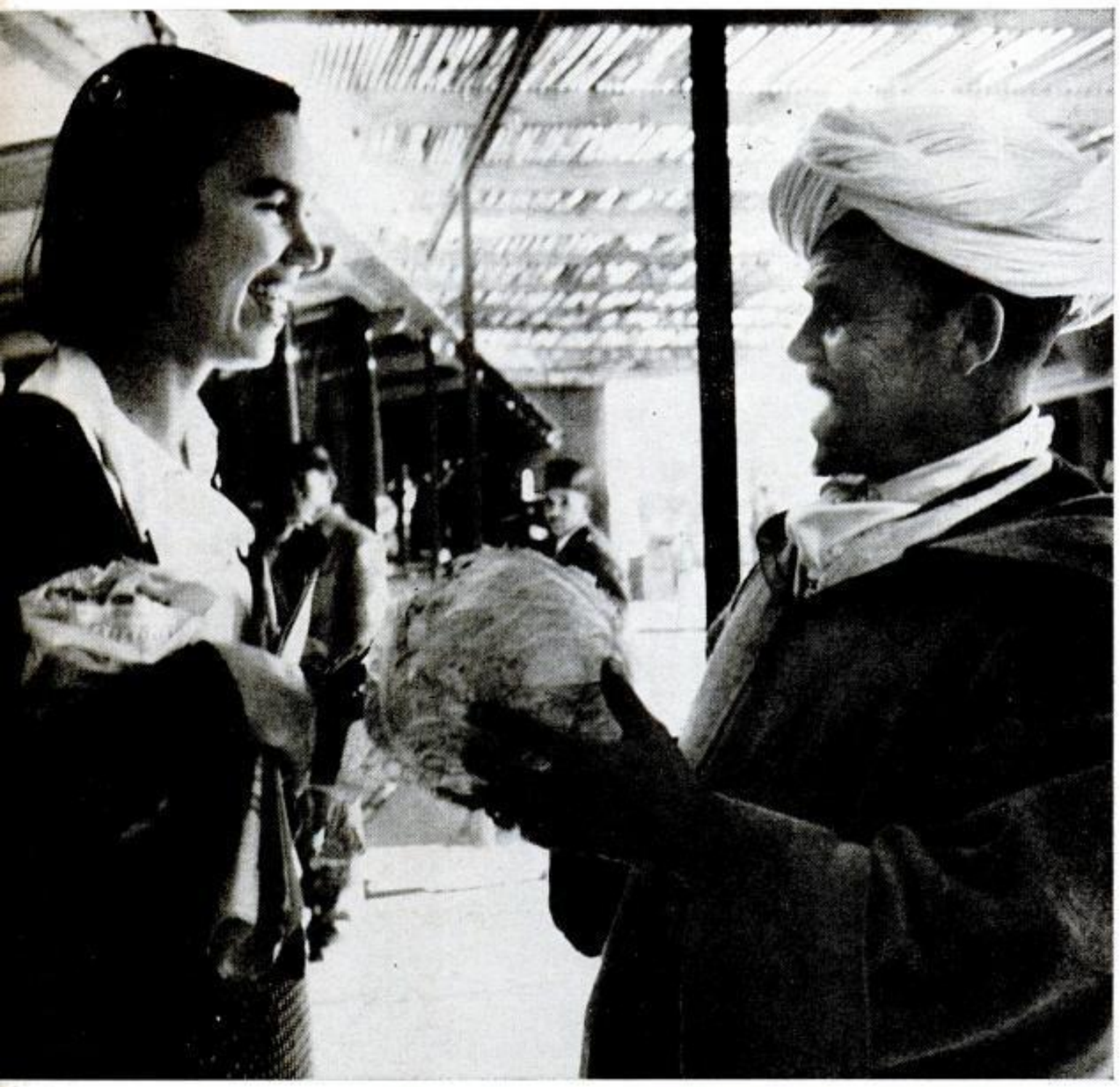
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IN THEIR MOORISH MANSION Patricia and Richard Winton play with one of their Pekinese dogs. Mrs. Winton is wearing a velvet Moorish wedding gown with gold brocade. Curtains in foreground are supposed to have hung in harem room of a sultan's palace. Hanging lamp (*top*) came from a mosque.

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A SKILLFUL BARGAINER, Joan Crawley argues in Arabic with a vegetable dealer. She finally purchased the cabbage for 60 francs (about 14¢).



NOBLEMAN'S WIFE, the Baroness Philippe de Rothschild sits with her husband in a long sculpture- and curio-filled gallery room above the well-stocked

WOMEN OVERSEAS CONTINUED

"We're celebrating our 25th anniversary this year." Mrs. Winton gave a sigh of contentment. "Who could possibly want to be in Beverly Hills?"

RABAT—That night the American girl and I wove our way through the throbbing capital of Morocco. After only seven months she knew the place as if she had grown up in it. We crossed to the port of Salé, where for a couple of hours we traced the maze of its absorbing Medina quarter. In tiny shops along streets three steps wide she stopped to chat in Arabic with the wondrously surprised and pleased Arabs.

She is Joan Crawley, 29, tall, attractive, quiet, sun-browned, athletic, Californian. It was out of UCLA into the Foreign Service and now seven years away from home.

"Faraway places and strange-sounding names" had called her, she said, lightly brushing the old song phrase, yet very seriously. She had been in Germany, Japan, Afghanistan and now Rabat, where she is a secretary in the USIS office. Her job—to tell the Moroccans about her own country—she likes very much, but the after-work hours are tougher than they have been anywhere else. For the first time overseas she has tasted loneliness, mainly because there are few of her kind to talk with.

"But I'm busy. Arabic lessons, Scottish reel once a week with British Embassy people, French lessons. American holidays are the toughest, thinking of home. Even today. Remember? It's the Fourth of July."

It was Saturday, so we shopped at the U.S. Air Force commissary on the Boulevard de Kébibat. Here Violette Hammond, who is 42, markets every other day. She laid in 18 cardboard cartons of "reconstituted" milk and other items in the quantities required to fill up her platoon, which consists of her husband, Dr. Francis Hammond, cultural attaché at the U.S. Embassy, and their 10 children, aged 3 to 18. Very probably the Hammonds constitute the largest American family overseas.

We drove out to their place on the Rue Mangin. Mrs. Hammond brought the children in and introduced them one by one. They were strikingly handsome, the girls in blue-checked and red-checked dresses, and beautifully mannered. Mrs. Hammond told how they have traveled—Christmas in Marrakesh, Easter in Fez—all 12 piling into the light-blue Ford station wagon. Getting out, they always attract a crowd, the Arabs coming around to stare in wonder at how many more will emerge.

The Hammonds are good representatives of the U.S. because they are people of abiding intelligence and understanding. It is incidental that the Hammonds, who are Negro, also constitute a proof to the Moroccans that there was an Emancipation Proclamation.

PARIS—She wore the bright orange sweater with *Herald Tribune* emblazoned in bold letters across the chest, a garment that stands out even in Paris, especially on her. She stopped at each cafe and shouted: "*Herald Tribune! Herald Tribune!*"

She has a lithe body, controlled in movement; a face exotic, arresting. Born in Flatbush, she is half Irish, half Italian by descent, with the best of both: the Italian coloring, the blue eyes of the Irish. In New York she worked as a substitute teacher, receptionist, dentist's assistant, salesgirl in a five-and-dime store. For age 23 she has seen a lot of living.

She is Joan Signorile. Her job when I saw her was selling *Herald Tribunes* up and down the Champs-Elysées, where in her flats she racked up several miles a day on a four-block beat beginning at the Arch of Triumph. She was earning and living on $70 a month. I went paper-selling with her on a day of intermittent rain and sunshine.

The men at the sidewalk cafes stared with interest at her. Now and then she sold a paper. One man just leered. She stared directly back. "*Herald Tribune?*" she said with icy sweetness. He still said nothing, still just leered. She turned briskly and walked on.

We stopped at a place around the corner for her breakfast, which is just coffee. For lunch she can get a sandwich and coffee or beer for 110 francs and at night dinner for 200 francs (50¢) in a cheap restaurant. "I think," she said, "it's fried cockroaches, but I've been careful not to look at it too closely." She sipped her breakfast.

Three years ago she had visited Paris for six months and fallen in love with a Frenchman. Two years ago she went to France again, looking all over for the Frenchman, who had dropped out of sight. When she found him, she decided she did not love him anyway.



LIFE'S AROUND-THE-WORLD AUTHOR

William Brinkley achieved phenomenal success last year with his satirical novel, *Don't Go Near the Water*, which has sold nearly a million copies and is currently appearing in movie form. The son of a Baptist minister in Oklahoma, Brinkley, who is now 40, became a reporter on the Washington *Post*, served in the Navy during World War II and joined LIFE in 1951. Now a LIFE staff writer, he traveled more than 29,000 miles to gather material for this article.

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wine cellars of the Château Mouton-Rothschild near Bordeaux, France. The Rothschilds spend the autumn and winter months in this 17th Century chateau.

She took me around to her latest room, on the Left Bank on the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. It was on the second floor, extremely small and shabby, and almost all the floor space was consumed by bed, clothes cupboard, washbowl and bidet. The traffic noise directly below was shattering.

"Why do you live in Paris?"

"Because an American girl can cut loose in Paris. Like me, selling papers. Psychologically, it's helped me a lot. In New York I'm very shy. This job has made me go up to people. I sell papers here and like it. I would die if I did it in the United States."

"What do you want to do?"

"Get married and have babies," she said instantly.

"To a Frenchman?"

"Heavens no," said the girl. "I can't stand Frenchmen. I want to marry an American."

DENMARK—As you came around the bend in the road and the castle first came into view, your breath caught. Rising out of the seas of fragrant fields, it stood in silhouette against the late-lighted Danish summer sky like something out of a child's fairy book. It was all there, even to the moat in which white swans sailed. Here on the island of Fyn in Hesselager Castle, built in 1550, lived an American woman. It is one of the sights of Denmark, and renting it, which she and her husband were doing for five weeks, is a little like renting Mount Vernon.

She has everything in the world a woman could dream of.

She is the Baroness Philippe de Rothschild, 48, formerly Pauline Potter. She was born in Paris, where her father was in the American Embassy, and grew up mostly in France but also in Baltimore. For 10 years in New York she was a top designer for Hattie Carnegie. "I loathed it," she said, "and I was tremendously successful." In 1950 in Paris she met the Baron de Rothschild, who owns the famous Mouton-Rothschild vineyard in Bordeaux, does literary translations, and among other things has a doctorate in physics. They were married in April 1954 ("the only dowry I brought him was three kitchen recipes from Baltimore"). French society was enormously curious and jealous: one of its great names had chosen, over all the numerous qualified women of France, an American. It was a marriage watched closely by France. It has been a great success.

The Baroness de Rothschild is a woman of bearing and warmth. To her home in Paris come the premiers of France and other greats and near-greats. She has much of the French in her, but she is still American. She said, as we sat in the castle's Louis XVI drawing room: "The great danger for an American woman married to a Frenchman is to become too French. To assimilate too much of another nationality weakens you.



SVELTE PAPERSELLER, Joan Signorile hawks *Herald Tribunes* on Champs Elysées in Paris next to a French competitor who sells copies of *Paris-presse.*

Though on the surface I might not seem to be 100% American, I have tried to remain as shaggy inside as possible."

FRANKFURT—In her skirt and checked sports shirt the American, a stubby dynamo of a woman, raced up the grimy stairs. She burst into a huge room throbbing with the clatter of linotypes. She strode rapidly over to a bank of page forms and said something in German to a bent-over old printer.

"*Kommt gleich!*" he exclaimed. "You'll have it right away."

Soon she had the page-one proof before her. Page one was all headlines except for a picture of a great hunk of a girl named Joan, who was pouring out of a bathing suit. The headlines read: THOUSANDS CHEER AS M/SGT. FREED OF BOPPING COL. . . . JOAN LIKES SPORTS—JUST ALL KINDS. . . . JAILBAIT DATES COST SGT. ONE YEAR EACH.

All through the night she dashed between copy room and composing room, where she stood over the linotypes and firmly but patiently explained each change to the German typesetters, who obviously stood in awe, admiration and almost disbelief of this phenomenon of an American woman.

She is Marion Rospach, out of San Francisco and Stanford University, executive editor of *The Overseas Weekly*, 5 feet 3 inches, 31, and supercharged. Because of its cheesecake and its general gadfly attitude toward the military, her paper is the bane of the U.S. armed forces command in Germany, including very explicitly the chaplains. (Among GIs the paper is not infrequently referred to as *The Oversexed Weekly.*) The paper was started in 1950 on $3,300 with a staff of two, including herself.

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It has grown steadily to a circulation of 60,000 with five editions in Europe. So have grown the fortunes of Marion Rospach, who today is one of Europe's most successful new businesswomen. She is president and majority stockholder of the International Media Co., which not only puts out the paper but also distributes American periodicals, is exclusive distributor in Western Germany for the Ansco Division of the General Aniline and Film Corporation, operates a color film processing plant and has started to publish books. In Frankfurt she is now so well known that when she left her Volkswagen convertible at the garage that evening for repairs, the garageman made out a ticket saying simply:

"Frau Weekly."

ROME—"Look at the American *signora!* She has her hands in the cow manure!" The Italian neighbors have never seen anything like her, for no Italian lady would dirty her hands in fertilizer.

Her farm sits on the plain of Rome off the Via Appia Antica with a sweeping view of the Eternal City. Using the latest American seeds and farming methods, she grows Wisconsin hybrid corn, Georgia rattlesnake watermelons and big beefsteak tomatoes. She raises white broadbreast and bronze turkeys that were hatched from eggs flown from California.



EDITOR Marion Rospach gets a phone call as she puts out a new issue of her paper, *The Overseas Weekly*, in Frankfurt.

Her name is Katie Ottesen. For 14 years, as the wife of a motion picture and stage director, she lived the New York and Hollywood life and did interior decorating for some of the fanciest Hollywood names. She was divorced 10 years ago.

We drove past a field of American corn she had planted. It was magnificent: very tall, with broad, dark, strap-like leaves and big ears. On the other side of the road, in spectacular contrast, was a field of Italian corn: scrubby, brown and withered, with small ears.

"I was a city girl," she said, "so I was always interested in agriculture. I read books on farming and even the history of the Department of Agriculture like they were novels. I always wanted a farm."

We turned into her villa. It has two stories, five bedrooms, three baths, a guest cottage, 5,000 square meters (an acre and a quarter) of farming land. Rent, $128 a month. Next to it was a swimming pool. A beautiful red Danish milk cow chewed alfalfa hay near the pool, and when you called "Rosy," she would turn her head and look at you.

Mrs. Ottesen's two children, Lori, 13, and Steve, 12, are superbly happy and handsome. The whole family, here since last year, feels very close to the Italian farmers around them. Lori gets up at 6 a.m. on Saturdays to go to market with the peasants in an ox-drawn cart and spends the day selling vegetables to the astonished Italians.

"I'm interested in the whole cycle of the land," Katie Ottesen said. "Also I want to show the Italians something useful. Perhaps when they see the results, they will buy the same seeds, use some of the modern methods I'm using. Already they're beginning to stop and say, 'Look how dark the corn of the American *signora* is!"

"Visitors," said the American woman, the wife of an American businessman on a three-year tour of duty for his company in Rome, "call us up and say, 'How wonderful Rome is! How lucky you are to *live* here!' I almost vomit. Sure, Rome is wonderful for a tourist. And hell to live in."

We talked about Rome, that supposedly paradisiac city, over bourbon and water in California thermostat nonsweat glasses while listening to the hi-fi play *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'!* The lovely apartment included a terrace with a fishpond. It was in a new building in one of the best sections of Rome. But listen. . . .

"Life here is one constant state of harassment. An effort to make things difficult for you—that is the Italian attitude. First we had to get a *soggiorno* permit before we could even get our furniture from customs and get into an apartment. Jack had to go time and time again to the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Justice, the Ministry of Customs. . . ." It took four nightmarish months before they at last got the *soggiorno*, and by this time they were worn to a furious frazzle. Their Roman vicissitudes were only beginning. To start with, the apartment. . . .

"An 'unfinished' apartment here has nothing but four walls and a floor. We had to put in everything. The landlord won't pay for

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anything. A pipe burst after we had been here a month, and we had to pay for new piping and fixing the walls. . . .

"And the maids! You have a servant, and people in the States think you're really living it up. I'm battling with my maid all the time. I caught her washing dishes in filthy cold water and no soap. . . .

"And the cost of living here! It's fantastic. The apartment, $130 a month. Utilities, $60. Gas for the car, 93¢ a gallon. Oil, $1.25 a liter. And the taxes: $97 a year on your car, $12 on your car radio, $20 on the TV set, $6 on the radio. . . .

"And the ruins! The Colosseum is just the place where Jack turns left on his way to work. All these beat-up old ruins they slobber over!

"I guess I'm just too much of an American. I try not to let it get me down too much. Because if I do, when I leave—my God, a year and a half more in Rome!—I'll leave in a straitjacket."

"I was a conservative person up until the time I came to Europe."

She was a girl with a lot of very clear white in her eyes. She had gone to one of those eastern women's colleges which specialize in turning out very interesting women filled with every imaginable sort of personal problem. After graduation she came to Rome, virginally, on a scholarship—with her mother. She was 21. She met an Italian medical student named Filippo, 22.

"The thing that attracted me about him immediately," she said, sipping her *soave*, "was that he was indifferent."

Despite his indifference, Filippo soon mentioned that he would like to have a "physical relationship" with her. For her part, she was still a victim, she felt, of her Puritan upbringing. This stalemate went on. Then her mother went back to the States. "That night, for the first time, Filippo and I were *stare insieme*." After that, they continued to *stare insieme* quite regularly. For a while the ecstasy of it vanquished all else. But then vast feelings of guilt came too. Finally she decided the whole relationship was leading nowhere. She booked passage home. At almost the last minute she canceled it.

"I suppose I'm still in love with Filippo. He's too immature, he hasn't suffered. I'd like to know him when he does. This is probably why I wait around, though I would never admit this to myself."

"How about the guilt?" I asked. "Have you got over that now?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

ATHENS—"I studied voice at the Manhattan School of Music," she said as we stood on the jetty at Piraeus, the port of Athens. "But I stopped voice when I got married. Living in a boat isn't very good for voice study and a piano wouldn't fit."

She was 23 and gorgeous. She had long blond sunburned hair and blue eyes. She was wearing a yellow sailcloth jumper and white shorts



SAILBOAT DWELLER Susan Georgiou and her husband Savas live aboard their sloop *Hara* on which they crossed the Atlantic after their marriage last year.

revealing legs for which I estimate Hollywood would pay $1 million apiece plus 10% of the gross. She is living in Greece on almost nothing.

Her husband is a small, wiry Greek from Salonika. She met him in New York. At that time she was Susan Perry, of Lewiston, N.Y. In June 1956 they eloped and she became Mrs. Savas Georgiou. They spent their honeymoon crossing the Atlantic alone in a 28-foot sailing sloop named *Hara* (Joy) which has no engine. In three months they arrived in Piraeus. They have been here since, living on the sloop while he is getting his second diploma in the Greek merchant marine.

"The way I'm living," she said, "many American women wouldn't like. I don't have the facilities for homemaking, we don't have warm water, we don't have a washing machine. I can't afford the craze for clothes American women have. Our only difficulty is financial, but we economize. I never wanted to settle down and be a housewife. Marriage meant a home in Connecticut and I certainly didn't want *that*.

"Greece suits my temperament. The Greeks don't worry about who has the newest car or the newest television set. I like the Greek way of life, Greek food, the Greek temperament, I like the way they swear and talk and argue furiously, the next moment are friends. They are happy with nothing."

Later we rowed over to their sloop. It was certainly too small for a piano. "Maybe," she said, "this winter I'll buy a guitar."

FARM OWNER Katie Ottesen helps daughter Lori make "Baby" the lamb comfortable for donkey ride around Ottesen farm on Via Appia Antica outside Rome.



BY PLANE, ATHENS TO BOMBAY—*As the Super-G banked over Athens, bearing me away from the West, I thought of some of the dozens of other American women I had talked with. In Stockholm, Roberta Settels, 28, a leathercraft artist who five years ago landed there with her 3-year-old child and not a krona to her name, washed dishes and cleaned fish for $35 a month, now has done so well that she has two assistants and her work sells in Sweden's best shops. And Mrs. Jean Lindgren, married eight years to a Swedish physicist: "The American man as I remember him—too willing to do anything I wanted. In a right marriage no one has to dominate. That's the way it is here." In Frankfurt, Kay Horkan, a retired general's daughter who attended the universities of Heidelberg and Munich and now works for Marion Rospach's* Overseas Weekly, *has been in Germany 11 of her 27 years. But she says, "You're always American, no matter how hard you try to forget it." In Siena, Julia Perry, 30, Negro composer, now preparing herself for an assault on that greatest of all discriminations, the one against women, as conductor of a symphony orchestra. An official at the Academy Chigiana said of the tall quiet girl from Akron, "I believe she is making history."*

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WOMEN OVERSEAS CONTINUED

BOMBAY—Now was the time of the monsoons. Teeming Bombay walked the streets under black umbrellas, and barefoot men wearing *dhotis* skipped across the gathering puddles. My Indian friend and I turned into a restaurant where we sat stuffing ourselves with *samosas*. I delight in this man's company. He knows and has observed many people from America. Of its women he has very decided opinions.

"Oh, the American woman! With her air conditioners, her washing machine, her freezer unit, her Camay soap, her Elvis Presley records, her Benzedrines, her Miltowns—all the American woman's 34 automatic gadgets and 23 IBM machines to count out the results of it, all the millions of time-saving gadgets she has which offend the Indian woman—who would probably like to have them too. The way she asserts—in that harsh, shrill voice so many of them have—her freedom. In your society it's the man who has to be adjustable. We see it in the way American women order their men around in public. With us the woman has to do the adjusting. After all, she moves into your house."

The thought of the American woman's influence in one particular area drove him to such rage that he indulged in a custom he himself had learned from the Americans: he picked up a small white tablet.

"Do you know that even some of our Indian women are beginning to imitate the American women they see? Some are even wearing, instead of saris, these sweat shirts and drainpipes!" He gulped the Miltown and leaned forward. "You may not believe it," he said in ultimate horror, his face swelling, "I know it sounds incredible. But recently an Indian woman went so far as to slap me on the back!"

IN SOUTH INDIA, NEAR VELLORE—It was like waking up in hell. I would guess that only a handful of American women—or, for that matter, any women—could take it. The disease, misery and filth of the village were overpowering, unbelievable. The mind could not conceive of a worse place on earth. Virtually everyone in the village of 2,000 persons had something wrong with him. Leprosy, dysentery, malaria, anemia, hookworm, roundworm, scabies. . . .

The American woman, a slight figure in a blue seersucker dress, and I walked down the narrow dirt passageway between the horror-ridden huts. A tiny naked child stood on the road vomiting. Inside one house where human beings also live, a goat was defecating. In one yard stood a woman, an untouchable, far oversized even for her pregnancy. The villagers were convinced she was about to give birth to twins and would not believe otherwise. Actually she had a deadly disease, toxemia of pregnancy. At any moment she might go into convulsions. The American nurse talked quietly but earnestly to her in Tamil, trying to persuade her to come to the hospital. So far the woman had resisted, fearing that it might cost her money later (it would not).



COMPOSER Julia Perry sits at piano in her room in Florence, where she returned after her conducting course in Siena.

The American nurse is Pauline King, 40, of Akron, Ohio. Her job is teaching public health in the Christian Medical College at Vellore. She spent her last year's vacation by actually living for three months in the untouchables' section of the village—in order to get to know the people. "If you just treat them," she said, "you are still continents apart."

She and an Indian nurse who was one of her students stopped in one house where the nurse showed a mother how to bathe her 6-week-old baby and treat him for the scabies which ravaged his body. He was screaming piercingly. The method used by mothers in the village was simply to plop the baby down between their legs and pour water over him, so that water from his feet sloshed over his head. Now the Indian nurse demonstrated how it should be done. She placed the baby gently head up between her legs, first bathed the head with soap and water, then the rest of the minute body. Then she treated the scabies. The baby's screams began to quiet. Miss King explained to the mother the importance of keeping flies off the baby and showed her how to fashion a net for its cradle out of a piece of sari.

At another home a child had infectious conjunctivitis. At another, malaria. At another . . . and another

Pauline King was a flight nurse overseas during the war. As we drove away from the village, she told why she was now a nurse in Vellore: "I felt I was called to do some kind of work for the Lord."



TREATING SKIN DISEASE in Indian village, Pauline King holds baby while assistant applies ointment. Baby's mother watches to learn treatment.

The doctor has snow-white hair, eyes of the clearest blue and a face of strength and sweetness beyond anything I have ever seen. She is 87 and no longer does operations, but she cannot stay away from the hospital. She showed me three complicated operations going on, she showed me the 600-bed modern hospital, the cancer ward, the leprosy ward. In one ward a massive turbaned Sikh sat by a bed, resting his hand comfortingly on his young daughter who was still under anesthesia from an operation for a congenital heart ailment. The Sikh had brought her 1,300 miles to the American hospital.

The woman is now so well known in India that a letter once reached her addressed only "Dr. Ida, India." She is one of America's most remarkable women overseas. Descended from medical missionaries, Ida S. Scudder was born in India. Her grandfather had come over in 1819, the first medical missionary appointed to this part of the world. She decided to become a doctor after the shock of learning that some Indian men would let their wives die rather than let a male doctor examine them. In 1900 she started a clinic for women in one room at Vellore. From this grew the Christian Medical College and Hospital, one of the most renowned in Asia. It is her monument.

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA—They met across a badminton net in Kuala Lumpur, almost halfway around the world from her home in Minneapolis.

"Oh, yes," said the attractive woman with very fair complexion, "before we were married we certainly went very thoroughly into all the possible questions of an 'interracial' marriage."

The young couple and I sat in their beautiful new modern home in Petaling Jaya, a thriving suburb of Kuala Lumpur, capital of newly independent Malaya. From where we sat there was a fine view of the blue hills—as well as, in the distance to the left, a cyclopean Pepsi-Cola sign.

She, Blytha Beck, from Minneapolis, daughter of a postal clerk, had always been fascinated by people of other lands, starting with the time missionaries talked in the Aldrich Avenue Presbyterian Church. Graduated from the University of Minnesota with a major in anthropology, she went into the foreign service and was sent to Kuala Lumpur.

He, William Talalla, Singhalese, son of a prominent construction contractor in Kuala Lumpur, educated in the Western manner, speaks with a British accent and is an Anglican. As a boy, he was interned with his family by the Japanese for 18 months. Afterwards he had gone into the family business, of which he is now manager.

By May 1953, five months after they met, they were "going steady." They talked about marriage. Between themselves, race or color was never a problem. They simply fell in love as two human beings. *Then* they thought. Bill Talalla, who is very wise, insisted that Blytha make her decision 10,000 miles away in Minneapolis. In the surroundings from which she sprang she must ask herself, "Am I prepared to give this up?"

She went home at Christmas, 1954. She stayed there and decided yes, more than ever. Her family had no objections to the marriage other than distance. But a friend of the family's, an insurance man in Minneapolis, tried to persuade her from it.

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TELLING A JOKE, 87-year-old Dr. Ida Sophia Scudder amuses students at the Christian Medical College in Vellore, India, which she helped found.



SERVING TURKEY to friends at home in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, Bill and Blytha Talalla put on a real Thanksgiving dinner, including pumpkin pie.

"I was angry," she said, "but I tried to hide my anger. I tried to explain to him that as long as we had the idea that the blood of different people is different, then we will never solve our problems."

She returned to Kuala Lumpur in May 1956 and they were married. Their whole house breathes happiness and good humor. Of course, their cultural backgrounds are similar. In race, furthermore, they are really no different: both are Caucasoid and have Western features. The only difference is that Bill Talalla is dark-skinned.

The Minneapolis insurance man was right: color can create a problem. Some of Bill's friends have been a little reluctant to drop by their house because he is married to a white woman. Blytha Beck Talalla said, "I'm trying to show them I'm not a big white ogre after all." And slowly the friends are coming around.

LIRIK—Enveloped by the black jungle, we sat 25 miles from the equator in central Sumatra. The house could have been a house in White Plains: modern furniture, an air conditioner, a freezer with frozen foods from the company store. The house fronted on the cropped fairways of a nine-hole golf course. Nearby were a tennis court and an excavation for a swimming pool. There were three smiling servants, cook, houseboy, washerwoman—cost, $10 to $15 a month apiece.

In this American oil company camp are 20-odd American women, ages 22 to 51, and their families. For these women, it is the end of the world.

In the attractive living room we sat having coffee and a delicious banana bread. The woman was small and tidy and had a pleasant manner.

"The big thing here," she said, "is there's nowhere to go. Transportation is so difficult, and government exit and re-entry permits are very hard to get. The man has his work, the woman has nothing. This is a very small community and you can't choose your neighbors. I sit in this house all day long and I get so bored. You begin feeling sorry for yourself and you develop more ailments. Unless you're just wild about playing bridge every single night of the world, you've just about had it."

What, then, had brought them here?

"Money," her husband answered. "If you ask most people why they're here, that's the reason. You get a 25% increase in salary. On top of that you get a cost of living allowance so high that you can just about live off it alone and save all your salary."

The woman said: "I feel I'm on another planet. I'm drained. I mark the days on the calendar."

The jungle formed a wall to the backyard. Suddenly from where we sat I heard a strange piercing whistle. It was 5:45. The woman went to the door to find her children. It was the daily Tiger Whistle, calling all children to their homes before night falls and the great cats perhaps come padding out of the jungle to roam the golf course.

Next morning another woman, 51: "I'm the oldest girl up here. I grew up a driller's daughter. I'm used to living around. I like it here. I can save money. I have a nice house. I can have servants. The only thing I can complain about, it's a long way from home."

Then a very young woman: "I miss milk, I miss dancing in a nice place, I miss ball games, I miss the supermarket. I miss it all. I've never been so frustrated in my life."

That night, an oldtimer in oil company foreign service talking: "I know, I know. Some people go home almost stir-crazy at the end of two years here and people never expect to see them again. They get home, the wife has to do all the cleaning, all the dishes, care for the children. They remember the fancy way of life here, the servants. Suddenly one day you look up and there they are—back!"

BANGKOK—When a woman is radiant at 37 she is very, very radiant. This one is a slim, dark-eyed creature with upswept hair, as chic as anything on Fifth Avenue. She is a nonsmoker, nondrinker, nonmeat-eater, nonbread-eater. Her almost super-earthly drive confounds the gentle Thais: "They think I'm a freak." She is one of Asia's most successful American businesswomen.

On the way to her plant in her chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned Chrysler, we whisked by Buddhist monks clad in brilliant orange robes. We crossed a *khlong* and almost immediately turned into her plant. We walked by the smiling, smock-clad workers, to whom she spoke in their own language, and went into her fluorescent-lighted office. She was brisk and utterly efficient. By her desk I noticed some books (*Thai Self-Taught*, *The Great Pierpont Morgan*) and under the desk glass a legend: "Reincarnation is a plan whereby imperishable, conscious beings are supplied with physical bodies appropriate to their stage of growth."

Maxine North, born in Salem, Ore., the daughter of a telephone line foreman, is founder and managing director of the Pure Gas Co., Ltd. and the North Star Co., Ltd. of Bangkok. She came to Bangkok in 1951 with her husband, Robert Guilford North, a Hollywood screenwriter who was there to write a film. Bangkok was "so tranquil" that they stayed on. Bob started a film company with Thais. One night at dinner at their house, someone suggested a fortune could be made by putting in a carbon dioxide plant to supply the soft-drink companies burgeoning in Bangkok. Maxine promptly formed the Pure Gas Co., Ltd., with co-investors who included the prime minister's wife and son-in-law. She owns 22% of the stock. She did not know a bolt from a crankshaft, but today she can talk expertly about how to solve the intricate problem of steel shavings getting into the Freon compressor.

Then in 1954 personal tragedy struck. Bob North died of polio. The day after his funeral Maxine North went back to the U.S. She swore never to return. During the next five months came the beginning of a belief in yoga and reincarnation. She returned to Bangkok to settle her company's affairs. But back here she decided she had a responsibility to the stockholders to stay: she *was* the company. Also, "I was bound to a place I didn't want to be bound to—Bangkok—some way beyond the business."

Last year she formed another company, the North Star Co., Ltd. to produce treated drinking water. She owns 23% of this one. Net profit the first year: 65% of the investment.

At her large home, with six servants, she showed me her "altar to the angels" in her bedroom. On a black lacquer box sat a quartz jar of water and a green jade Chinese goddess. Every morning she puts into

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the water nine fresh jasmine blossoms for the angels, every night lights incense and sits, lotus position, in front of the altar for 40 minutes of meditation. (She gets her yoga lessons from the Self-Realization Fellowship Headquarters in Los Angeles.)

"I think," said the radiant woman from Salem, Ore., "that one of my previous incarnations was Theodora the Great."

From her success in business one of her previous incarnations also may have been J. P. Morgan.

TOKYO—"There are Americans who live here," said the American woman, nibbling a quail's egg off the skewer, "who wouldn't touch this stuff with a ten-foot pole."

We sat cross-legged on the *tatami* in a matchbox of a restaurant in the Nishi Ginza. We were the only Westerners there. We had at the skewers of chicken livers, pork and beef that the giggling waitress kept bringing us.

"These are the same Americans," the woman continued, "who think it's foolish to keep taking your shoes on and off all day." We had ours off. "It's really a crime. They miss so much."

This woman was missing very little during her husband's tour as assistant general manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Tokyo. (If there are two American things that are universal, they are popular music and the Singer sewing machine.) She is Mrs. Lucille Fairman, mother of three, an uncommonly intelligent woman of 29, with auburn-streaked brunette hair, her tan and her string of pearls standing out strikingly against her black dress. She went to St. John's University in Brooklyn.

"If they'd told me six years ago I would spend six years in Japan," she said, "I would have been horribly depressed. I'd never been west of the Mississippi. How fast the six years have gone. . . ."

In those years Lucille Fairman has gone after Japan as only the American woman can: flower arrangement, sleeping on *tatami*, taking communal baths. She has taught conversational English to daughters of Japanese friends. And finally she has become a teacher at Tokyo's Community Nursery School.

She has got a lot out of life here. And yet, and yet: "If they asked me tonight if I wanted to stay or leave, I would be packed by tomorrow morning, simply because home is the place you like best."

ABOARD THE S.S. PRESIDENT WILSON—They had lived in Jakarta, Bangkok, Taipei, Manila, Yokosuka and Tokyo, and they were bound now across the Pacific to exchange those temporary addresses for the names of home: Falls Church, Los Angeles, Cedar Grove, New Orleans, Sapulpa and Mattapoisett. By day under the pale sky they splashed in the pool or played in deck tennis tournaments. By night



CHECKING SUPPLIES, Maxine North counts carbon dioxide cylinders which, as head of Pure Gas Co., Ltd., she sells to Bangkok's soft drink bottlers.

they drank bourbon and B and Bs and danced in the Marine Veranda under the red, green and blue balloons. They said:

"That houseful of divine servants I'm leaving! I'm missing my amah already. Three children and I've got to take care of them *myself*."

And: "It was my first time over. I learned that people have great similarities all over the world. I developed an understanding of other people's moral codes while not changing my own. And I took mandarin lessons. I'm asking immediately for reassignment overseas."

And: "First thing, I'm going to a supermarket and look, look, look."

And: "Servants were nice, but my husband came into the laundry room on the ship here and saw me doing something I haven't done for two years. He said, 'You're really having fun, aren't you?' I suddenly broke down and laughed. It was the truth. I was having the time of my life—washing clothes."

And: "We learned to take our time. I learned to serve my husband's dinner and give him time to eat it instead of throwing a can of beans on the table. Japan has given us something that will be with us the rest of our lives. We've learned how to be calm, peaceful, to sit and contemplate a small garden plot—with a martini, of course."

Then one morning early, as we all stood topside and looked, eyes straining, the first far-blue shape of it arose in the distance, suddenly, suddenly—the blessed land. Soon, soon now, there it stood, almost in a shout toward the sky, the Golden Gate. The ship's whistle let out a mighty sound, like an eagle screaming.

The woman had been away two years. She stood on the boat deck forward and she said, "I never knew how beautiful it could be. It's not such a remarkable bridge, is it? It's just because it is what it is." Suddenly there were tears on her cheeks.

DRINKING A CUP OF GREEN TEA, LUCILLE FAIRMAN ENJOYS A RESPITE WITH HER DAUGHTER DEBORAH ON FLOOR MATTING OF THEIR TOKYO HOME



Going up all over America!



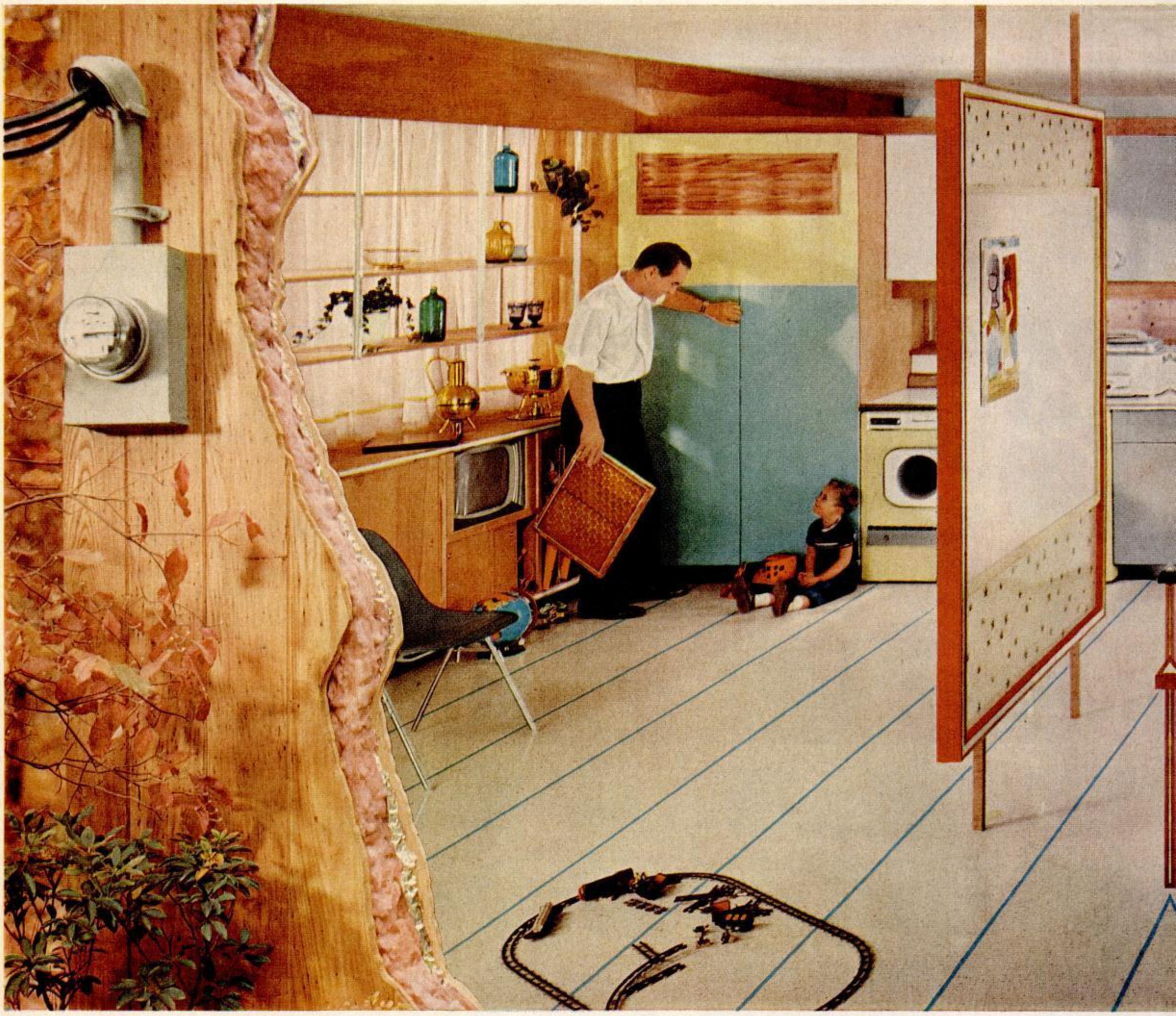
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Behind this sign you'll find Comfort-Conditioning. The way to build permanent comfort, convenience and economy into new homes of every price range. Comfort-Conditioned Homes feature many ways to live better . . . such as screened patios for indoor-outdoor living, acoustical ceilings, air conditioning and new electrical appliances. In *all* Comfort-Conditioned Homes you always get *two basic essentials*.

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Here are the basic essentials for a



This Comfort-Conditioned Home has Full Fiberglas Insulation and Full Housepower. **Windows** have beautiful Fiberglas draperies. **Room divider** is Fiberglas-reinforced paneling. **Acoustical ceiling** is Fiberglas SONOFACED†

SOON!...
Look for this sign in your neighborhood



for comfort... Full Insulation

You get wall-to-wall healthful winter warmth with no cold walls, floors or drafts! Your home is up to 15° cooler in summer even *without* air conditioning. *With* air conditioning, you get maximum cooling efficiency at minimum cost.

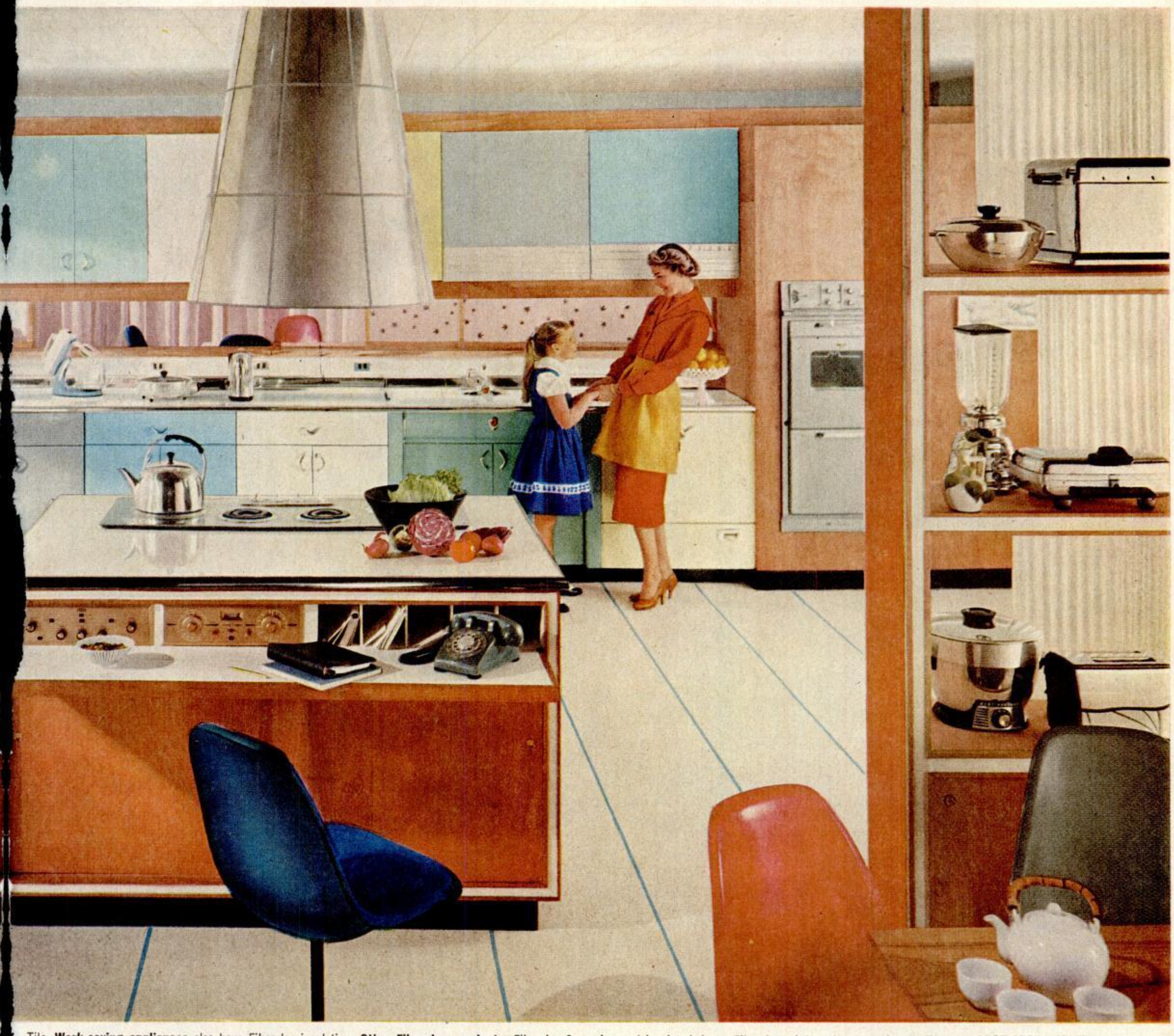
Full Fiberglas* Insulation means extra thicknesses, more than FHA minimums, for extra efficiency . . . at least 3" foil-faced in ceilings, 2" foil-faced in frame walls and 2" insulation in floors of basementless homes. The small extra cost of full insulation is quickly offset by fuel savings, which then continue for the life of your home.

You save up to 25% on initial equipment cost for central air conditioning, up to 10% for your heating system, because usually smaller, less costly units are needed. And you save up to 50% on operating costs for winter heating and summer cooling.

Resale value is higher in homes built for efficient heating and cooling. Building experts agree, "In 10 years a home without air conditioning will be obsolete and hard to sell."

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new Comfort-Conditioned Home



Tile. **Work-saving appliances** also have Fiberglas insulation. **Other Fiberglas products:** Fiberglas Screening and insulated ducts, Fiberglas-reinforced gypsum board, Fiberglas DUST-STOP‡ Air Filters.

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You get all the "housepower" you need for all the electrical conveniences you want now or later. No dim lights, shrunken TV pictures or blown fuses. *There are more than 56 everyday appliances now available!* Add those you want without expensive re-wiring.

Only one out of five homes has adequate wiring today. Yet authorities estimate you'll double your use of electricity in the next 10 years. Your home will be able to carry this load and be more salable, too!

Adequate wiring—with at least 3-wire, 100-ampere service plus enough circuits, outlets and switches—assures full power for present *and* future needs. And the cost? Only 1% increase in your house investment gives you adequate instead of minimum wiring.

Electric bills are lower because you get all the power you pay for. Appliances don't burn out, or wear out so fast. You don't pay for power lost through overloaded circuits. Only 10% overloading causes loss of 30% light from lamps, 20% heat from appliances.

†‡*T.M. (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) O-C.F. Corp.

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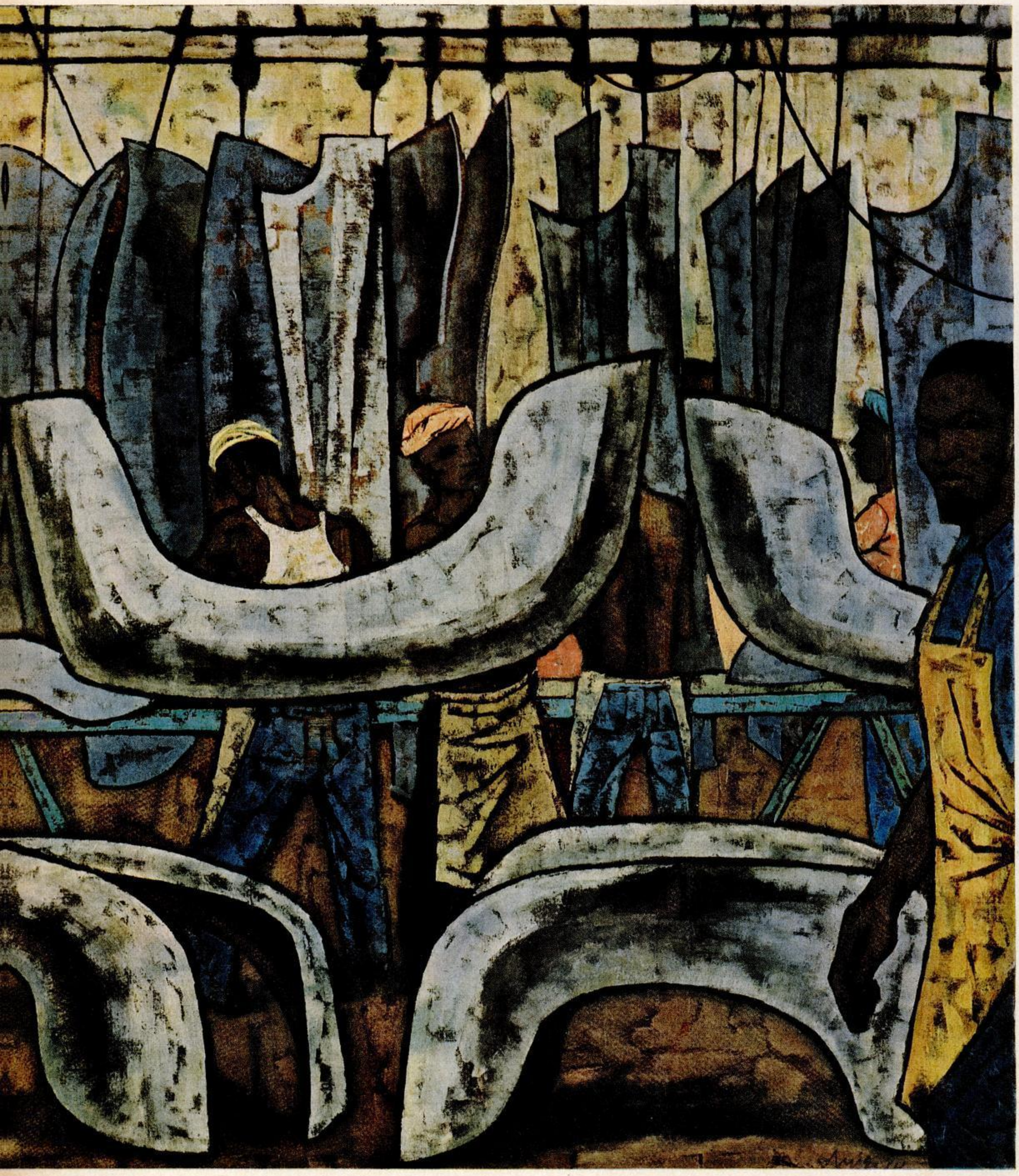
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THE GLOBAL ASPECTS OF



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U.S. BUSINESS

Investment abroad pays off and spreads progress

Paintings for LIFE by MITCHELL JAMIESON

U.S. corporations send their dollars abroad to make more money. How profitable private foreign investment has been shows in its size and growth: $37 billion and increasing at the rate of $4 billion a year.

Besides returning profits, American business dollars also do a triple job for the countries where they are put. They provide development capital. They bring with them technical know-how. And they broaden the base of the local economy by creating new goods, services and employment. In addition U.S. corporations gradually have learned to assume some responsibility for social changes they represent.

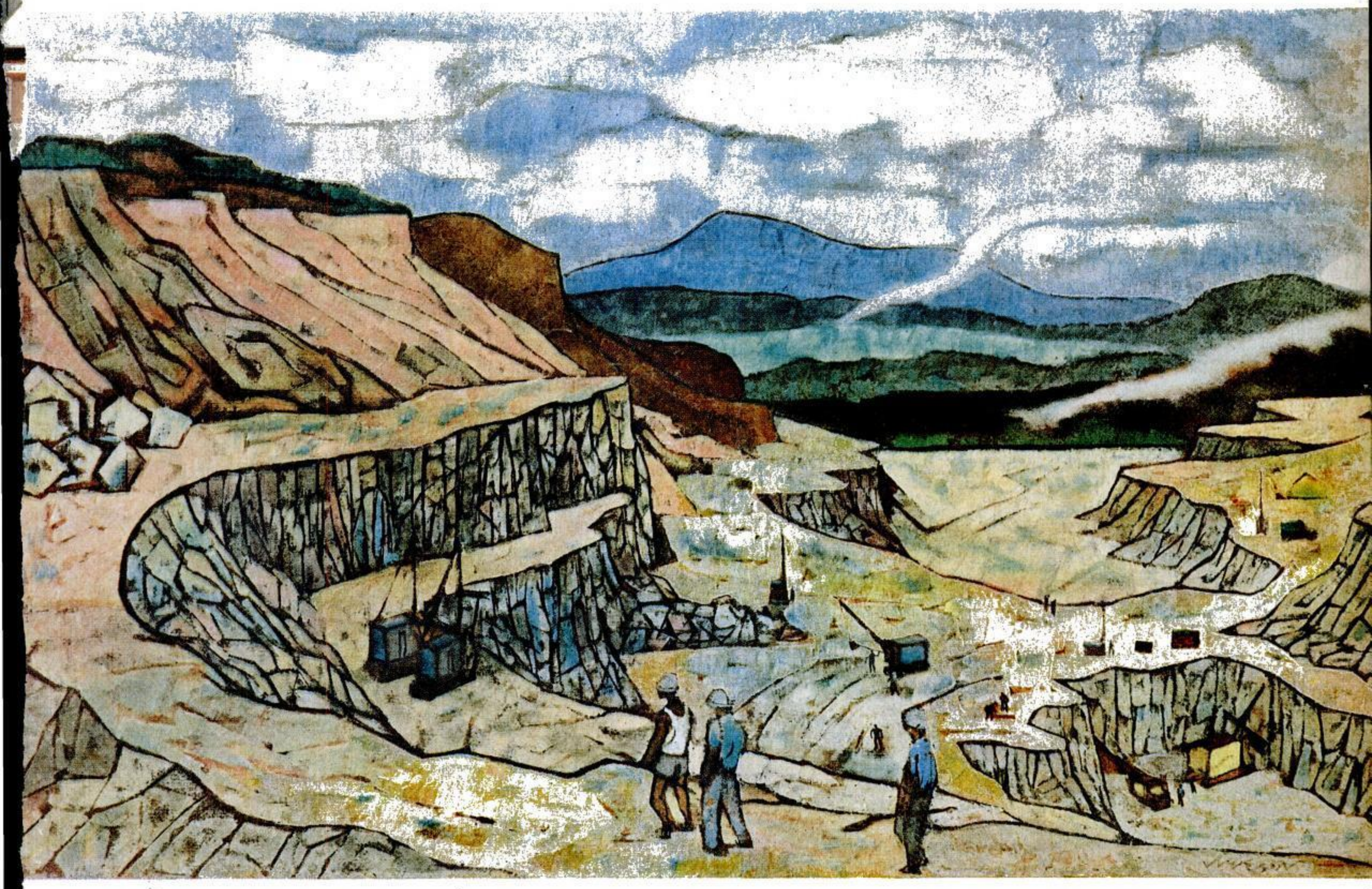
To chronicle the presence of U.S. corporate enterprise abroad, LIFE sent Artist Mitchell Jamieson on a round-the-world tour to make these 10 pages of paintings and sketches. In Africa, Jamieson recorded the classic elements of American foreign investment from raw materials production to industrial output to consumer goods sales. U.S. investments in Africa have doubled in five years and stand at some $600 million today.

Foreign-American business associations still encounter obstacles. The political instability of many areas deters U.S. companies from entering them. Trade and currency controls and sheer red tape discourage Americans. Instead of soliciting U.S. private investment, socialist-minded countries prefer to seek U.S. government loans for state-run industries.

But future opportunities for American business abroad are enormous. In many nations U.S. government-aid programs are helping to build the transport, power and educational base on which private investment can then flourish. Extensive underdeveloped areas await tapping by U.S. capital. And everywhere growing populations are awakening to the material wants free U.S. enterprise can satisfy more efficiently than any other system of production.



TEACHING SEWING on Singer machine, one of company's 2,000 African representatives gives a Rhodesian mother help in demonstration at Ndola.



FINISHING TRUCK FENDERS, workers in International Harvester assembly plant in Durban, South Africa prepare them for spray painting. The plant, established in 1927, has 240 local employes, does $13 million business a year.

MINING IRON by open-pit method in Bomi Hills of Liberia, U.S.-owned Liberia Mining Company employs 2,500. Next to Firestone rubber interests the mine, producing more than two million tons a year, is largest enterprise in country.

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TAPE FACTORY in Paris, which is occupied by two wholly owned subsidiaries of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., produces magnetic tapes, plus adhesives and abrasives. The plant has 1,150 employes. Only the top three, the managing director, the products general manager and the chief of the quality control laboratories, are American nationals. Sales have boomed in last five years, as has the total foreign business of 3-M which rose from $17 to $54 million.

Modern goods for Europe



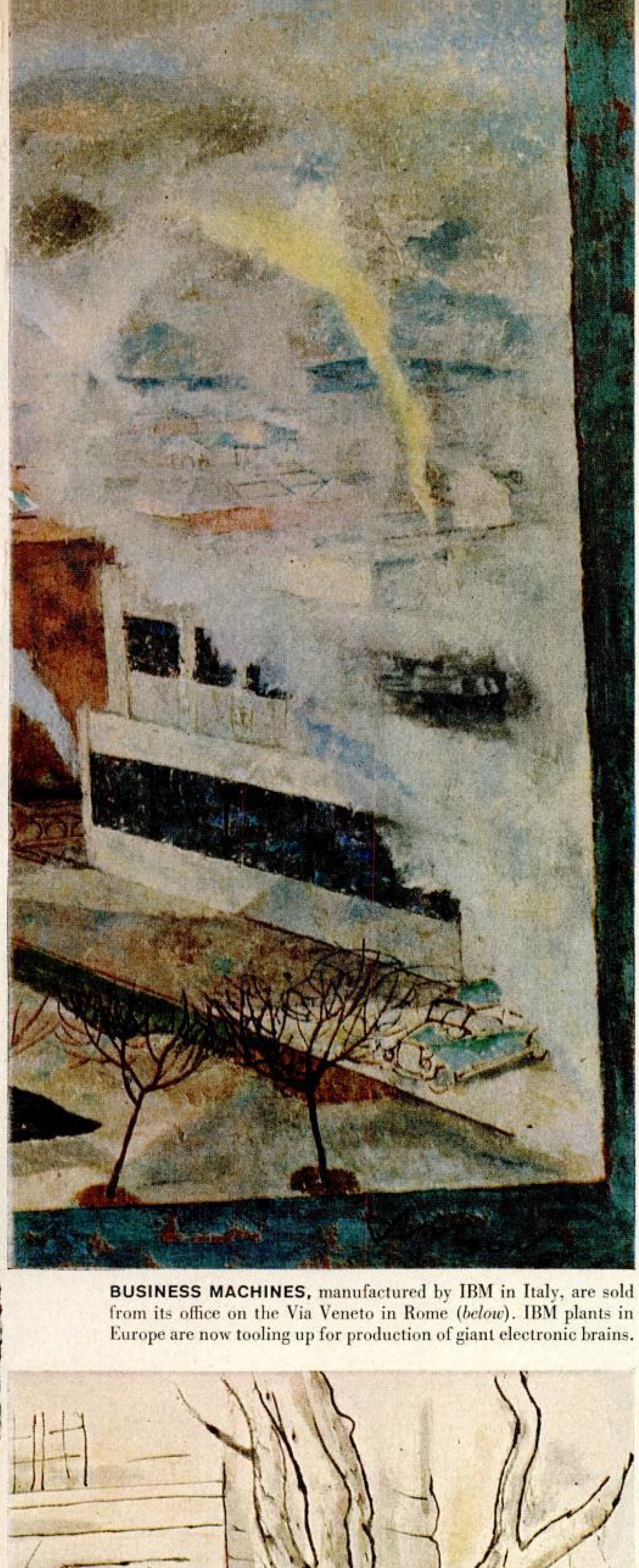
TYPEWRITER is adjusted by girl working in the Naples Remington Rand plant. Plant is American-owned but is Italian-managed.

Of the U.S. business overseas stake nearly $7 billion is invested in Western Europe. To the relatively mature European economies, U.S. enterprise adds its pioneering products like magnetic tape and electronic brains. Into a European business community traditionally seeking high profits on low turnover in protected markets, U.S. business has introduced its emphasis on low-cost mass production and ever-increasing productivity. Resisted by some, the American example is highly appealing to others like the Italian businessman who took the initiative in forming a Roman subsidiary of E. R. Squibb & Sons (*opposite page*).

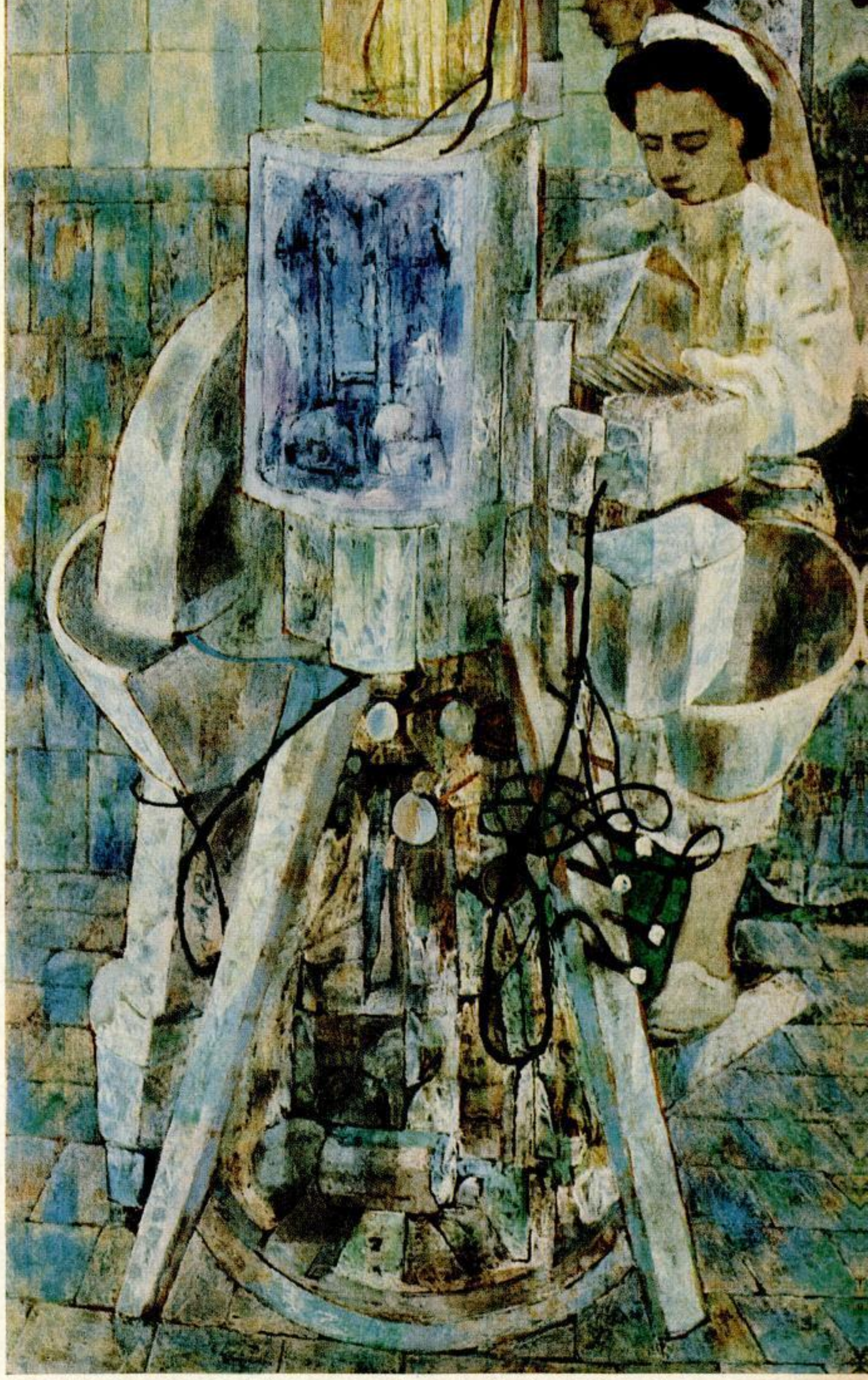
Some American businessmen hope that the projected six-nation European common market will lower tariff barriers and reduce trade controls. This would create a single European market almost as large in terms of people as the American. It will offer the U.S., among others, a wide and free scale on which to operate.



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BUSINESS MACHINES, manufactured by IBM in Italy, are sold from its office on the Via Veneto in Rome (*below*). IBM plants in Europe are now tooling up for production of giant electronic brains.



BOTTLING ANTIBIOTICS, girl operates machine at Squibb plant in Rome. Factory was founded in 1946 with only Italian capital when Squibb distributor decided he wanted to make company's products locally instead of importing them. U.S. firm later bought 49% interest.

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Ventures in Mideast and Asia



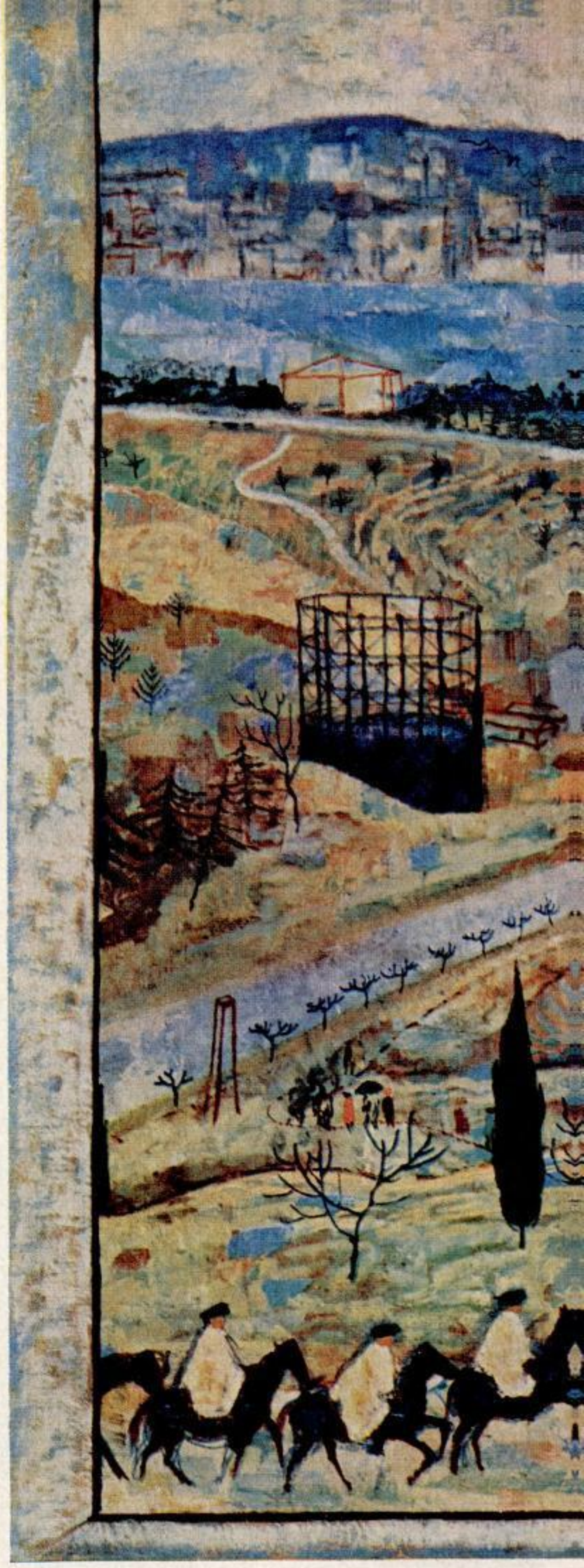
LIGHT BULB ASSEMBLY at G.E. plant in Istanbul proceeds with skilled Turkish girls mounting filaments in glass tubes that are later put into bulbs.

In the Middle East and South Asia, U.S. business has only poked in cautious fingers because regional underdevelopment makes investment risky. In dollar-short Turkey, Americans are welcome to run a dollar-earning showcase hotel. But a General Electric plant sometimes slows down when denied the foreign exchange it needs to import essential materials. In India, U.S. banks successfully service trade and U.S. engineers are building steel mills. However, India's socialistic and deficit-ridden second Five-Year Plan clouds the investment climate.

In Pakistan, U.S. business encounters a test case for its general foreign expansion. Pakistan is willing to give U.S. firms tax cuts provided the U.S. does not then collect from the firms the difference between Pakistani and U.S. taxes. The treaty is bottled up in the U.S. Senate. If it passes, many countries may be encouraged to copy it and thus attract much U.S. business.



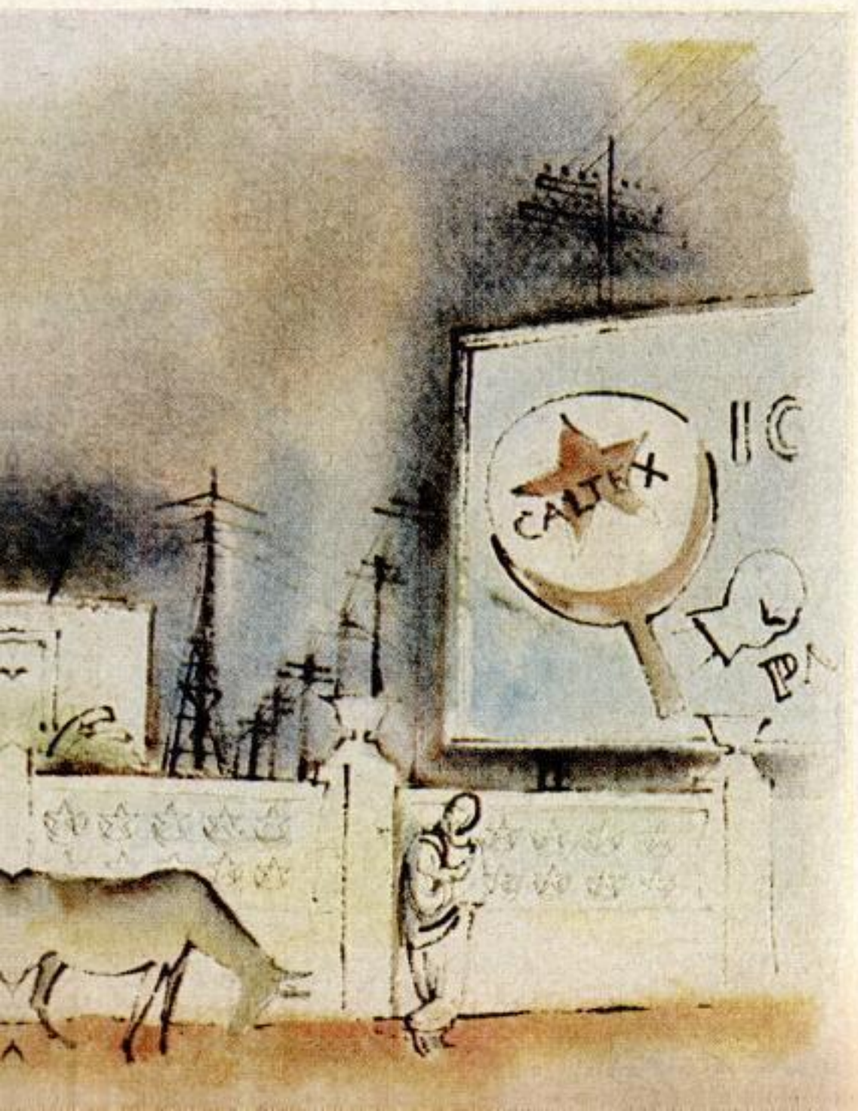
BRANCH BANK of First National City Bank of New York in Calcutta is one of the bank's 71 overseas offices. Branch, first opened in 1903, specializes in servicing international trade that moves through Calcutta. Building being built at left will house Indian subsidiary of Union Carbide Corporation.



HOTEL WITH A VIEW is Istanbul Hilton, from whose windows guests get magnificent sights of passing Turkish mounted police, the Bosporus and Asia



Minor beyond. Hilton organization operates hotel, which is owned by Turkish government, on 20-year lease under which it gets one third of gross profits.





BILLBOARD AT SHRINE, put up by Caltex oil company, stands at memorial to Moslem saints in Karachi. Billboard rental helps pay for shrine upkeep.

AUTO ASSEMBLY in GM plant in Karachi turns out Chevrolets cheaper than if the completed cars were shipped from U.S. Jugs are for drinking water.

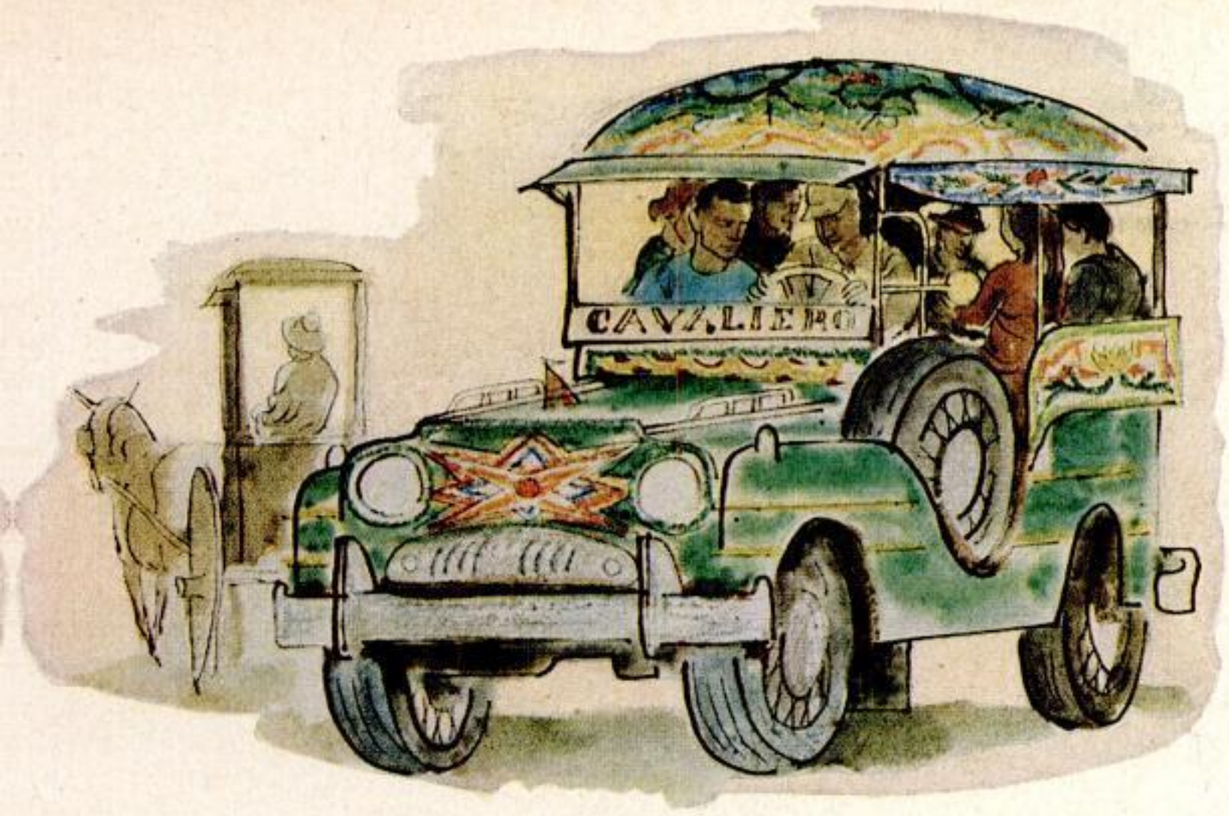
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OIL FOR JAPAN is stored in tanks of Standard-Vacuum Oil Co. at Wakayama Refinery near mandarin orange grove whose trees are draped with straw matting against winds. Tunnel leads to a seaport on other side of hill, where oil, which Japan must import, is unloaded and piped to the tanks. While Stanvac has been in Japan since 1893, it entered Wakayama operation in 1949 in partnership with local Toa Nenryo company. Plant employs 1,146 Japanese, no Americans.

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A "JEEPNEY," as the Filipinos call a Jeep chassis fitted with brightly decorated bus body, rolls its load of passengers through the streets of Manila. There are some 23,000 "jeepney" buses being operated in the Philippine Islands today.

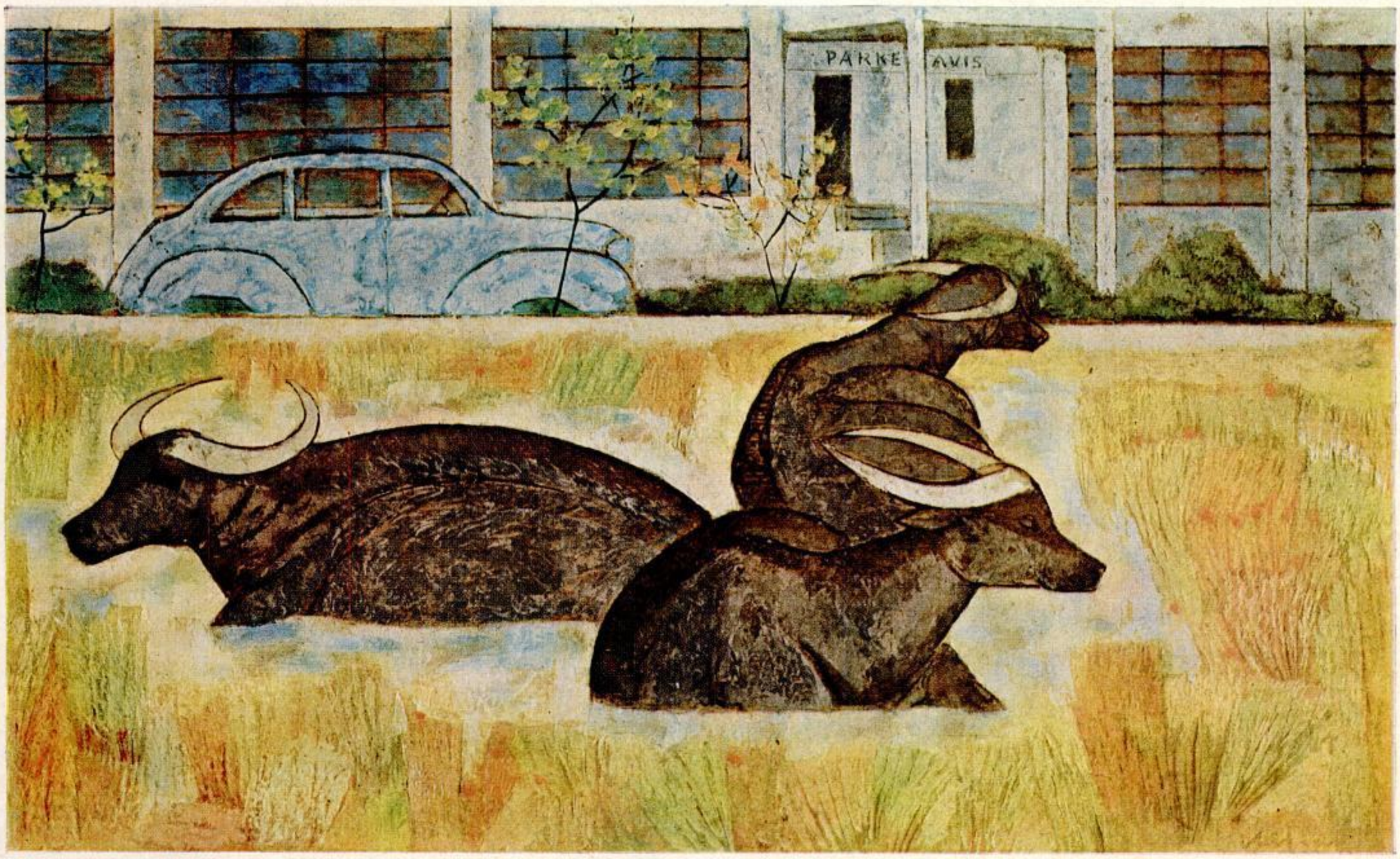
Far Eastern enterprise

Since the days of Commodore Perry and Admiral Dewey, American enterprise has spurred the economic development of Japan and the Philippines. Japan today is so highly industrialized that it prefers to receive U.S. indirect investment, *i.e.*, capital participation in Japanese-controlled companies. But Japan, poor in raw materials, does depend on part of the U.S. $10 billion foreign oil business (*left*). It also looks to U.S. firms for advice: two thirds of Japanese industry's contracts for technological assistance have been awarded to U.S. firms.

In the basically agricultural Philippines the $500 million U.S. investment promotes scientific farming and provides essential utilities. Filipino interests and bureaucracy somewhat inhibit the growth of U.S. investment, but the Filipino people admire American products, from Jeeps to drugs, and would like to see more of them on sale in their country.



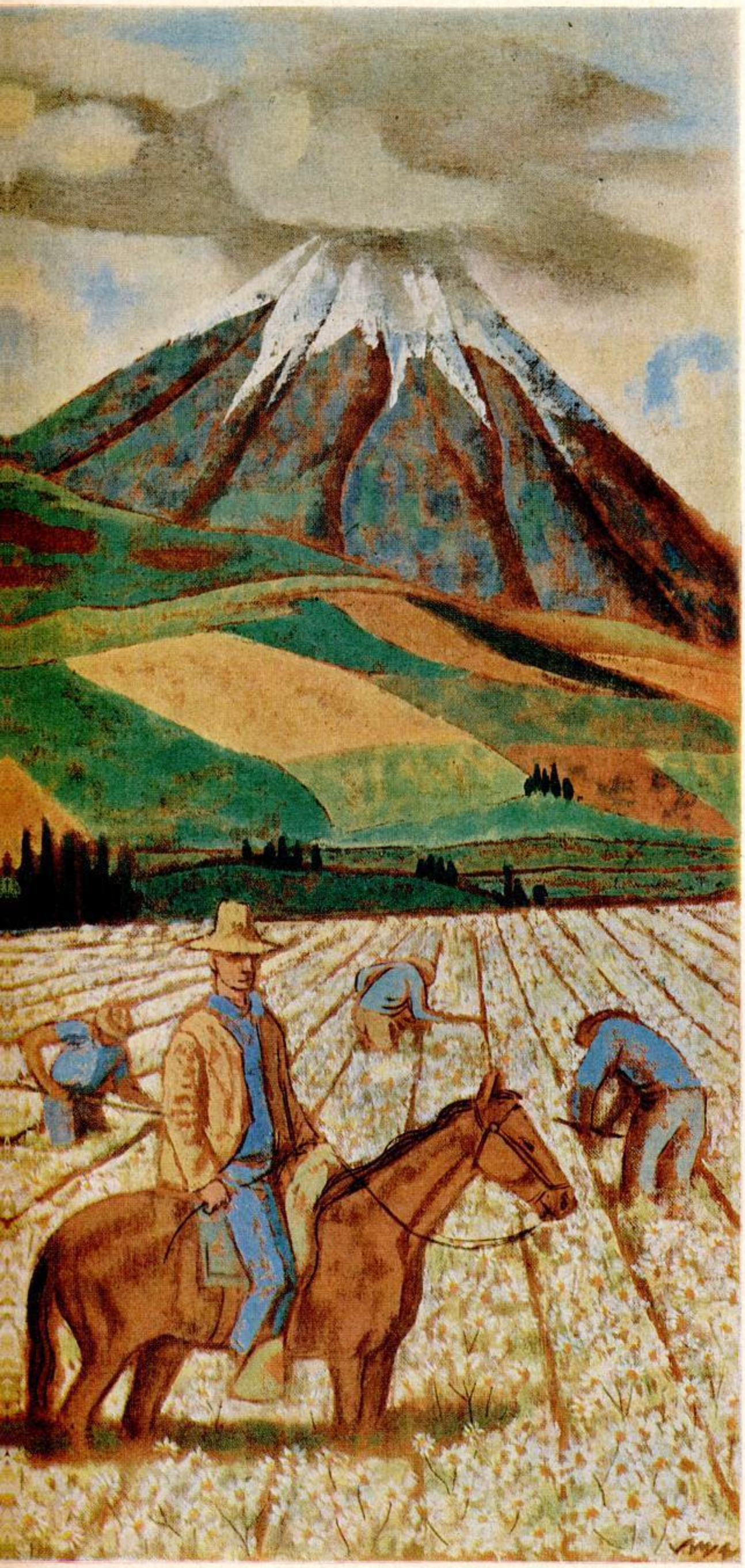
JAZZ MARKET in Japan, as in this Tokyo amusement arcade, is growing fast and makes U.S. jukeboxes and records popular. Two American firms buy worn-out jukeboxes from U.S. Armed Forces, then recondition them, rent them out.



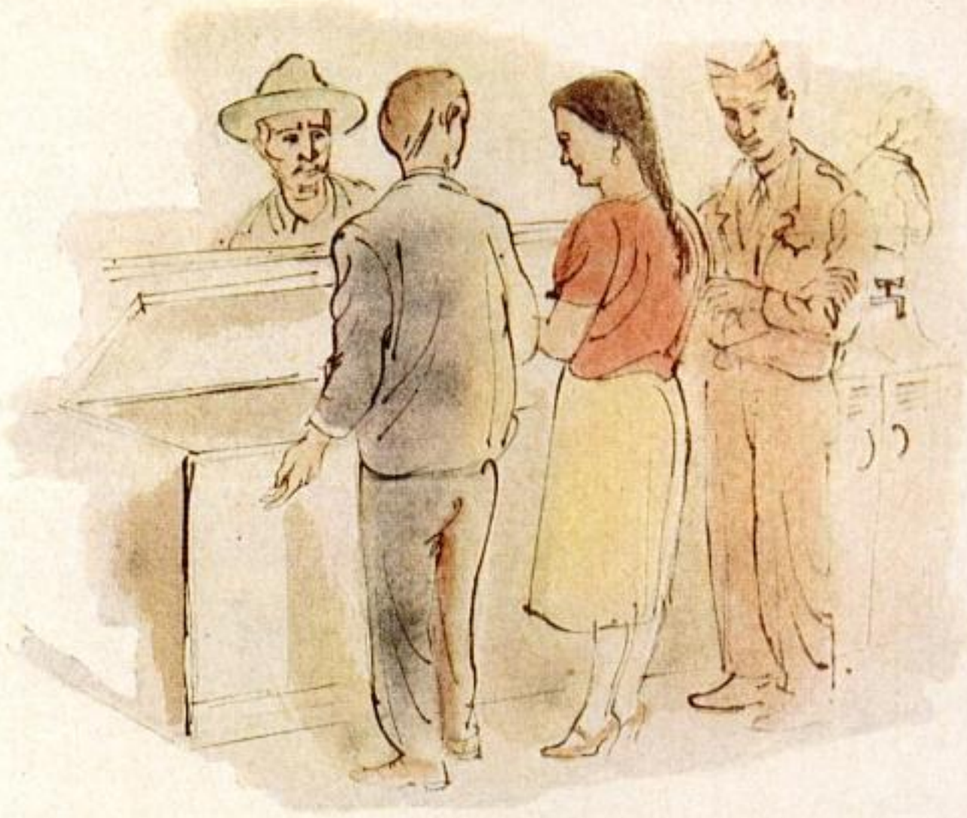
DRUGS FOR FILIPINOS are manufactured in Parke-Davis plant outside Manila, where water buffaloes wallow in ditch before factory. Plant was set up in 1955 when Filipino import controls to conserve foreign exchange made it hard to import finished pharmaceuticals. Now Parke-Davis imports raw materials which are less restricted. A Chinese-born American is production superintendent at the plant. Other U.S. drug firms have also opened Manila branches in recent years.

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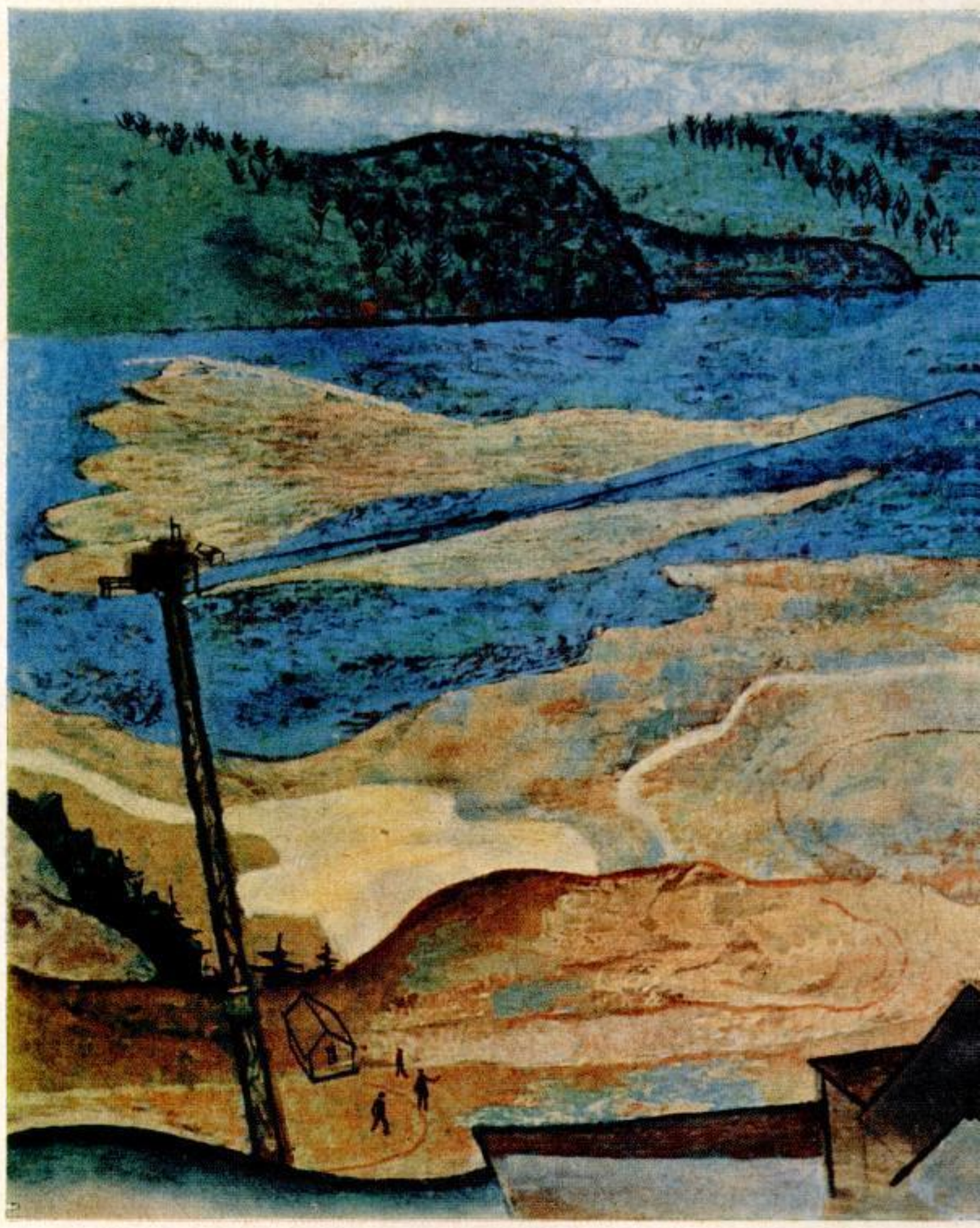
PYRETHRUM FARM is below Cotopaxi volcano in Ecuador. There daisylike flowers are grown to get a basic ingredient for insecticides. Farm is run by S. B. Penick & Co. Local workers are weeding a crop.



HOME APPLIANCE, a freezer, is demonstrated to Mexican parents and soldier son in Sears Roebuck store in Mexico City. Sears has boosted Mexican industry by buying 91% of its goods in country.

Billions near home

A booming $24 billion, nearly two thirds of all U.S. foreign investment, is staked in the Western Hemisphere, in Latin America and Canada, in everything from flower farms (*left*) to paper mills (*below*). The U.S. provides 25% of all capital spending in Canada, and U.S. oil companies account for 40% of the national revenue of Venezuela. There are always nationalistic protests against the huge role U.S. money plays in the hemisphere nations. But if the nations want to grow fast they need American capital. And for U.S. business the nearness, the plentiful raw material and labor resources and the relative military security of Western Hemisphere countries make them the best places abroad in which to invest.



PAPER MILL on St. Maurice River in Canada belongs to International Paper Co. Logs come downriver, go up jackladder (*left*) to debarking house (*center foreground*), are then stockpiled in cones.

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TENDING BANANA PLANTS, workers at United Fruit Co. plantation in Guatemala use machetes to prune and clear underbrush. Bamboo poles prop up plants which even moderate wind could buckle. At 14 months each tree produces one bunch of bananas. United Fruit uses nearly 21,000 acres in Guatemala.

MULTIPRODUCT MINE 13,000 feet up at Casapalca, Peru is owned by Cerro de Pasco Corp. and yields lead, zinc, copper and silver. It employs around 900.

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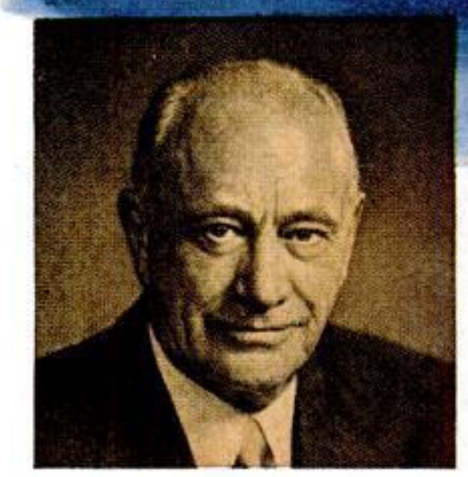
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A TEEN-AGE GUEST IN JAPAN

He spends happy weeks meeting new boys, girls

Some 25,000 to 30,000 U.S. teen-age and college students go abroad each year, and a sizable number of them go not just to sightsee but to settle down and live with a foreign family. Few found a happier home overseas than Dave Brudnoy, a 17-year-old son of a Minneapolis dentist, who spent six weeks this summer with the family of a Buddhist priest in Higashi Fuji Shima Mura, a village 340 miles from Tokyo on the west coast of Japan.

Dave, whose father paid his way to Japan, was directed to the Takumi Fujiis by the American Field Service, which shuttles many students between families in the U.S. and abroad. Dave comes from a devout Jewish family, and to A.F.S. he seemed right for placement with a devout family of another faith. The Fujiis also had a son, Satoru, who spoke some English and who shared Dave's age and his interests in sports and photography.

"I felt at ease the minute I arrived," said Dave of his stay with the Fujiis. A 6-footer, Dave even learned to feel at ease on the Japanese *futons*, or sleeping quilts, which at best accommodate a man 5 feet 8 inches. He taught Satoru current U.S. songs, shared lively fun with Satoru's acquaintances and met a good many Japanese girls. "Kids here are the friendliest," said Dave. While helping Satoru to improve his English, he picked up a smattering of Japanese. He also attended the Buddhist services that the elder Fujii conducted. Then it was Dave's job, the American Field Service thought, to share his impressions and experiences with his schoolmates in Minneapolis.



LEARNING THE KOTO, Japanese zither, Dave follows Asako Nakatani, a young cousin of Satoru.

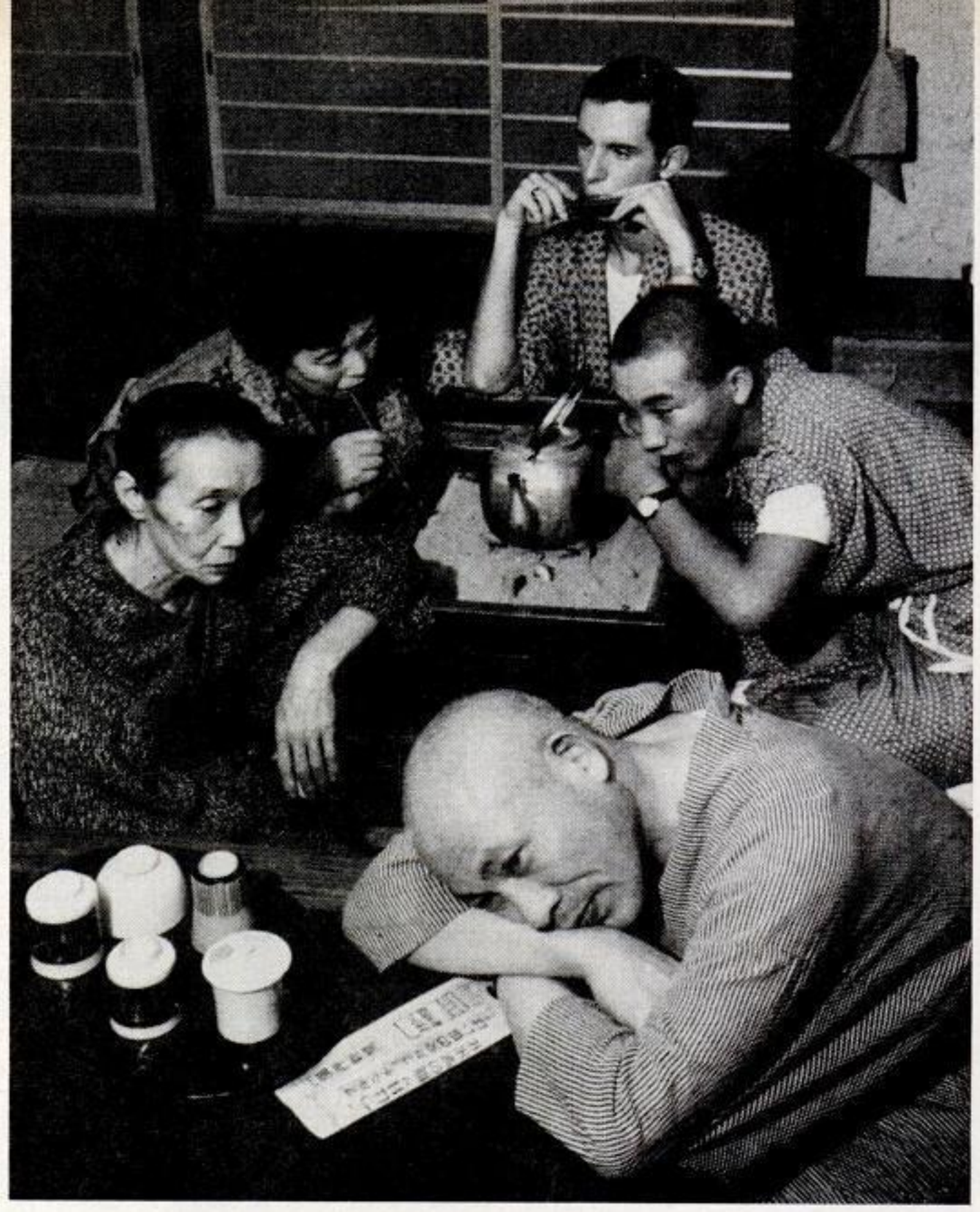
DUET IN BATH is enjoyed by Dave and Satoru. As the guest, Dave was allowed to use tub first.

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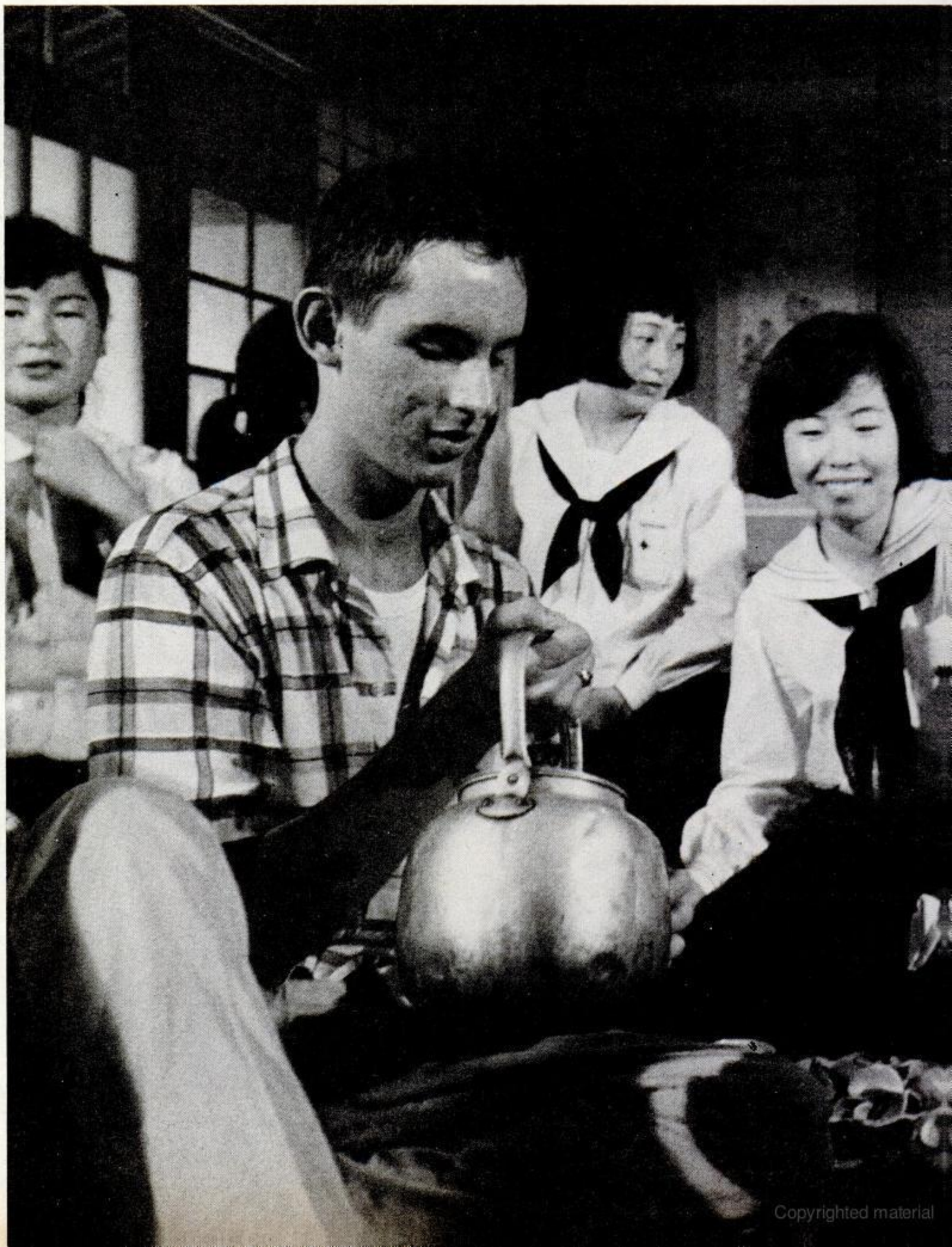
BEING AWAKENED by Mrs. Fujii, Dave rolls over on his sleeping quilt. Satoru is at left. Right is Satoru's cousin who spent a year in the U.S. in 1955.



PLAYING HARMONICA, Dave pensively renders Stephen Foster melodies for (*clockwise from left*) Mrs. Fujii's mother, Mrs. Fujii, Satoru and Mr. Fujii.

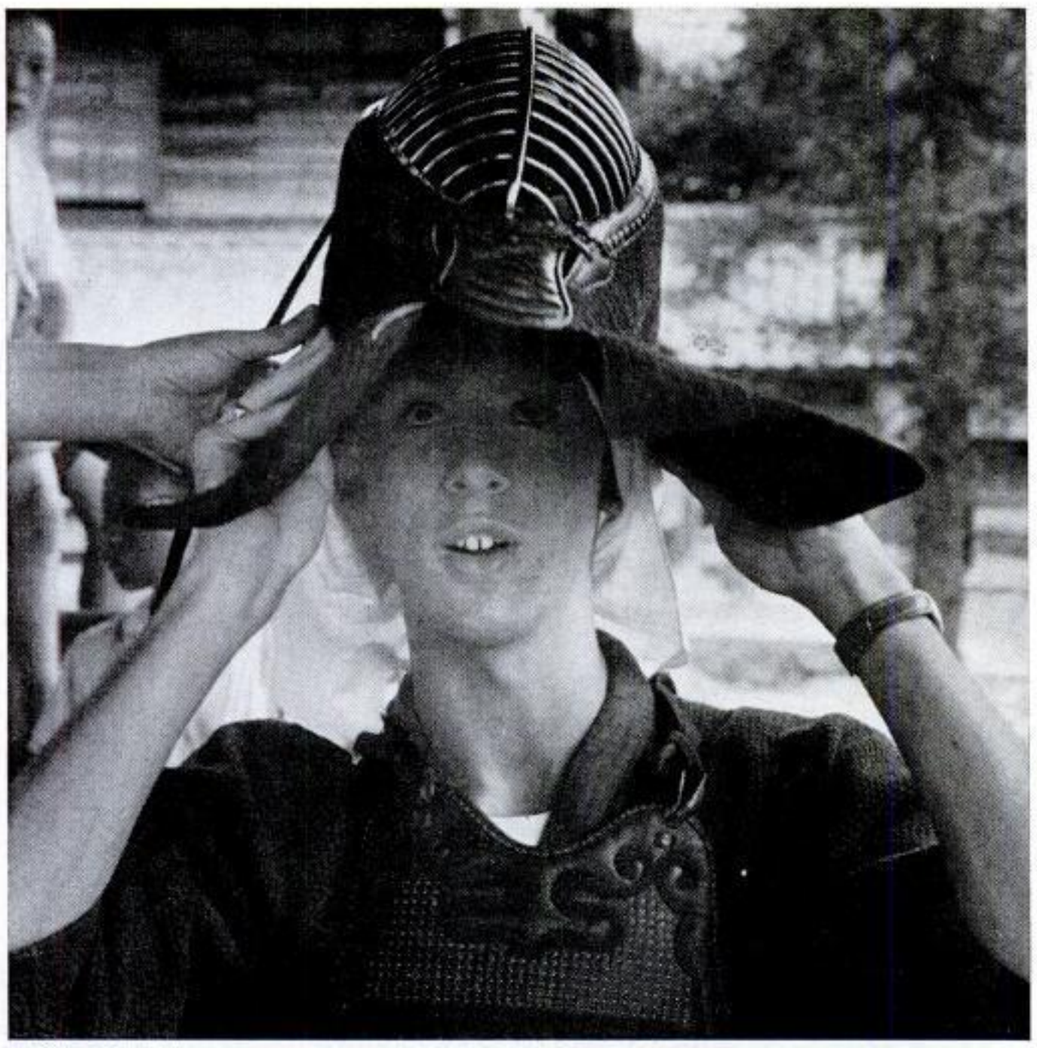


DANCING QUADRILLE, Dave towers over Japanese girl whom Satoru invited to party for visitor.



POURING TEA in unfamiliar ritual, Dave draws giggles from the Japanese girls at Satoru's party.

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DONNING HELMET, Dave prepares for a period of instruction in Japanese *kendo* fencing, which he and Japanese friends did with long bamboo poles.



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IN TUNIS DURING FREE TRADE UNION CONFERENCE, IRVING BROWN (LEFT) HUDDLES WITH MICHAEL PISSAS OF CYPRUS (CENTER), FOTIS MAKRIS OF GREECE

ROVER FOR LABOR

Irving Brown fights Reds in European unions

As U.S. business exports free enterprise, U.S. labor exports free trade-unionism. Its most effective ambassador is a hard-driving former Chicago labor organizer named Irving Brown, European representative for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. In the past 12 years Brown has traveled more than a million miles working with trade unionists to buttress the free labor movement.

Acting for his union, he helped the trade unions in Germany keep the Communists out. In France he helped thwart Communist efforts to tie up the ports and block delivery of Marshall Plan supplies. In Italy he helped wrest control of key industries from Communists. In hot water with the Communists, he has also been in hot water with the French for his support of North African nationalists. Today the big job in France, he says, is getting "into non-Communist unions the five million workers who have left the Communist unions."

IN PARIS HEADQUARTERS BUSY BROWN TAKES HURRIED TELEPHONE CALL →



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IN TUNIS Brown (*right*) listens to his friend, Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba, at U.S. embassy party during international trade union congress.



IN AUSTRIA Anna Kethly, exiled Hungarian leader, Brown and A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s William Schnitzler (*right*) hear Hungarian refugees' plea for U.S. visas.



IN PARIS OFFICE Brown points with pride to a framed clipping of *Pravda* attack on himself, which he says would "be a pass to prison" in Russia.

IN HOSTILE TERRITORY Brown walks down the steps of East Berlin Soviet memorial with A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Joseph Keenan (*left*) and Walter Mason. →

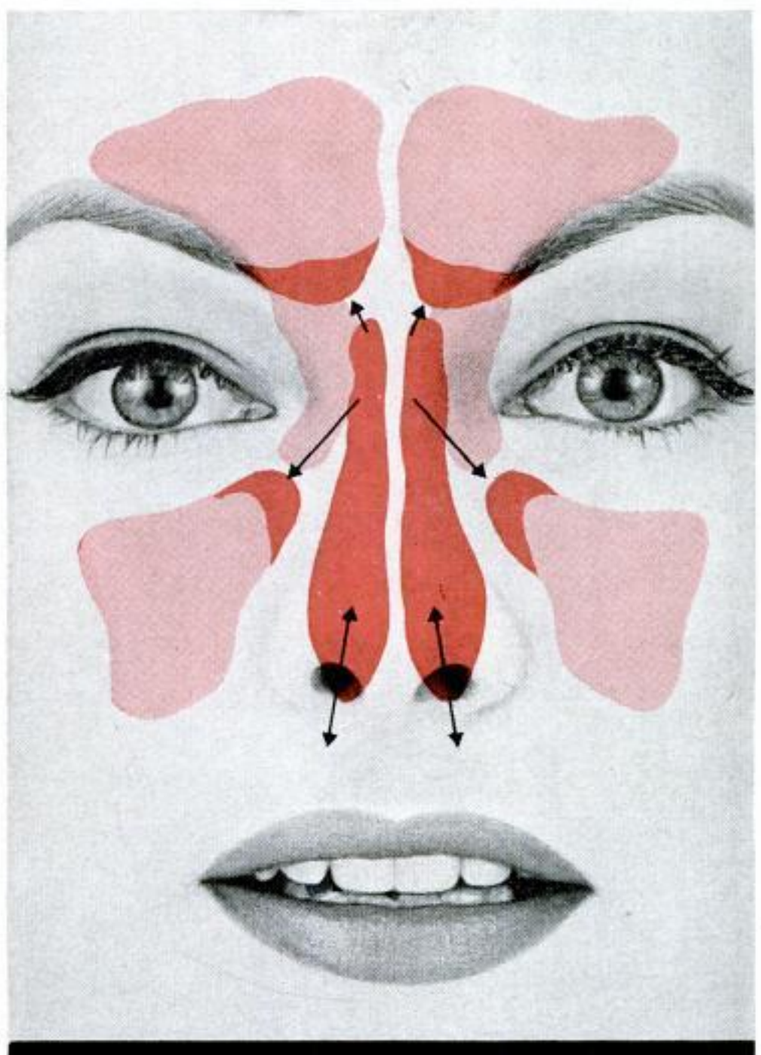


How does <u>your</u> cold develop?



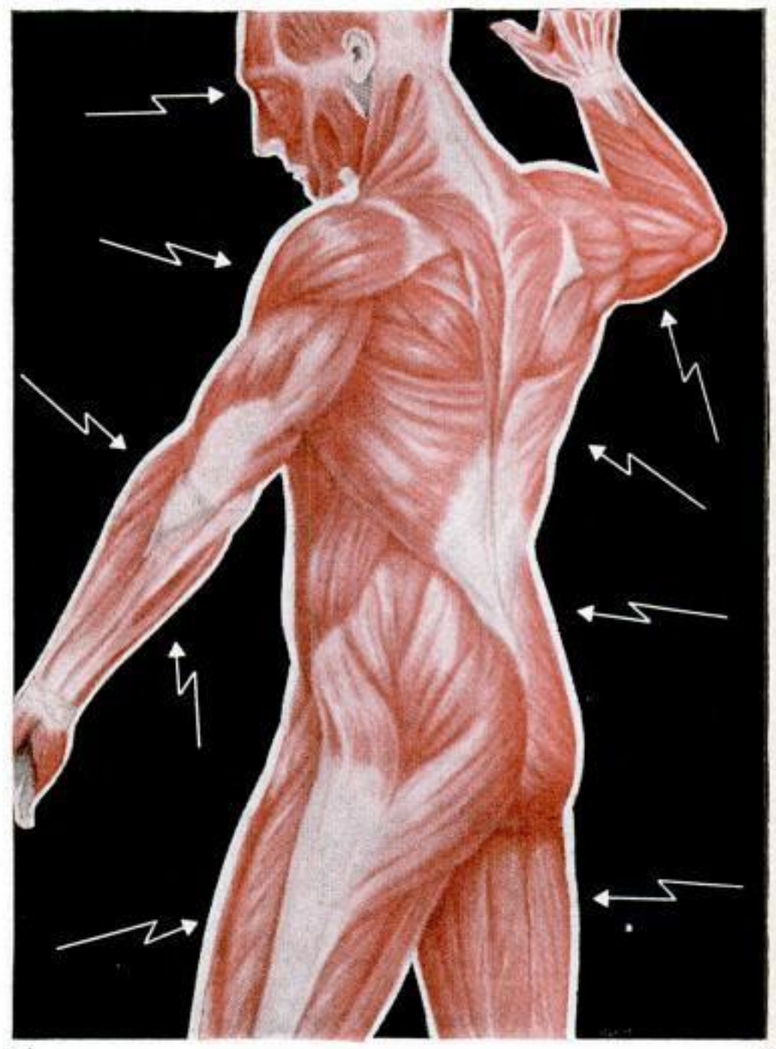
1 SORE THROAT

2. Coughing
3. Sniffles, Sneezing, Stuffy Nose
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE

2. Sore Throat
3. Coughing
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 ACHE ALL OVER

2. Sneezing, Sniffles, Stuffy Nose
3. Sore Throat
4. Coughing
5. Tight Chest

Coldene attacks all these symptoms in <u>any</u> stage of the common cold

Gives feelable relief in minutes . . .

Most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription

The common cold is not a simple ailment. It is a disorder which attacks various parts of your system, bringing a variety of miseries to different parts of your body as it spreads. Some sufferers seem to feel one misery more quickly, others another.

Hence, Coldene is unlike any cold-and-cough medicine ever offered over druggists' counters. For it doesn't rely on the limited powers of one or two drugs, but unites the powers of several potent ingredients . . . all in proper balance.

When you take Coldene, here are the things that happen almost at once—within minutes. **First:** The instant Coldene touches your raw, inflamed throat, relief begins. **Second:** If you've been coughing, Coldene relieves that cough spasm. Right then and there! **Third:** Coldene goes to work to dry up and open your nose. You get feelable relief within minutes! **Fourth:** If your chest is tight and breathing is difficult—you breathe again! **Fifth:** If you ache and feel just plain miserable—Coldene relieves the pain, even reduces fever, gives the fullest possible help.

The reason? There's a powerful, specific, correct ingredient in Coldene for each of the miseries of the common cold. That's why Coldene can catch your cold at any of its 5 stages. Now available in its original Liquid form or in the new Coldene Tablets . . . Coldene, most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription.

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BY A HINDU IDOL. Bostonian Frederic Bushnell contemplates in ashram in Pondicherry, India, where he now lives. He himself built idol, a four-headed snake which to Hindus represents divinity.





GATHERING LOTUS to decorate his private temple, Bushnell takes flowers from a servant in pool.



AT WORSHIP, Bushnell sits in temple beneath pictures of leader of ashram and colony's late sage.

Bostonian Hindu

IN INDIA A U.S. MYSTIC SEEKS PEACE OF MIND

Some Americans seek peace of mind in exotic foreign settings and mystic alien beliefs. Frederic Bushnell, a 30-year-old Bostonian, has found his in an ashram, a Hindu religious community, in Pondicherry, India. "Bushnell died," he says. "In his place now lives Ananta Chaitanya [his religious name, meaning Infinite Consciousness], in search of divinity."

Back home, Bushnell had erratically attended a series of eastern private schools and several colleges and had served briefly in the U.S. Navy. When his father, twice the attorney general of Massachusetts, died in 1949, the shock sent Bushnell "into great thoughts of soul." Traveling through the East, he became converted to Hinduism. In the ashram, a well-off institution in which a daughter of U.S. President Wilson once lived, he has his own island and six servants assigned to him. In turn he gives the ashram the money he gets from home.

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RIDING TO ASHRAM to visit fellow worshipers, Bushnell in cane chair on boat is poled across Ariyankuppam River by servant from his own island (*rear*).

RAISING RICE for ashram mess, Bushnell cultivates paddy while his servants weed. He also plants quick-growing casuarina trees that are cut for ashram's fuel.

ed material



BUDDHIST AUDIENCE, a group of novices from neighboring wat (Buddhist monastery), watch documentary USIS movies in living room of Millers' home.

Tall Man's Task in a Hot Spot

'BPRET' EXPLAINS U.S. TO LAOS

One of the most familiar figures in the southeast Asian kingdom of Laos is the genial, gangling giant of an American who appears on LIFE's cover, "Hank" Miller, chief of the U.S. Information Service there. Miller's job is to encourage pro-U.S. sympathies among Laos' two million citizens. A tough assignment anywhere, Miller's is especially thorny in Laos where the U.S. aid program has suffered from some mismanagement and the government recently has allowed Communists into a coalition.

But through his relaxed informality Hank Miller is effectively representing the U.S. His home is a perpetual open house, where Americans and Laos get acquainted over coffee or Scotch. His attractive family mixes unself-consciously with their neighbors. In a surprising gesture of confidence, Buddhist monks from a nearby monastery recently asked him to help them start a newspaper. Miller's success has earned him a torrent of abuse from the Communists. In Laos, though, they call him affectionately "Bpret," the name of a genie who is "tall as a coconut tree."



OUT FOR A STROLL down a palm-shaded street in Lao capital, Vientiane, Miller saunters with his daughter Jenny, 6, and May Ho, 6. Jenny carries Dahmit, her pet gibbon, which Miller keeps safely leashed to his belt. May is daughter of Chinese nurse whom Millers brought from his previous USIS post in Hong Kong.

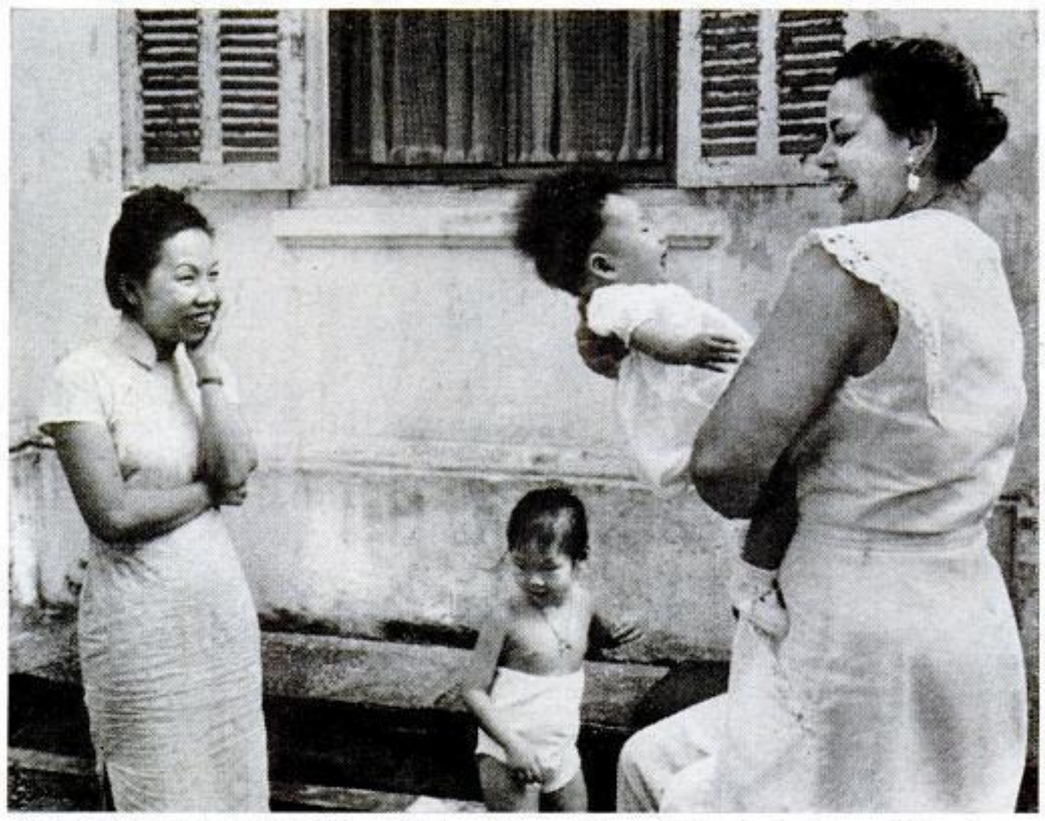
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IN CULTURAL EXCHANGE May Ho (*left*) and Jenny (*center*), sheathed in native skirts, practice a song and dance routine with Ladda Sithouma, daughter of secretary to Laos' prime minister. The girls attend a school which the Millers operate on second floor of their house, where they study English and Chinese.

CONTINUED

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ADMIRING BABY, Mrs. Miller plays with neighbor's infant. A free-lance writer, Mrs. Miller is doing a biography of South Vietnam's President Diem.



INFORMAL PARTY at Miller's house brings prominent Laos and Americans together. The ukulele player is Dolph Droge, one of Miller's assistants.



TOWERING HOST, Miller inclines 6-foot-6 frame to greet diminutive dancers from Royal Lao School of Dancing, arriving to entertain at party.



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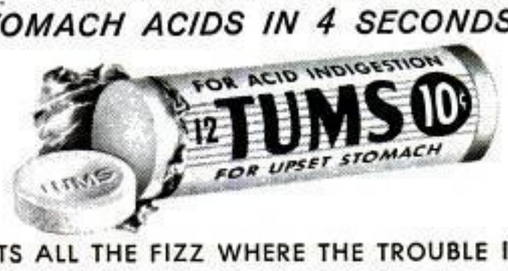
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Gene Krupa..... *"Lover"*
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Johnny Mathis..... *"Wonderful! Wonderful!"*

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Haven of Art and Study

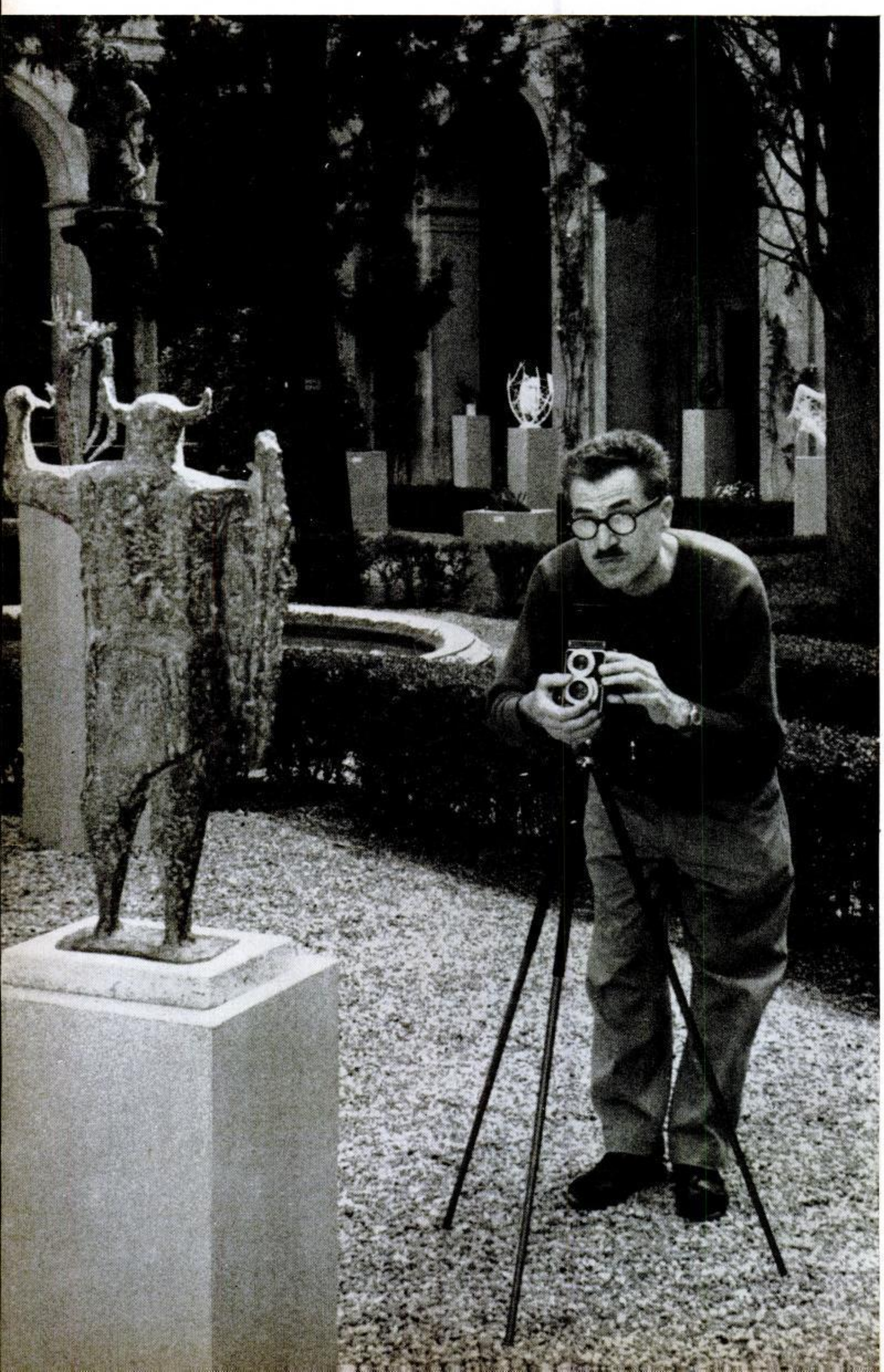
AMERICANS LIVE AND WORK AT ACADEMY IN ROME

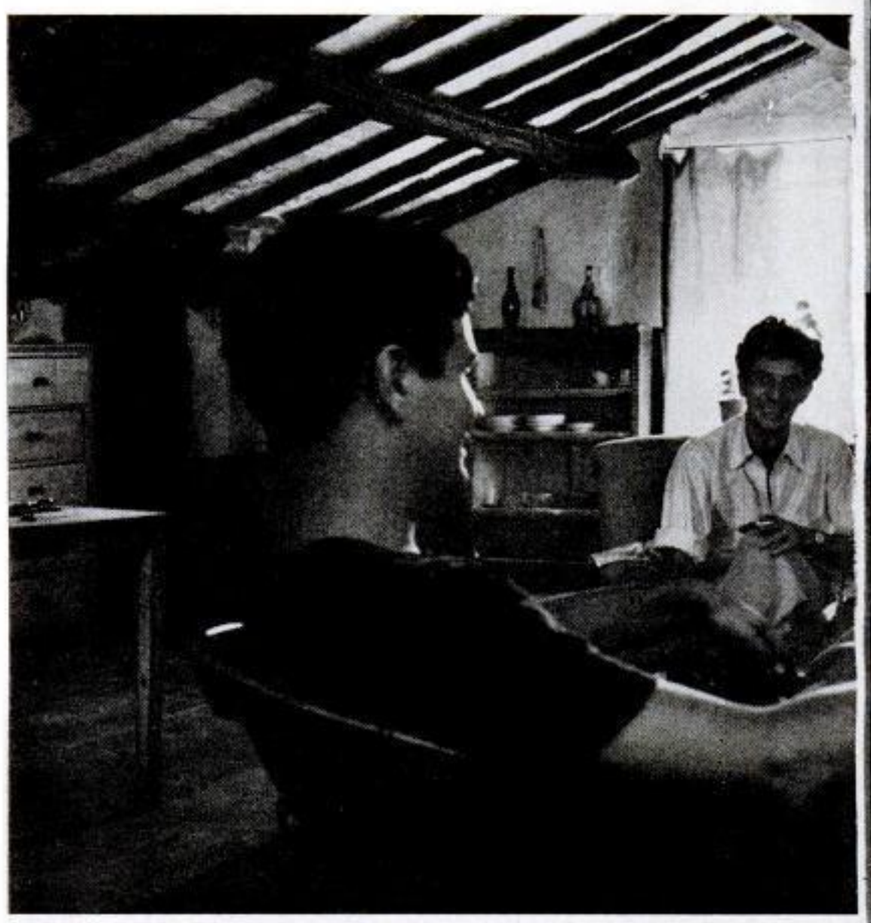
Vastly outnumbering the culture seekers of past U.S. generations, a multitude of Americans pour into Europe every year in pursuit of art and learning. Most of these make their way to Rome and a fortunate few succeed in settling in its American-financed institutions where, free from housing and monetary worries and inspired by the monuments of antiquity, they can concentrate on their studies or creative work.

One of the most respected of all the foreign cultural institutions is the 60-year-old American Academy in Rome. Established as a school for American architects, it expanded to include artists, classical scholars, composers and writers. Today the academy is no longer a school but an informal center of the arts. Supported by endowments, fellowships and contributions from U.S. colleges, it provides its 27 fellows with studios in and around its colonnaded building, living quarters, meals, travel expenses and, most important of all, easy access to the storehouse of art, history and ageless beauty that is Rome.



IN THE ACADEMY'S CLASSICAL COURTYARD, AN





← **PHOTOGRAPHING HIS WORK** in academy courtyard, Sculptor Sahl Swarz sets up camera to take picture for the catalogue of his New York show.

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ITALIAN VISITOR, TOURING THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FELLOWS' WORK, APPRAISES A BRONZE SCULPTURE OF A CIRCUS HORSE DONE BY JAMES WINES



EXCHANGING IDEAS, Poet John Ciardi (*right*) and Painter Zubel Kachadoorian discuss music in the studio of Composer Salvatore Martirano (*left*).



INDOOR STUDIO houses Sculptor Paul Kirchmer who here smoothes contours of the plaster cast of his statue of an adolescent girl holding an apple.

OUTDOOR STUDIO beside an abandoned kiln is the improvised workshop of Writer Ralph Ellison (*The Invisible Man*), who works on new novel.



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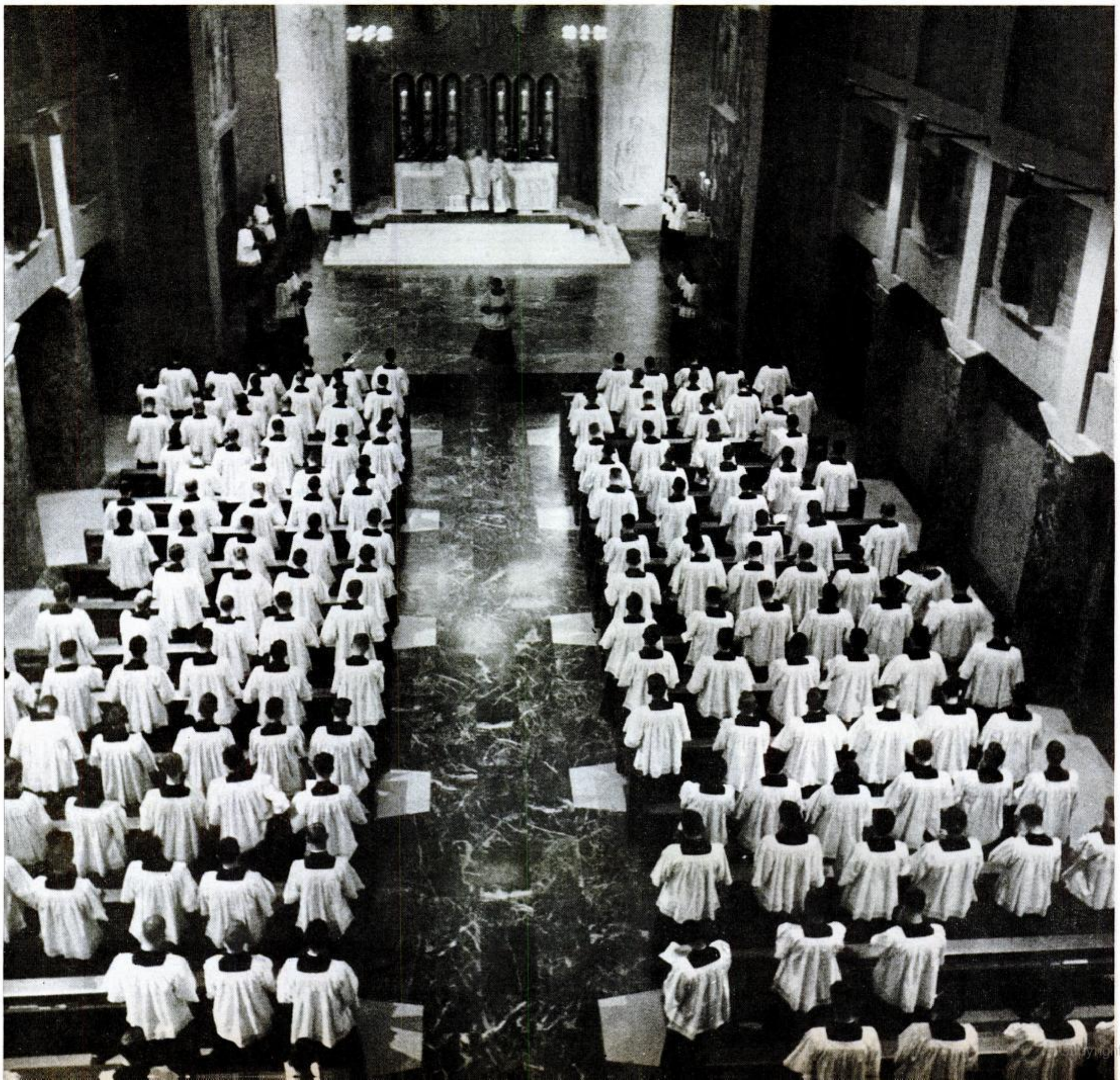
HAVEN CONTINUED

OLD CURRICULUM FOR U.S. PRIESTS

In full view of St. Peter's dome, members of another American institution pursue the religious studies which Rome, as the seat of the Catholic Church, can best offer. They are residents at the Pontifical North American College, a Catholic seminary established almost a century ago to train Americans for priesthood. Two hundred and seventy-five students inhabit the college, taking rigorous courses in theology, philosophy, sacred music and Italian both there and at the nearby Gregorian University. Once housed in a convent, the college moved in 1953 to a new $4 million building financed by U.S. Catholics. Within its precincts the students adhere to centuries-old rituals but occasionally, their cassocks flapping, they enliven the lawns with a few innings of baseball.

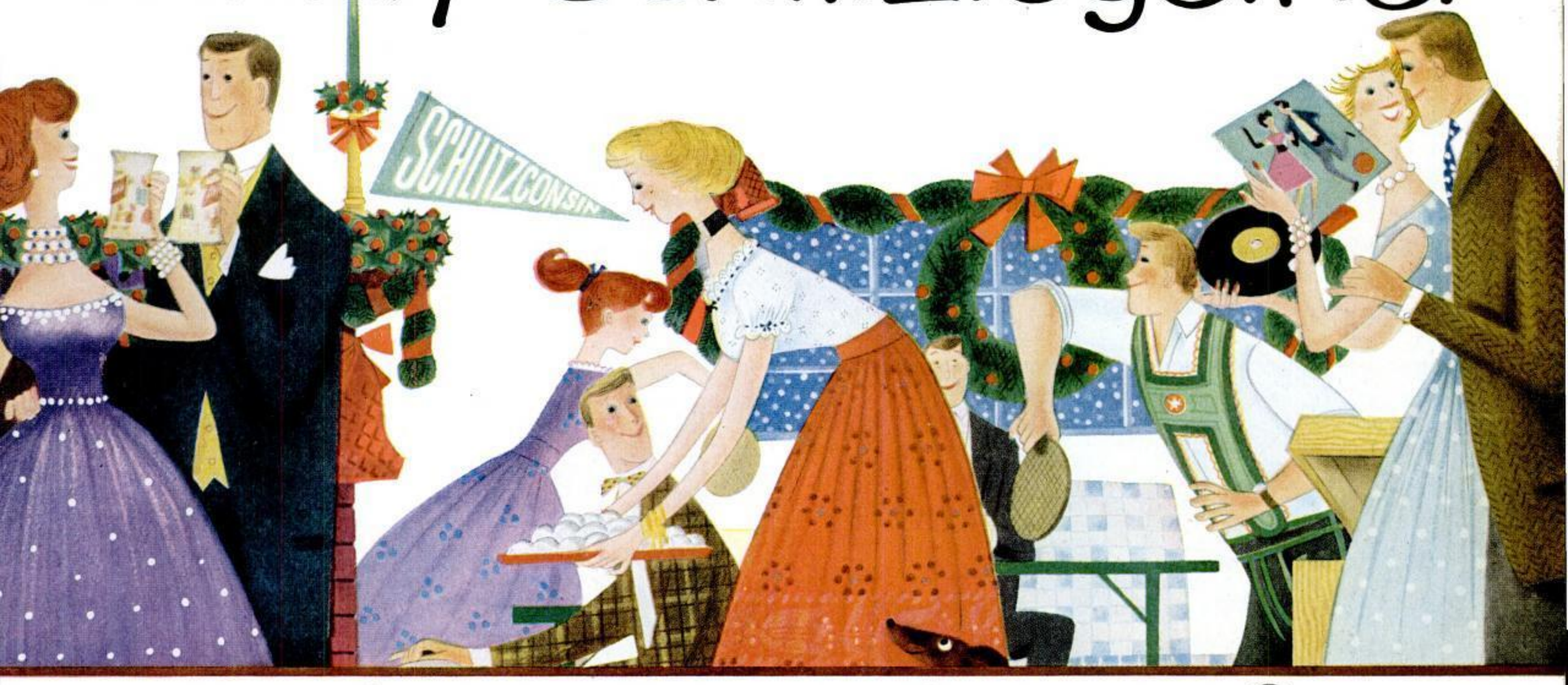
PRAYING IN SOLITUDE, students walk silently about the college lawns on "Recollection Sunday," a day given over once a month to meditation and prayer. Grounds are located on Rome's Janiculum Hill, overlooking St. Peter's basilica.

PRAYING TOGETHER, students attend High Mass in college chapel which was paid for partly by alumni and boasts one of finest organs in Italy. Students, who come from almost every state in union, spend four to six years at the college.



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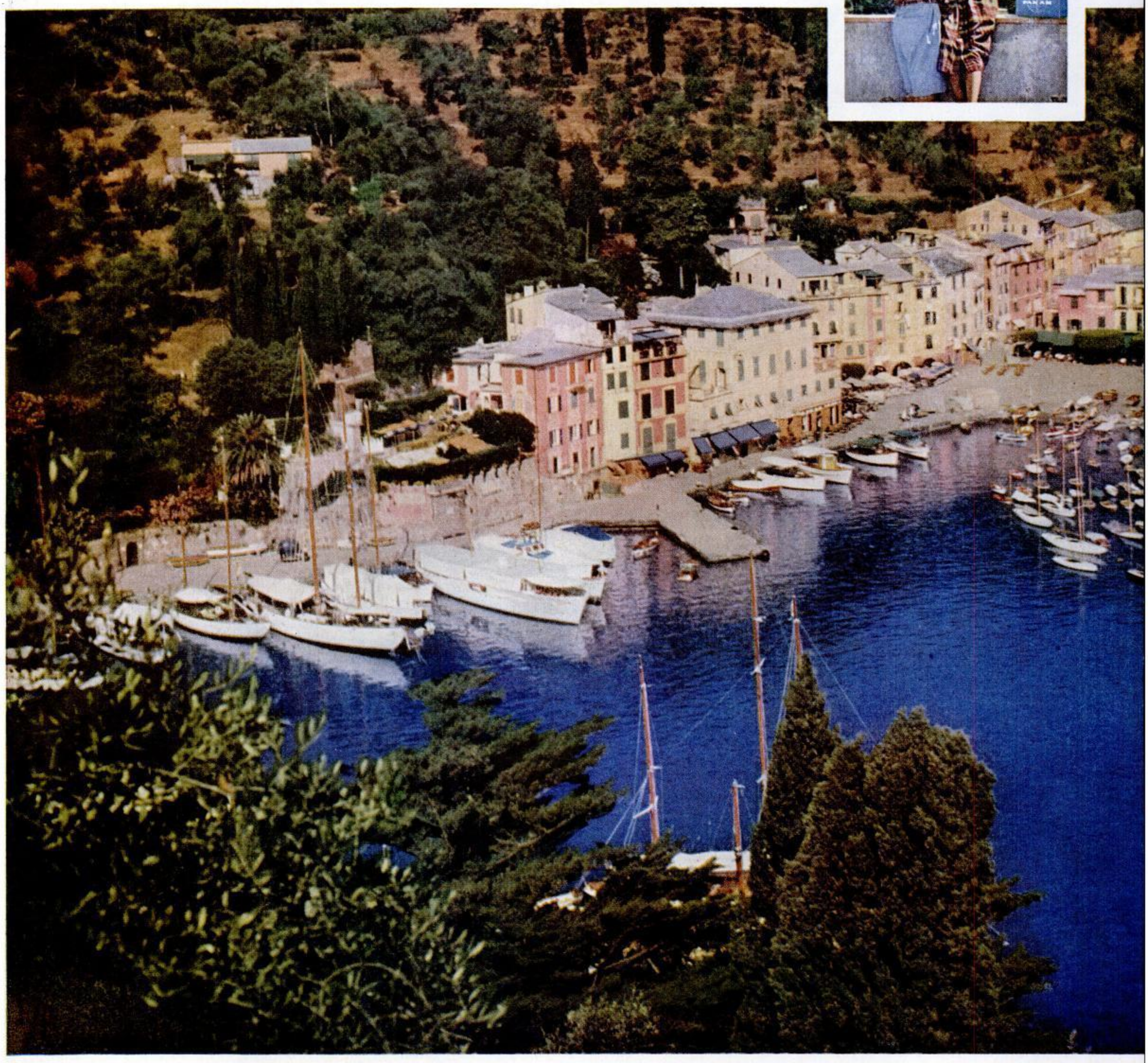
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FUTURE EMBASSY IN ENGLAND, shown in scale model, was designed by Eero Saarinen. Planned to fill one side of Grosvenor Square, London, it conforms to the general height of eaves there, has vertical accents and window patterns that tie in with the surrounding neo-Georgian houses. Construction has just begun.

Astute Plan for New Embassies

The U.S. State Department, which is currently engaged in the most ambitious foreign office building program in diplomatic annals, is handling that program with remarkable astuteness. In its 10-year, $200 million plan the State Department scrupulously avoids the usually heavy and standardized official architecture. Instead, it is building new embassies and consulates that subtly blend the traditional architectural styles of their foreign sites with a suggestion of American strength and dignity. The best American architects are contributing their designs and advice for the six buildings already done and the 41 now either on the drawing boards or under construction. The future embassies are shown on this and the next page in scale models which demonstrate that the State Department's new offices abroad will in themselves be very diplomatic.

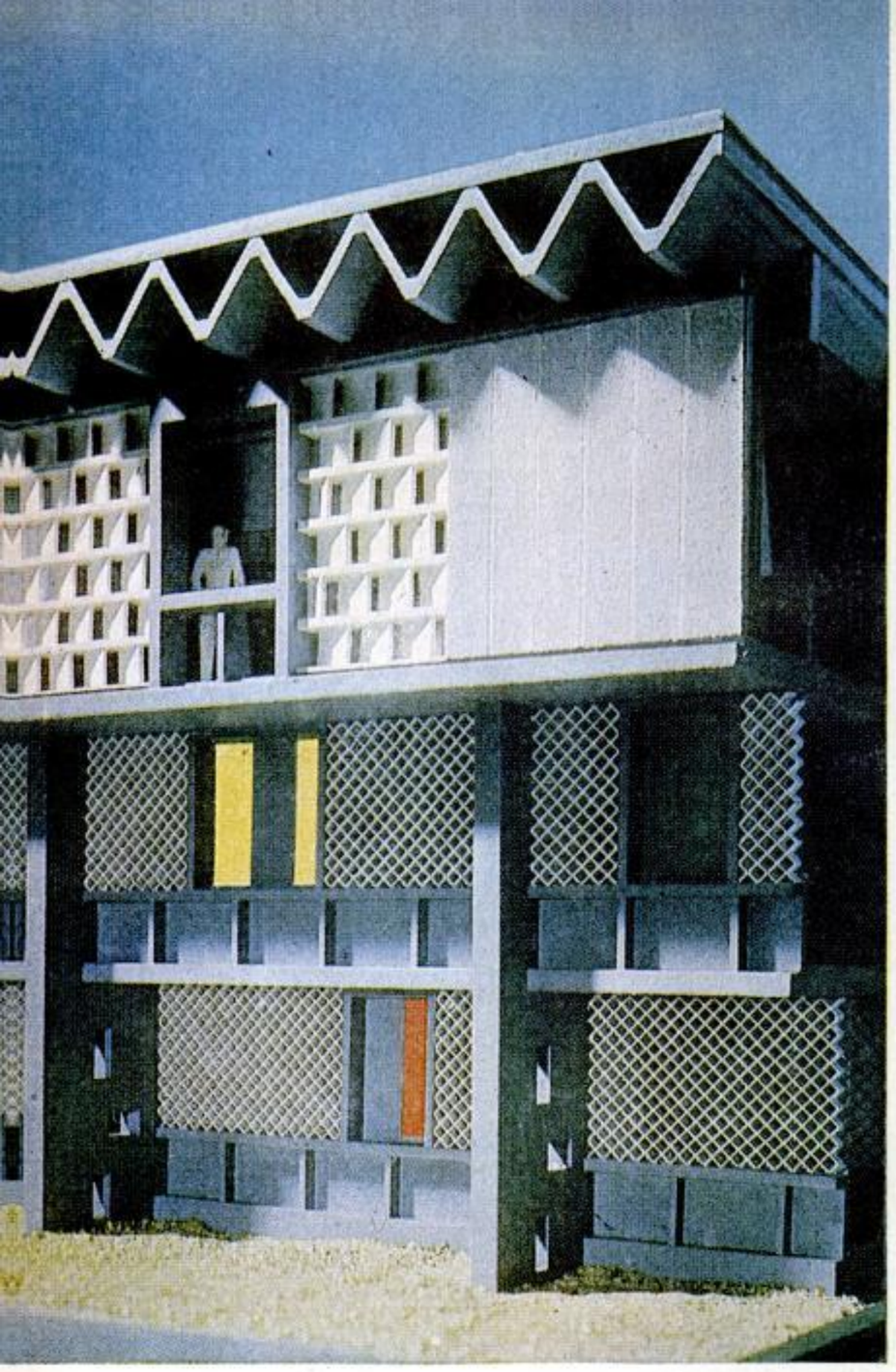


FUTURE EMBASSY IN INDIA, which is under construction, adapts the characteristics of India's celebrated Taj Mahal—calm decoration, whiteness against the sky, mirroring in a formal pool. Design of terrazzo screen is borrowed from marble and alabaster grilles of type used in the Taj. Architect is Edward D. Stone.

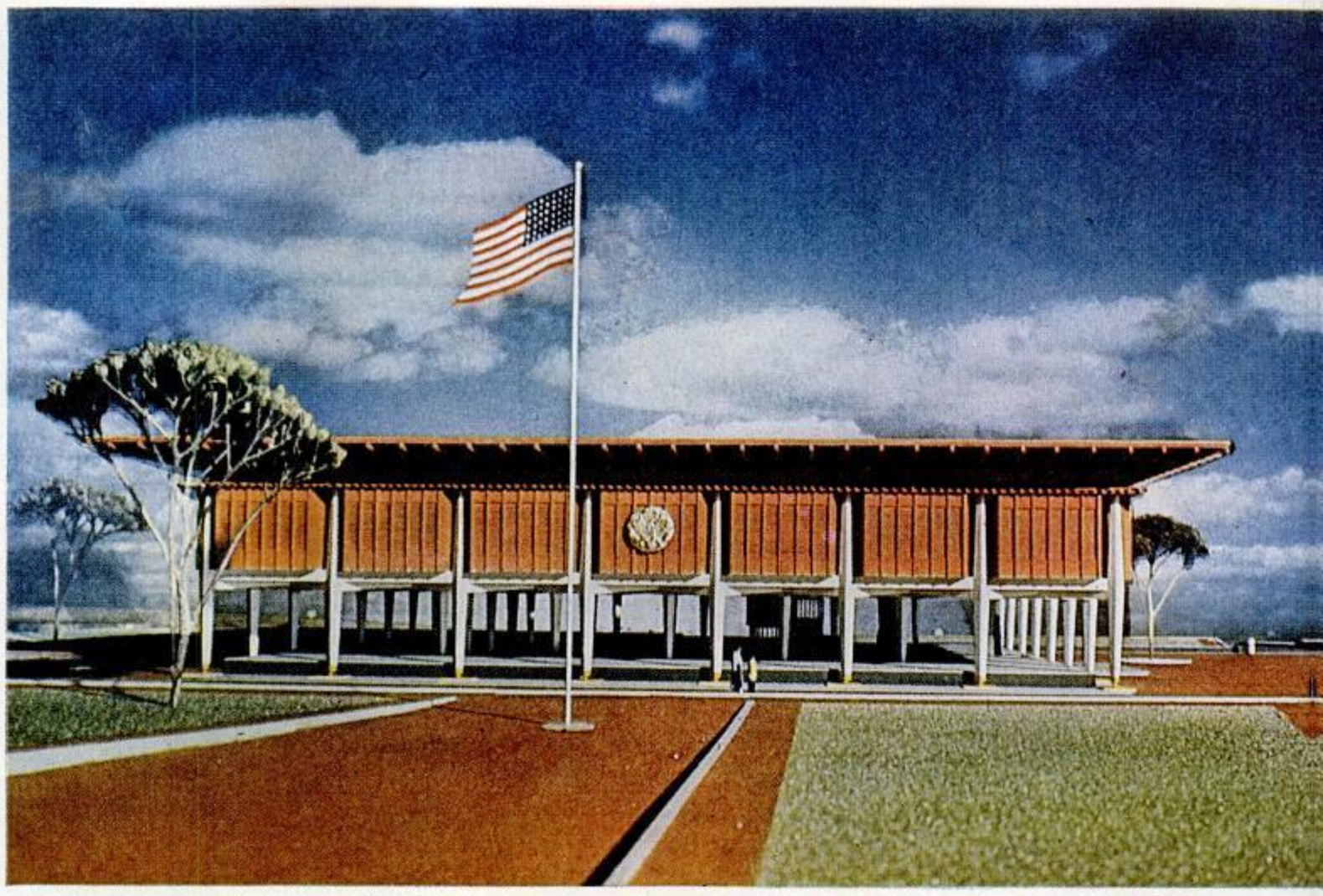
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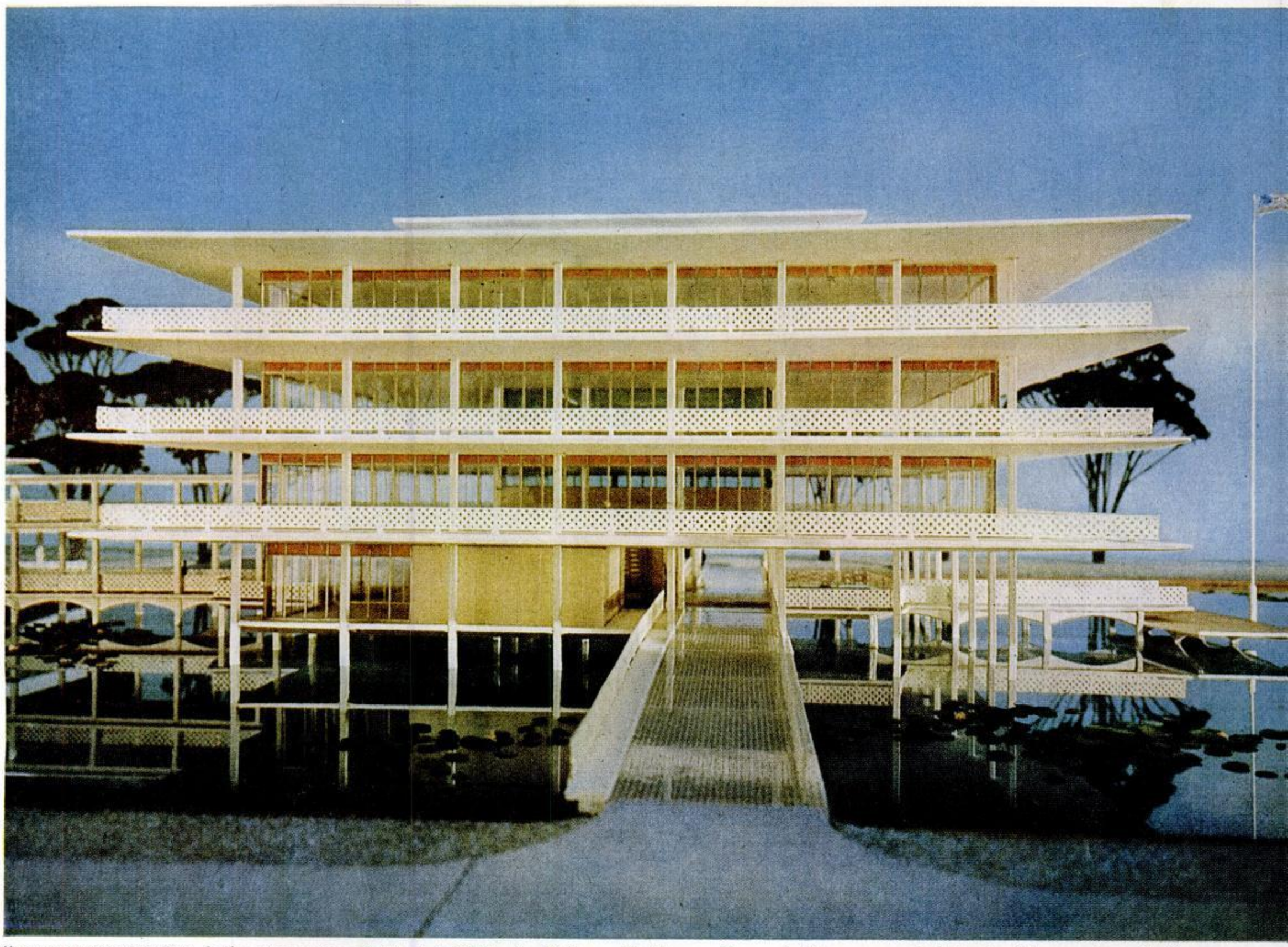
NEW EMBASSIES CONTINUED



ARAB FACADE, as shown in model, decorates embassy planned for Baghdad, Iraq and designed by Jose Luis Sert. Air spaces around corrugations under the roof provide insulation against Middle East heat.



AFRICAN STILT HOUSE, to be created for U.S. embassy in Ghana by Harry Weese, gets breezes by being elevated, makes use of wood, the indigenous building material. Entrance is by stairs under center.



"FLOATING" PAGODA, forthcoming embassy in Bangkok, Thailand, will fit into Oriental city noted for its canals and temples. Balconies are copied from Thai houses, the mosaic tile screens on the balconies follow temple motifs. Construction is scheduled to start early next year. The architect is John Warnecke.

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YUGOSLAVIA! Twisting mountain passes were straightened by Ford's new, feather-light Magic-Circle steering.



TURKEY! Even rough, rock-studded back roads were tamed by the 58 Ford's new Ball-Joint front suspension.



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MARIE DE MEDICIS AU POINT DE CE
APRES LA PRISE DE LA VILLE

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AMBASSADORIAL ADMIRATION is expressed by Amory Houghton as he tries wine at Château Beychevelle. Achille Achille-Fould (*left*), chateau's owner, and other members of the "Ordre des Compagnons du Bontemps de Médoc," dressed in society's robes, installed the ambassador as companion of good living.

THE WORK OF ADVANCING U.S. INTERESTS

Oldest, Busiest Embassy

PARIS HANDLES CLASSIC TASKS OF DIPLOMACY—AND NEW ONES

The main burden of advancing America's ideas abroad and promoting its interests falls on its diplomats. And as U.S. involvement in the world has grown, so has its diplomatic arm. This growth is nowhere better revealed than in Paris where the U.S. actually has two men of ambassadorial rank. Here, where Ben Franklin served his country with only his personal charm and two assistants, the U.S. embassy today is an operation with a staff of 2,000 working in six main office buildings and an annual budget of $14.5 million. It administers U.S. social, economic and political programs, serves as the hub of a great communications network and, for Americans overseas, tends to a myriad of details.

Diplomacy's classic function in Paris, representing the U.S. to France, is performed by Amory Houghton, a multimillionaire glassmaker of Corning, N.Y., who also bears the highest U.S. diplomatic title, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. He deals with France's highest officials and through his staff he interprets France to the U.S. government. The other ambassador in Paris is Randolph Burgess, and his role—a measure of the new complexities of U.S. foreign interests—is Chief of Mission to the many-nation European organizations which are centered in Paris.

The Paris embassy is the oldest and busiest U.S. foreign service establishment. Its prime function is political. Consulates are smaller and headed by a consul, who is of lower rank than an ambassador. Their job is promoting trade and aiding local Americans. Yet even one of the newest and smallest consulates (*pp. 120, 121*) has a political mission to perform.



SECOND AMBASSADOR, Randolph Burgess (*right center*) is honored at the Houghtons. To the left of him are Mrs. Houghton and the British ambassador.

DIPLOMATIC DISCUSSION brings Ambassador Houghton to the office of Foreign Minister Christian Pineau (*left*) in the Foreign Office, the Quay d'Orsay.

CONTINUED 117

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SIFTING FOR GRUBS, Dr. Harry Parker, embassy agricultural aide. seeks a species containing parasites that can be used to attack the harmful grubs in U.S.



ISSUING VISAS, Vice Consul Mary E. McDonnell gives oath to the Vincenzo Randazzese family who are going to U.S. Two youngest children do not take oath.

HELP FOR FARMERS, EMIGRANTS, INFANTS, AND GUIDANCE

The Paris embassy, like all the large embassies, is essentially the executive branch of the U.S. government in miniature. Agricultural experts do research that will aid U.S. farmers. A local branch of the Internal Revenue Bureau keeps a steely eye on American earnings abroad.

Beyond this, the embassy is an effective fact-gathering agency, whose experts (*below*) send a steady flow of guidance information to Washington. Its communications center is the largest the foreign service has outside Washington, linking U.S. outposts in Europe and North Africa with each other and with Washington.

But it is the embassy's consular services that the public sees—and appreciates—the most. To Americans, the embassy is a sanctuary, where they can hear a familiar language and get help with problems that range from lost

STAFF MEETING of top embassy officials begins in conference room. From left foreground are Patten Allen, commercial attaché; Ambassador Houghton; Colonel Ben Sternberg, Military Assistance Advisory Group; Brigadier General Frank Moorman, Army attaché; Colonel R. H. Macklin, air attaché; Captain



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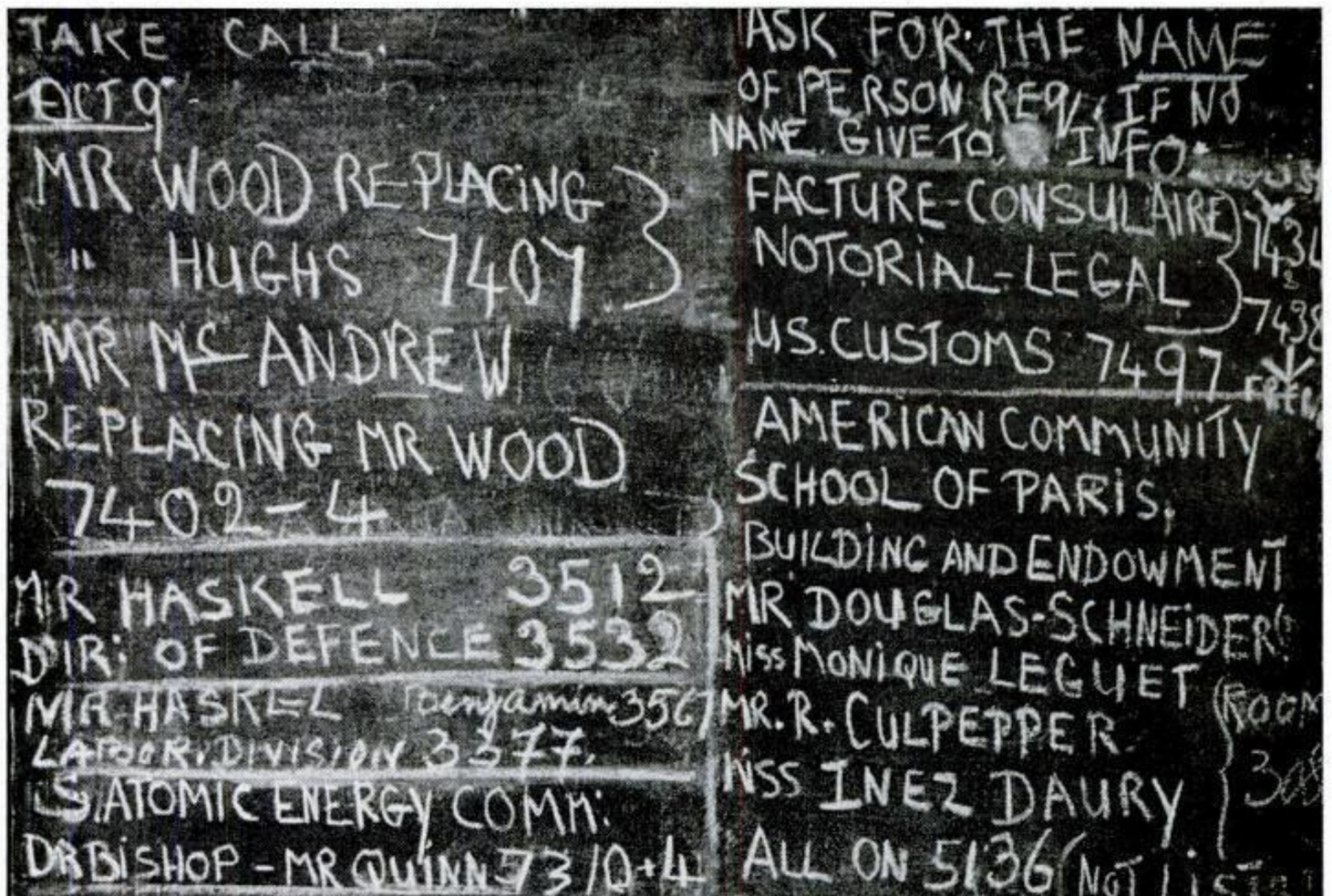
MEASURING A BABY for passport data, Nelly Labbey puts ruler to two-week-old Gary Perleberg.

FOR WASHINGTON

passports to lost in-laws. The consular section handles some 150 Americans a day and issues a visa every six working minutes to foreign nationals. In emergencies the embassy may even lend money to touring citizens who run out of cash before they run out of vacation time.

Hugh Robinson, Navy attaché; Daniel Horowitz, labor attaché; and Henry Baehr, agricultural attaché.

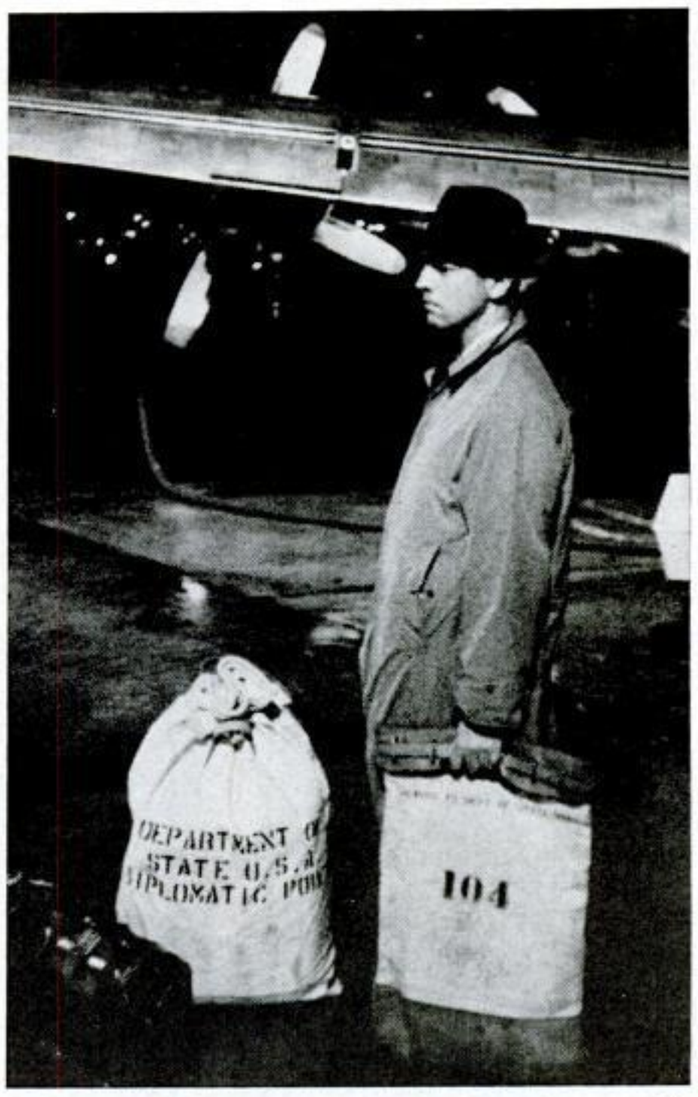




SIGN OF ACTIVITY at the embassy, blackboard carries late changes as guide for the 19 telephone operators, who are all bilingual. Yearly phone bill is $85,000 and includes 17,000 long-distance calls.



36 HOURS OF TAPE from teletypes are discarded in the embassy's wire room, busy 24 hours a day.



PARIS COURIER arrives at London airport with pouches for a messenger from local U.S. embassy.

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MEETING A RUSSIAN, McGrath chats with Paul Guvorkyane (*right*) of Addis Ababa consulate in cafe of Hotel Croce del Sud. Left are Somali official Giama Ganni Ahmed. U.S. aide Robert Pierson.

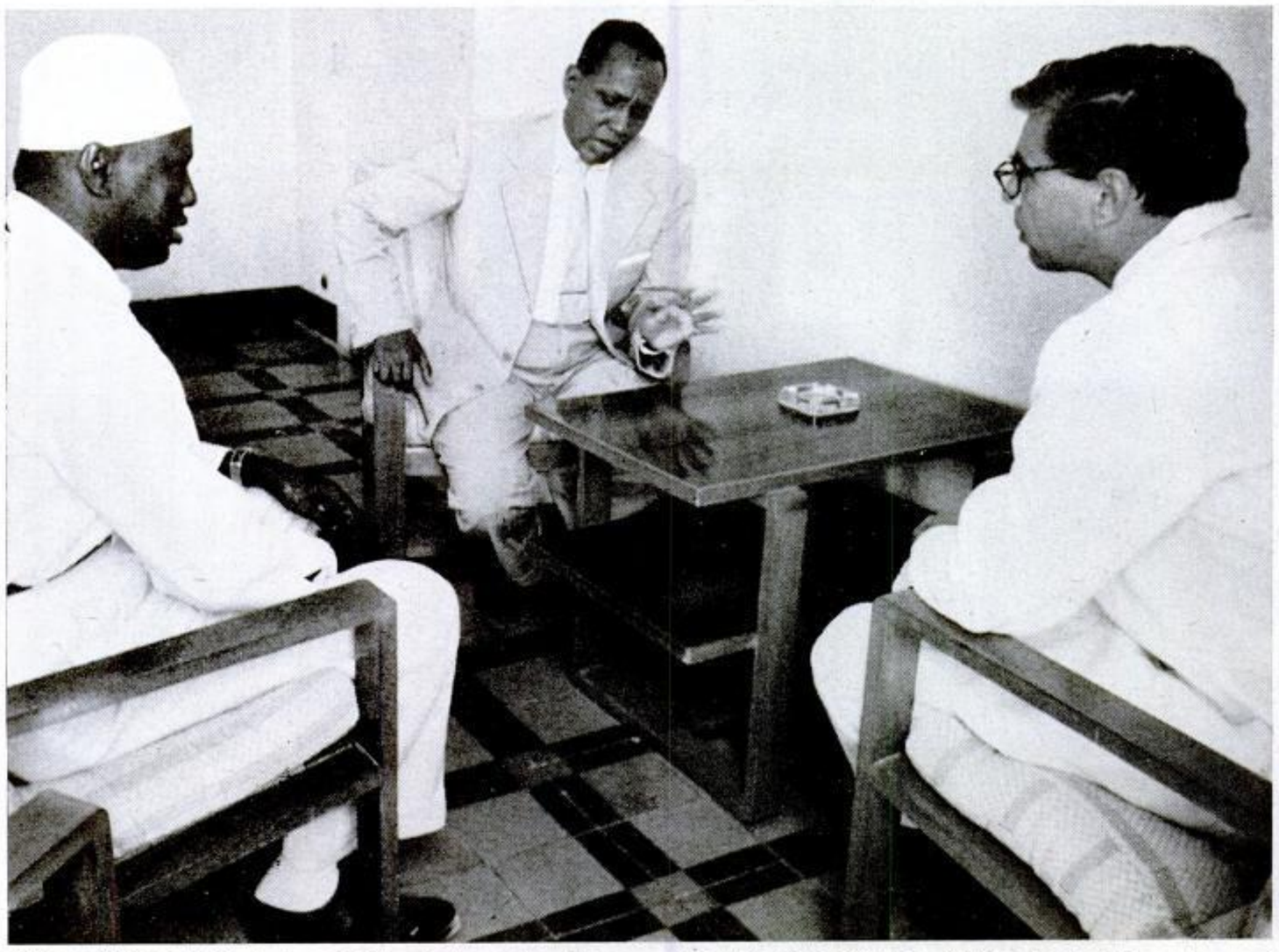


PROMOTING THE U.S. at the biennial trade fair in Mogadiscio, McGrath and consulate's information

Consulate in

A world away from the cosmopolitan bustle of the Paris embassy is the new consulate at Mogadiscio, the capital of Somalia on the Indian Ocean, almost astride the equator. The consulate was opened last summer, one of four new African consulates which bespeak the keen U.S. interest in an emerging continent. To establish and run the consulate, the State Department chose a 10-year veteran of the Foreign Service, a soft-spoken 38-year-old bachelor named John McGrath from Pawtucket, R.I.

Somalia, formerly Italian Somaliland, is a poor



COURTESY CALL brings McGrath for talk with Prime Minister Issa, Interior Minister Musa (*left*).



QUAIL HUNTING, McGrath (holding shotgun) and Pierson ride a crude ferry over Shebeli River. →



officer Harrison Johnson (white suit) watch visitors at the exhibit, which showed movie of Nixon's Africa tour.

Nation-To-Be

almost wholly undeveloped, illiterate land. Now operating as a United Nations trusteeship, it will by 1960 become an independent nation. Through McGrath, the U.S. is seeking early to win Somalia's friendship and encourage her economic development. The Russians as yet have placed no permanent representatives in Mogadiscio, but their agents have dropped into town (*top left*) for quiet talks in a land whose poverty and ignorance are fertile grounds for Communist inroads—and a notable challenge to Consul McGrath and his small staff.





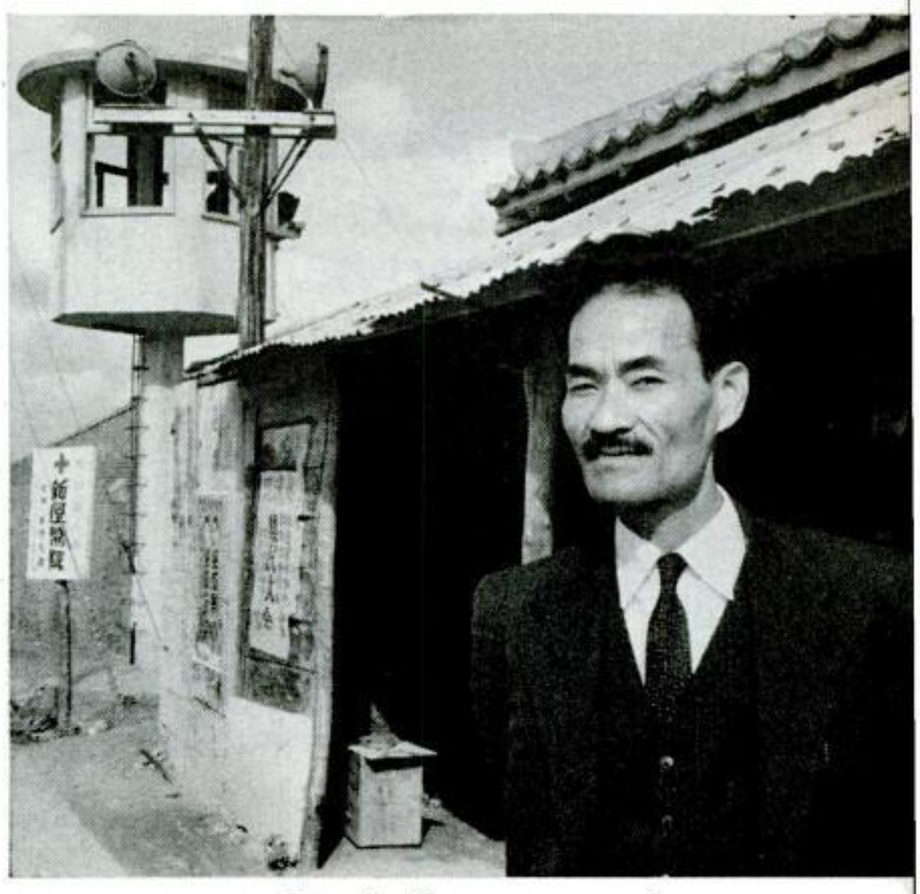
CONSULATE STAFF gathers atop its building. Besides McGrath, there are five other Americans, an English secretary and three natives. Absent here is Vice Consul John Blane, who was in the hospital.

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ANTI-U.S. RALLY draws 10,000 in Naha, island's biggest city. Called by the pro-Communist People's Party, rally demanded return of Okinawa to Japan, more U.S. money for requisitioned land. U.S. first paid as little as $25 per acre yearly rental, has upped the price, but not enough to satisfy the Okinawans.



PRO-COMMUNIST Kamejiro Senaga was ousted as mayor of Naha when U.S. rigged city rules against him. He served time in jail (*left*) for hiding a Red.

ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING ON THE OKINAWA BASE

Some undemocratic rulings and a military golf course have undermined U.S. achievements

In its new role as a world leader, the U.S. draws plenty of criticism, and the picture opposite epitomizes one of the sorest points. This is the golf course built on Okinawa by the U.S. Armed Forces. The U.S. occupies Okinawa because it considers the island necessary for defense—and Okinawans accept this reason. But the course takes out of cultivation land on which 50 Okinawan families subsisted, and on this overcrowded, land-hungry island the people see no vital connection between defense and golf.

It is this sort of seeming indifference that has caused the U.S. a pack of troubles in the Pacific, erupting in anti-American riots in Taipeh and ballooning the Girard trial out of proportion in Japan. Friction was inevitable when 30,000 uniformed Americans with 12,000 wives and children were squeezed onto an island 22 times more densely populated than the U.S. To make room for bases, some 175,000 Okinawans have had to give up their land. But the problems have been aggravated by bureaucratic foul-ups and lack of imagination. When these led to the election of a pro-Communist as mayor of Naha, the island's capital, U.S military authorities made the situation worse by arbitrarily changing Okinawa's ordinances to get him out of office. The chief executive of the island (*below*) was appointed instead of being elected. There is now wide Okinawan agitation for returning the island to Japan.

In its 13-year occupation, the U.S. has poured half a billion dollars into Okinawa. One out of four employed Okinawans works for the U.S. forces, mostly in menial jobs but at higher wages than they were used to. Americans have built houses, roads and hospitals for Okinawans and improved the people's health. Personal relationships with the islanders are good. But what Okinawa would like now is some American democracy.



SIGN PAINTER turns out desk and bunk signs for members of U.S. Ninth Marine Regiment, including privates. He gets about 60¢ apiece for the signs.



ISLAND'S BOSSES before legislature building are U.S. High Commissioner Lieut. General James E. Moore and Jugo Thoma, Ryukyus chief executive.



HANGAR SWEEPER has menial job which nevertheless carries prestige because of closeness to military equipment. Here she cleans around an F-100.

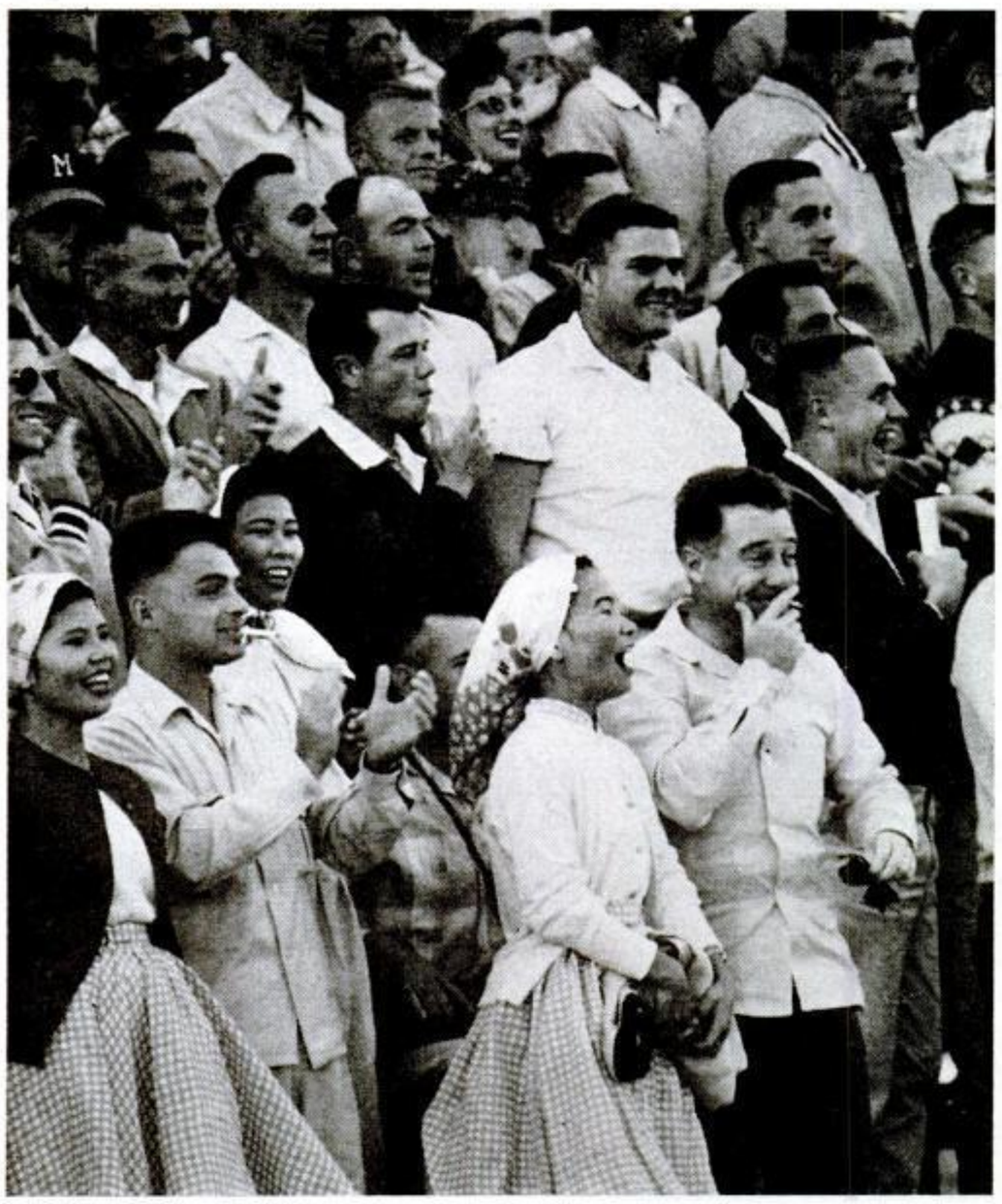
← RICE IS HARVESTED AS AMERICANS TEE OFF AT GOLF COURSE OKINAWANS RESENT

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SERVICEMAN AND OKINAWA GIRL huddle outside nightclub bearing big "A" which is the military seal of approval. Nightclubs that do not have the seal are off limits. Servicemen have until 11:30 p.m. to return to their bases.



FOOTBALL FANS include servicemen and Okinawa girls at a game between a Marine team from Okinawa and a Navy team from Japan in Okinawa's Sukiyaki Bowl. Okinawa girls tried to cheer at the right time but hardly ever did.



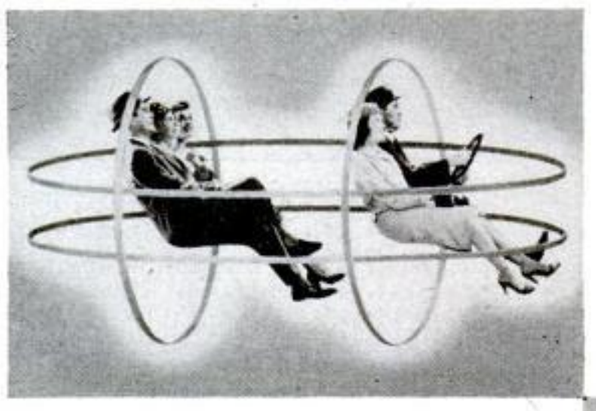
ONE OF THE FAMILY, Okinawan maid, Tomiko, eats lunch with Sgt. 1/C Charles Gross, wife and children. Mrs. Gross makes lunch. Tomiko, who gets $17.50 a month, washes up afterward, does laundry, most of housecleaning.

Want to see what a completely new car can do?

DRIVE A REVOLUTION ON WHEELS!

Turn the key in this bold new Pontiac and you unlock a type of motoring that never existed before! This much you can be sure of... your first ride will be an experience you'll never forget: You'll discover the jeweled-action response of a new kind of power plant; the lyrical smoothness of a floating undercarriage developed out of radical new principles in frame and chassis design; an ease in handling and parking you have never known in conventional cars. If you like to be first with the newest, your Pontiac dealer has the key to the boldest advance in fifty years!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

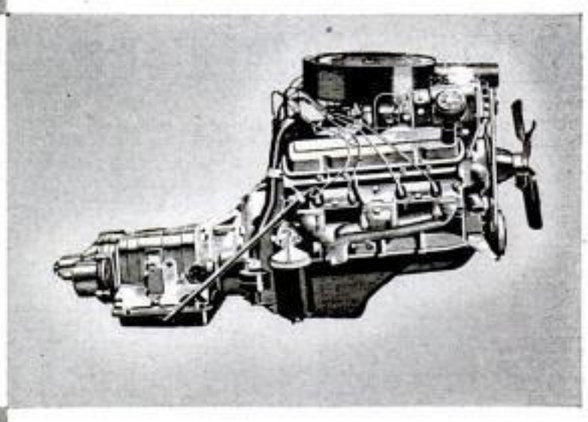


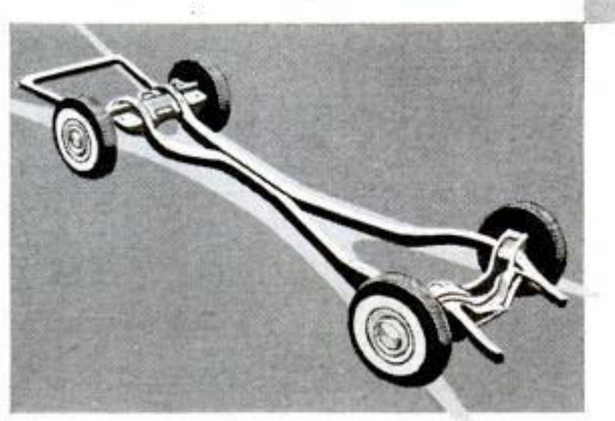
CIRCLES-OF-STEEL SAFETY ←

Pontiac's completely new body construction surrounds you with girder steel protection—above, below, fore and aft. Now you can drive with wonderful new peace of mind!

TEMPEST 395 PERFORMANCE →

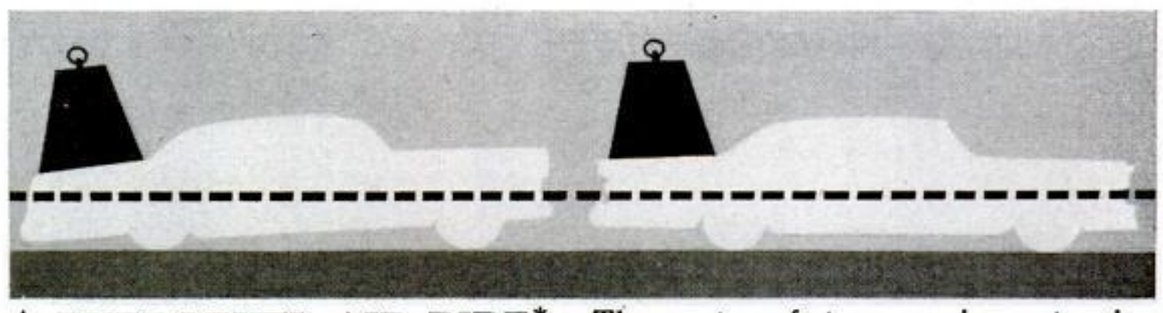
Sample the smooth precision of America's most advanced V-8! You can choose from 4 horsepower ratings, including Tri-Power Carburetion and Fuel Injection optional at extra cost on any model.





AERO-FRAME STABILITY ←

Here is the biggest basic construction change since the early days of motoring. This revolutionary new frame design is lighter, stronger, more stable than the conventional box type used on other cars.



↑ **EVER-LEVEL AIR RIDE*** • *The most perfect suspension yet—air cushions on all four wheels float you over bumps—keeps the car level regardless of load or road! And Pontiac's revolutionary Aero-Frame is specifically designed for it!*

**An extra-cost option.*

BOLD NEW

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IN THE BACKGROUND—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BOLD ENGINEERING, MICHIGAN'S NEW MACKINAC STRAITS BRIDGE.

PONTIAC

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REBUILDING OLD CANAL by ruins of once-great city of Angkor Thom, Cambodians use American heavy equipment provided by U.S. foreign aid program. Canal was part of an 11th Century irrigation project, and U.S. aid mission engineers, finding plan still sound, urged that it be restored to help make

ENERGIZING AN ANCIENT

In Cambodia, the U.S. aid program helps develop land, educate people,

Under the U.S. foreign economic aid program, American earth movers and educators are slowly moving the ancient southeast Asian kingdom of Cambodia toward modern economic life. The worldwide economic aid program is a decade old and has cost a total of nearly $23 billion. Most of the money has gone for Marshall Plan rebuilding of Western Europe after the war. Today U.S. aid concentrates on underdeveloped nations like Cambodia. The shift has a twofold purpose. One is to help meet the Cambodians' rising expectations for a higher living standard. The other is to help Cambodia resist political pressure from nearby Red China.

This year the U.S. spent $35 million—or about $7 per Cambodian—on aid to the little country, which was part of French Indochina until Indochina broke up into several free nations. The money went for major development and building projects, for essential imports, for supporting the army and for education of Cambodians, both at home and in the U.S. The U.S. program was supplemented by aid from France and Britain. The Chinese are trying to counter this with $11 million aid of their own.

The boss of the 47-man U.S. aid mission to Cambodia is a 47-year-old Ohioan, Alvin Roseman (*right*), who has a 20-year record of able service in economic planning. Whether he is on the road inspecting projects or in his office consulting with Cambodian officials, Roseman works an 18-hour day that begins with reading papers before dawn and sometimes ends near to midnight with official entertainment. Roseman's job is as much a diplomatic as an economic one. He must assist Cambodian progress

Photographed for LIFE by JOHN DOMINIS

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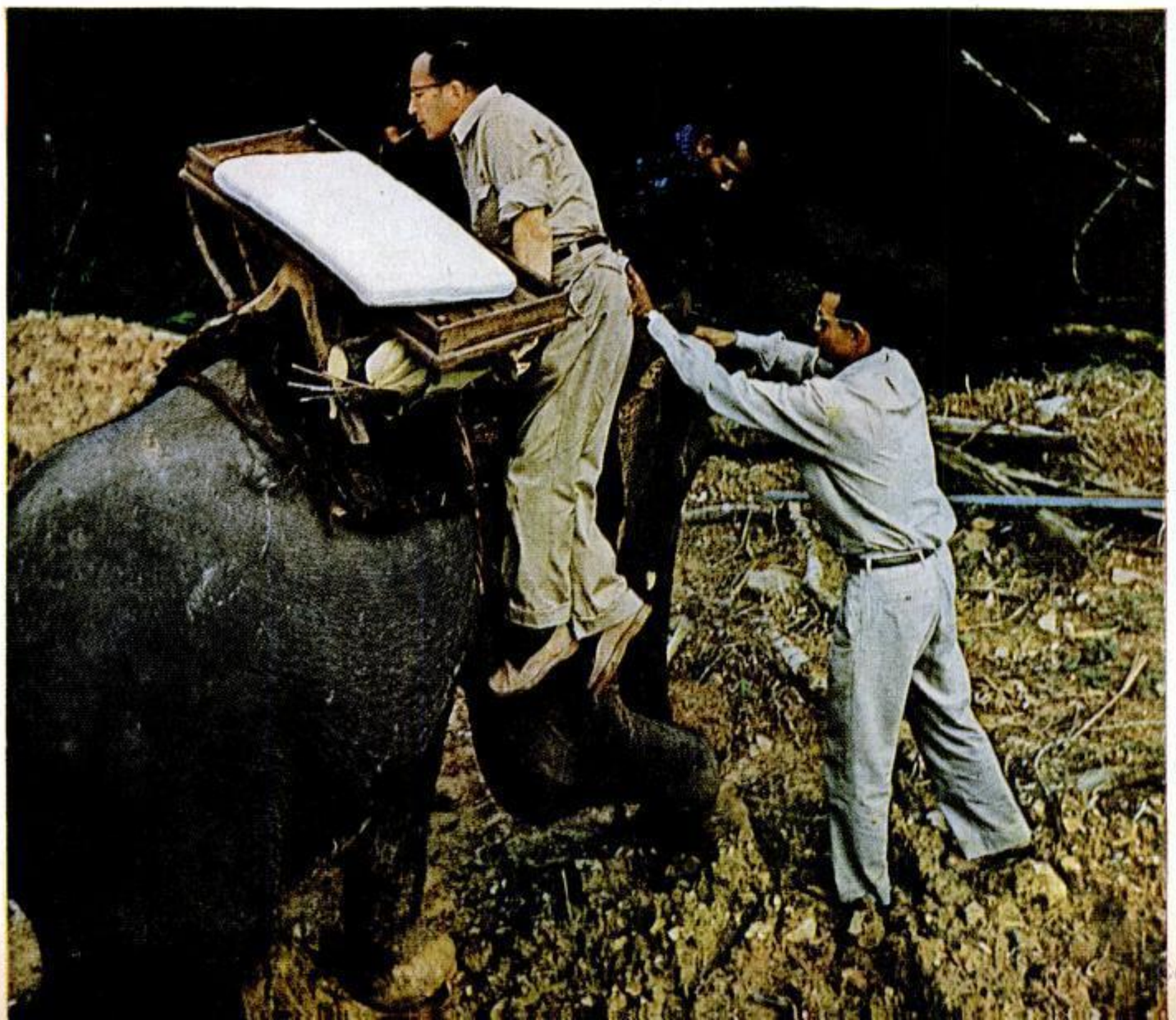
35,000 acres arable. Statues are of demons and line old bridge. Gathering clouds herald monsoon rains.

NATION

stave off Communism

without offending Cambodian pride, and must play a part in Cambodian events without intervening in politics.

The Cambodian venture seems outstanding among U.S. aid efforts. Some money has certainly been wasted, especially by unscrupulous importers who got their hands on U.S. funds, but there has been nothing like the mess made of U.S. money in Laos, right next door. The Cambodians are raising per capita income and literacy at promising rates. And, despite Red China's efforts, Cambodia is still neutral.



U.S. AID BOSS Alvin Roseman on inspection trip gets boost onto an elephant from Cambodian aide.

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NEW MECHANICS, two recently trained Cambodians change a huge tire for an earth mover at the camp of A. L. Dougherty Overseas, Inc., a U.S. company that is building roads with U.S. aid funds.

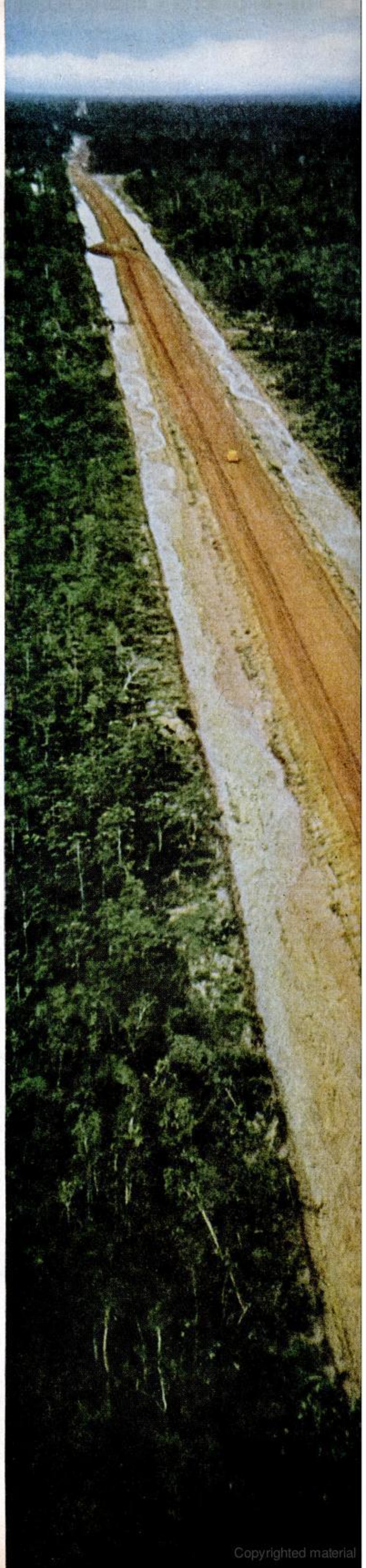
A ROAD TO SEA AND TO SKILLS

The biggest U.S. economic aid project in Cambodia, using up over half the funds, is a 130-mile road (*right*) from Phnompenh, the capital, to the new town of Kompong Som which, when finished, will be the country's first and only seaport. The road will promote domestic trade and enable the government to rule more effectively. The port, which France is helping to build, will make Cambodia independent of the Vietnamese port, Saigon, that it now uses. Both road and port are to be in use in 1958.

The road leads not only to the sea, but also to new skills for the Cambodians working on it. They learn from U.S. road builders and surveyors (*opposite page*). To make job training even more effective, Filipino instructors (*below*) have been brought in by the aid mission as best equipped to teach their fellow Asians.



FILIPINO INSTRUCTOR (*back to camera*) teaches welding to a Cambodian at U.S.-supported school in Phnompenh where students learn to service the heavy machinery used on the road construction job.



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←**THE BIG ROAD** cuts straight swath through jungle. Rust-colored laterite rock is used as the base.

ROAD SURVEY in jungle is done by Cambodians and American employes of Michael Baker, Jr. Inc.

CONTINUED

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CONSULTING ON CROPS, Agronomist James Owens inspects stand of ramie, which yields textile fiber, with Cambodian expert Mey Komphot. Owens advised Cambodians to develop ramie for export.



MAJOR EFFORT

While the bustling Americans in Cambodia have put the big money into the projects that will show results in a hurry, they have also patiently invested in a commodity that will only pay off in the distant future: education. Nearly $3 million, triple what was spent only two years ago, goes for instruction in everything from better farming (*above*) to literacy for the 70% illiterate population. Most important, Cambodian officials have responded to U.S. priming with such zeal that they are putting 20% of their national budget, or $10 million per year, into improvement in schooling.

MEDICAL MOVIE, showing how to spray against mosquitoes, is made by Cambodians and Filipinos.

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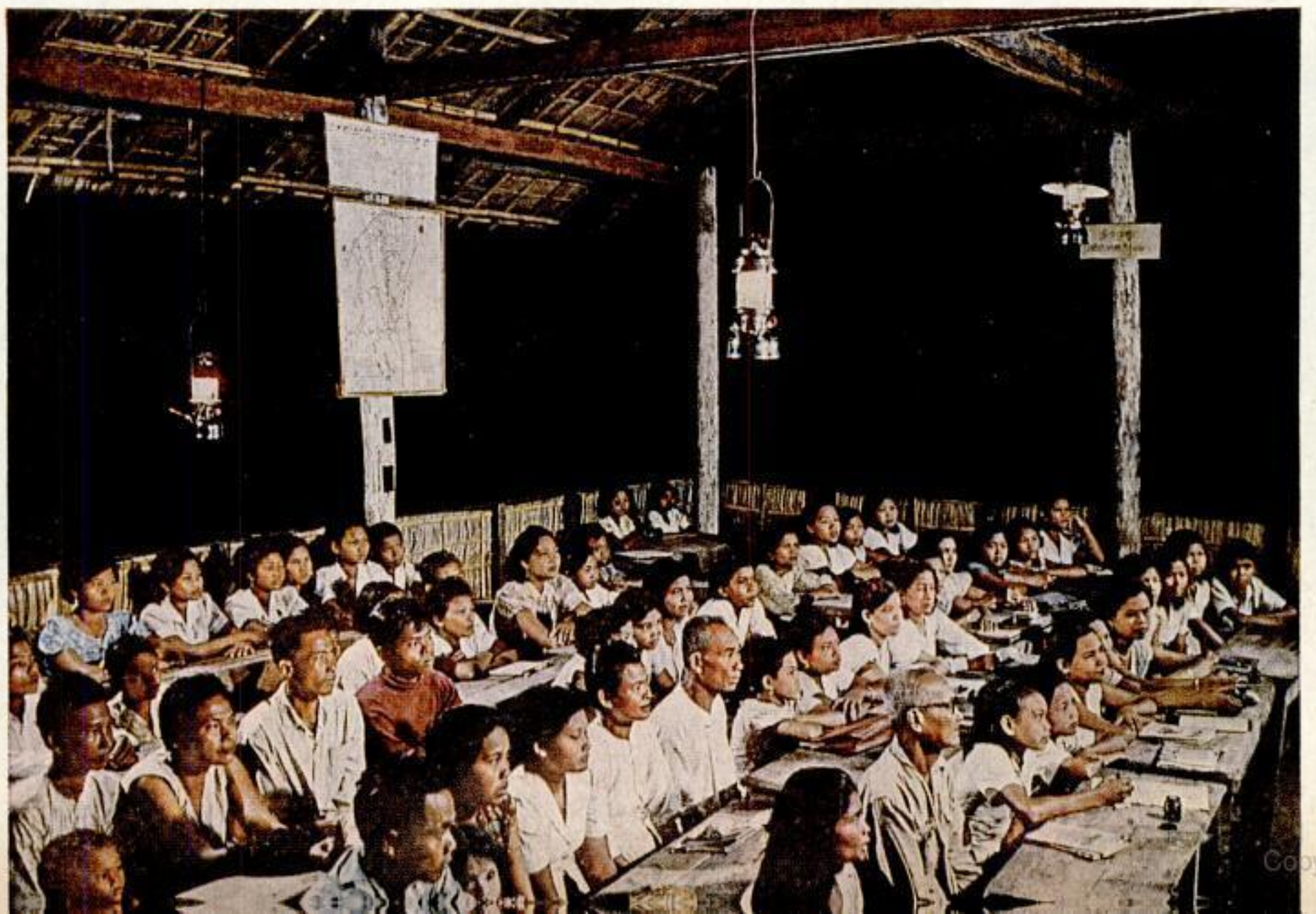


U.S. EDUCATOR Samuel Adams, a Ph.D. from Chicago University, spurs farmers in a Cambodian village by telling them of headway made by other localities. Girls in back are starting to weave cloth.

IN EDUCATION

The program begins at basic levels, with Cambodians and Americans getting together on as simple but vital a thing as village improvement (*above, right*). Egged on by the U.S., the Cambodians compete with each other in improving homes, digging privies, building playgrounds and community halls.

At a higher level, over 3,000 teachers have been shown the modern classroom techniques. Training of Cambodian civil servants and engineers is under way. For the aid program means to develop Cambodia's human resources as intensively as its natural resources (*next page*).



LEARNING TO READ, villagers of all ages gather in hall built in course of the improvement program.

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PLANNING LUMBER INDUSTRY, (*from left*) U.S. forestry expert Waldo Sands, Roseman, chief forest supervisor Cou Couruen and division forester Nong Pril inspect fine stand of pine at Kirirom in central Cambodia. Sands estimates that Cambodia can cut $4 million in lumber a year without hurting forests.

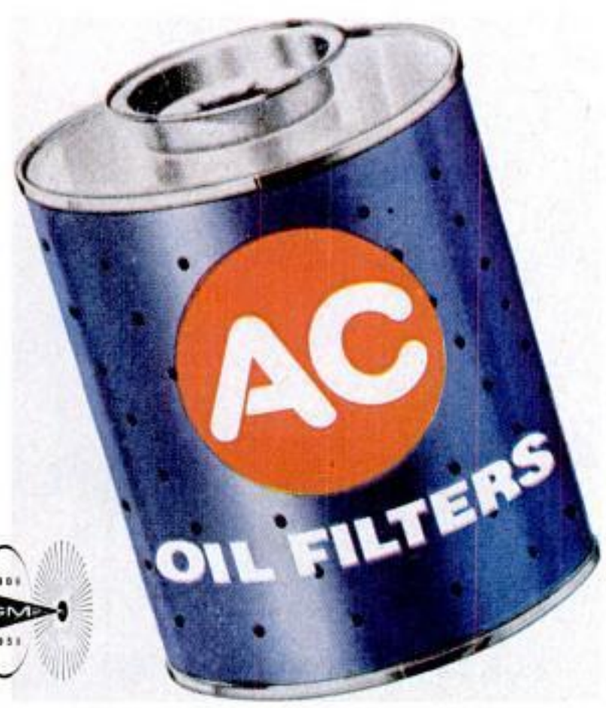
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If you're an average driver, you'll travel over 15 times the distance from Advance to Cash—a total of 10,000 miles each year! And you'll probably encounter the same types of driving from town traffic to country cruising . . . the same types of weather from hot to cold, from fair to foul . . . the same types of terrain from winding hills to level straightaways. The engine of your car will be subjected to all driving conditions and situations.

That's why it's so important to give your engine the added protection of a new AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles! An AC Oil Filter cleans all of the oil in the engine every 30 seconds at normal speeds . . . protects the precision parts from dirt, dust, grit and bits of metal as small as 1/100,000th of an inch.

The next time you change the oil in your engine—change to a new AC Oil Filter, too. Your nearby AC dealer will tell you how little it costs, how much it does for your engine!

AC THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week—ABC-TV

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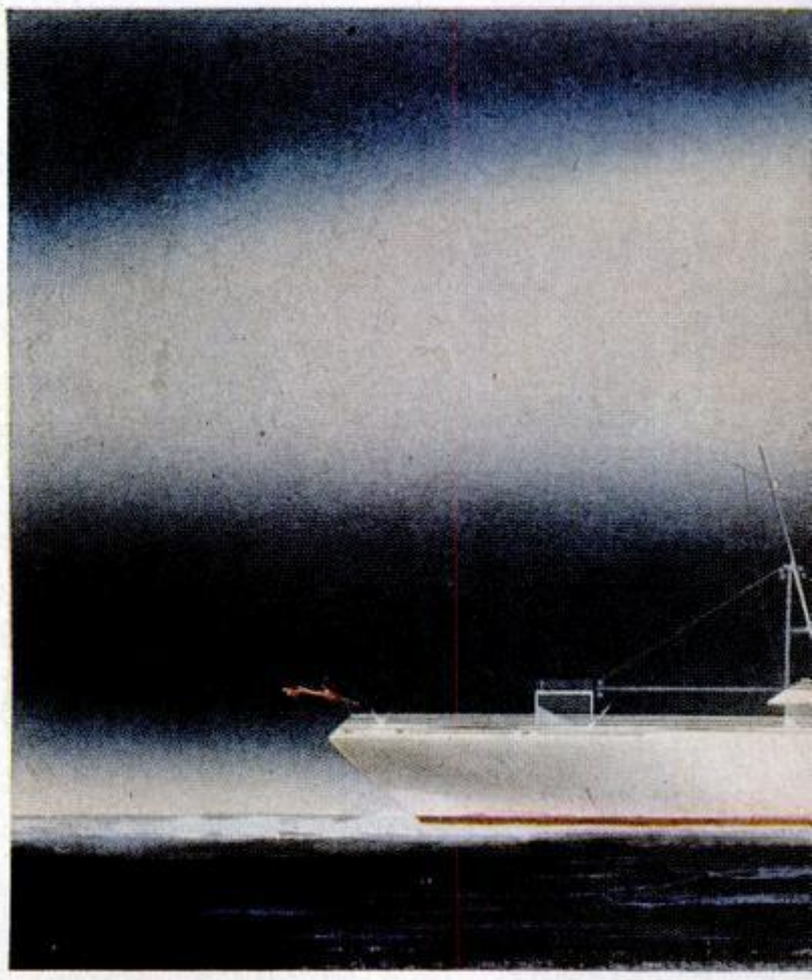
LENDING ITS GLITTER TO NIGHTTIME BEAUTY OF HONG KONG HARBOR, AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES' S.S. "PRESIDENT HOOVER" LIES BY DOCK. SHIP CARRIES

MERCHANT FLEET WITH A FUTURE

Americans do not usually think of themselves as a maritime people but in merchant tonnage afloat the U.S. runs a close second to Great Britain. In fact, counting its merchant ships now stored away in mothballs, the U.S. leads all the nations of the world with a dead-weight tonnage of more than 33 million.

American passenger liners and freighters put into Free World ports from Hong Kong (*above*) to Le Havre. Nearly one-half the U.S. tonnage afloat consists of oil tankers, which ply in swarms to the Middle East and South America. And the U.S. has the fastest merchant ship in the world, the S.S. *United States.*

To keep the top status gained during the World War II shipbuilding boom, U.S. lines have embarked on a 20-year $2 billion building program for freight and passenger craft. This program is in some trouble because the U.S. government has not made available enough of the subsidies American shipping needs to compete with cheaper foreign operations. But first stages of the program, like Moore-McCormack Lines' construction of the more than 10,000-ton cruise and cargo ships *Argentina* and *Brasil* (*top, right*), are proceeding on schedule. New tankers, whose owners forego subsidy to avoid government strings, are coming off U.S. ways. And in 1959 the U.S. hopes to launch its first atom-powered merchant ship (*right*).

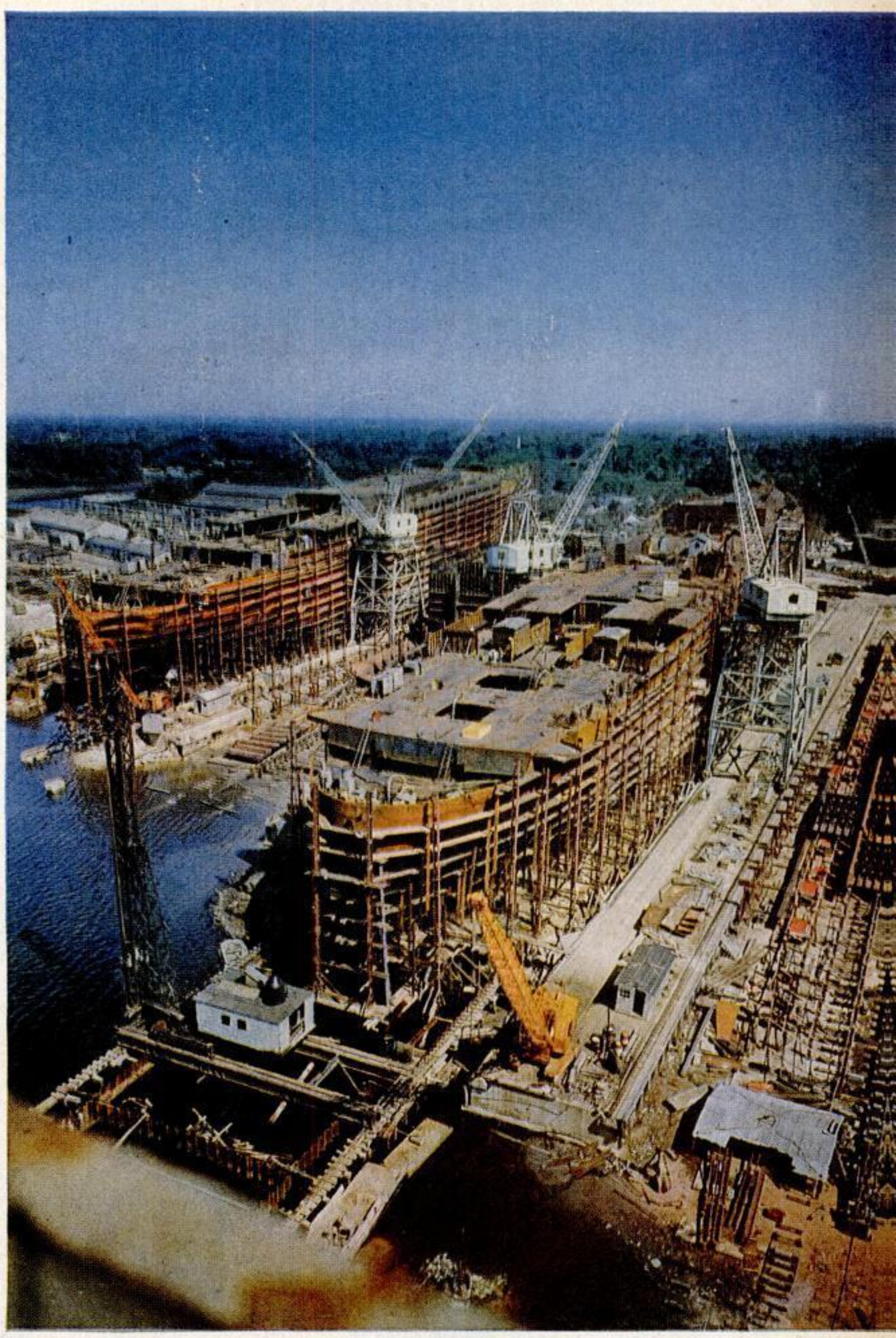


10,200-TON ATOM-POWERED N.S. (NUCLEAR SHIP)

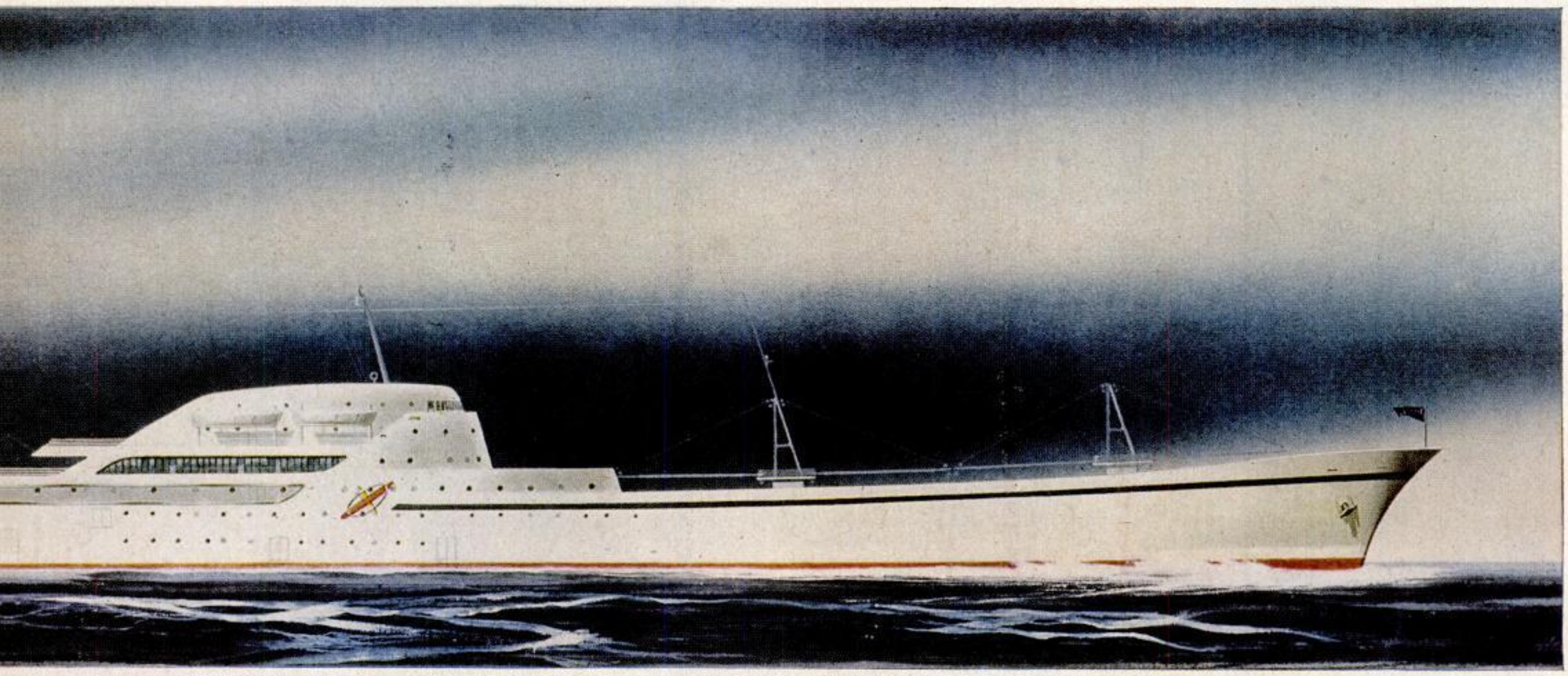
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200 PASSENGERS, 6,812 TONS OF CARGO, RUNS OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO



"ARGENTINA" (RIGHT), "BRASIL" NEAR COMPLETION IN PASCAGOULA, MISS.



"SAVANNAH," DESIGNED BY GEORGE G. SHARP, INC., WILL BE ABLE TO CRUISE THREE YEARS ON A SINGLE NUCLEAR CHARGE. THE KEEL IS TO BE LAID MAY 1958

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GOLD CREST DECANTER! GLITTERING FOIL WRAP!

BRIGHT RIBBONS AND BOWS! NO EXTRA COST!

No whiskey anywhere is more deluxe than gift-wrapped Walker's DeLuxe

Here's Hiram Walker's most gifted straight bourbon, 7 years smooth, elegant in taste, luxuriously wrapped for giving. A masterpiece of smart design, the Gold Crest Decanter is wrapped in glittering foil (four gay color combinations to choose from) and tied with a bright ribbon and bow. It's at your liquor store now.

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BRAND NAME COMES OFF

All printing is on cellophane outer wrap. To give—just slip this cellophane off. No brand name or advertising of any kind on the luxurious gift wrap.

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SETTING A LEPER FREE from leper colony at Ndjazeng in French Cameroons, U.S. medical missionary C. Wallace Dietrich congratulates African he has cured with sulfones. Healed leper stretches arms to show he can walk without cane while Dietrich holds discharge papers. Six others were released same day.

Healers of Bodies and Souls

PRESBYTERIANS IN AFRICA CARRY ON GREAT MISSIONARY TRADITION

Long before the U.S. had its millions of soldiers, diplomats and technologists all over the world, the Americans that faraway peoples knew best were the missionaries. From early in the 19th Century they were turning up in remote corners of the earth with their Bibles, their schoolbooks and their godly zeal. Soon medical missionaries—forerunners of the great medical organizations which were to carry American humanitarianism to so many lands—went out too, so that a mission station could care for both soul and body. Nowadays an effective mission like the Presbyterian Church in the French Cameroons in Africa divides its efforts between social and medical services (*above*), and religious observances (*pp. 138, 139*).

The Presbyterian Church in the Cameroons, which started with a single U.S. missionary in 1892, now consists of 193 churches with 200,000 African worshipers. Presbyterians account for half of all the Protestants in the area. Last week Presbyterian work in the Cameroons passed a moving milestone. To prepare the Africans for their future transition from foreign rule to independence, the American Presbyterians turned over all their properties to the African church. Now the African congregations are self-governing and the American missionaries stay on to help as simple equals.

CONTINUED 137

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MULTIPLE OPERATIONS in Elat hospital are performed so that the American doctors can supervise several African medical assistants, who take part in the operations, at the same time. Hospital staff does 2.000 operations a year, mostly for the locally prevalent elephantiasis, yaws, goiters, hernias and tumors.

Medical training, rituals and church socials



TOP U.S. PRESBYTERIAN in Cameroons is the Reverend L. K. Anderson, here preaching at Elat.

The largest single Presbyterian mission in the Cameroons is located at Elat, where the church operates a modern 250-bed hospital and where services are held in a big, modern Romanesque brick church seating 3,500. Africans for miles around have come to regard Elat as a center of their lives.

The Elat hospital (*above*) looks after 17,000 African patients a year, charging only nominal fees—which the patient can pay in food if he has no money. The American doctors and nurses train many Africans to work in the hospital and go out on medical duty among their people. Other Africans have been trained as teachers for thousands of elementary school pupils. A printing press at Elat turns out a flood of books and pamphlets in a written version of the local Bulu and Basa languages that the missionaries devised.

Religious observances at the church run from baptism through Sunday school to communion and include lively church socials, like the colorful meetings of the Women's Association, where the white-gowned members spontaneously step forward to enact scenes from the Gospel stories (*opposite page*). The African presiding over these activities is the Reverend Bisô bi Abu'u (*below*), who is Elat's pastor and, appropriately, the son of one of the earliest converts the Elat mission made.



COMMUNION is held at Elat. The legend in Bulu says, "Show forth the Lord's death until he comes."



EARLY CONVERT, Abu'u Evina, 94, is mother of the present chief pastor at Elat, Bisô bi Abu'u.

WOMEN GATHER OUTSIDE ELAT CHURCH TO IMPROVISE AND WATCH RELIGIOUS PLAYLETS →

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LARAMIE AND THE WIDE

Once tied to frontier, a town is now tied to many lands by curiosity,

"Honestly," exclaimed an exasperated housewife recently in Laramie, Wyoming, "it's getting so if I have to look at any more home movies people bring back from Paris or Bangkok, I think I'll scream."

Of all places in the U.S. Laramie would seem one of the least likely spots to hear that particular complaint. Sprawled on the level prairie a thousand miles from the nearest ocean, its traditions rooted deep in frontier history, Laramie (pop. 17,000) looks like a proper setting for *Main Street*.

Yet Laramie, like thousands of other communities across the U.S., is inextricably linked to the far-off foreign world by travel, family ties and by America's widespread foreign commitments. Scores of Laramie sons and husbands serve in the Armed Forces overseas. Dozens of immigrants in Laramie keep in close touch with relatives in the old country. Twenty-three staff members of the University of Wyoming are currently working for the U.S. in Afghanistan. While some citizens try to round up jaded audiences for out-of-focus color movies of the last summer's jaunt to Europe, Africa or the Far East, others sit up late in jeans and cowboy boots, poring over travel folders to plan next summer's trip abroad. During the past year alone, Laramieites have been in personal touch with such scattered points as Iceland,



A CROWD AT LARAMIE, watching the University of Wyoming band parade before a game with Brigham Young University, includes many citizens who have close ties to foreign lands. Eleven of them are identified above. Their numbers correspond to pictures on following pages. They are: **1** Lloyd Wilde with wife, French-born Joyce (*at right*), who adopted a Greek orphan, standing with them; **2** Jack Vardian, immigrant from Austria; **3** Annelene Jessen, from Germany, in group with fellow immigrants. Group includes, left to right, Annelene, Otto Lembcke, Mrs. Lembcke (in black coat), her U.S.-born daughter Traute (behind

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WORLD

kinship, commitments

Samoa, Denmark, Venezuela, Guam, England, Japan, Greece, Finland, Korea, Mexico, Belgium, New Zealand, Tanganyika, Latvia, Afghanistan and Yugoslavia.

Laramie's connections are now so global that even in the small crowd below, gathered to watch a parade, there are a surprising number of people whose hands stretch across the sea. The ties binding some of them to distant people and places are shown on the following pages.



SPRAWLING TOWN lies on an even plain in the southeast corner of Wyoming. It has wide streets, generous lots and comfortable homes typical of the West. In the background is campus of university.



Mrs. Lembcke), Walter Morgenstern, Dietrich Kröger (behind Walter), Lembckes' daughter Karen (in white coat), also born in U.S.; **4** Mrs. Alan Higgins, whose parents are in Asia; **5** George Squires, from England; **6** Mrs. J. A. McPherson, who has a protégée on Guam; **7** Mrs. Theodore Dunnewald, who has close friend in Japan; **8** Warren Mallory, a radio ham who is in frequent touch with other hams around the world; **9** Mrs. Charles Carroll (holding daughter Martha), whose Air Force husband is stationed in Iceland; **10** Mrs. W. E. Stevens, who has relatives in Afghanistan; **11** Harry Hidalgo, who has a father in Mexico City.

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SOME FOLKS AT HOME AND THEIR LOYALTIES TO





1. A MOTHER IN FRANCE

Joyce Wilde (*left*), who with husband Lloyd runs a Swedish massage parlor in Laramie, was born in France of English parents. She keeps in touch with her mother, Mrs. Percy Lynham (*above*), who still lives in Paris suburb where Joyce was born. Lloyd has an aunt in Australia, Mrs. Lily Barton (*below*).







2. A BROTHER IN YUGOSLAVIA

Jack Vardian (*left*), raking leaves in front of his motel with his wife, Hilda, came to U.S. in 1921 from region which was once Austrian, now Yugoslavian. Last summer the Vardians visited Opatija, Yugoslavia, where Jack's brother Milan (*above, with wife*) lives as retired member of Opatija Fire Brigade.

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DISTANT FRIENDS AND RELATIVES





3. A FAMILY IN GERMANY

Surrounded by fellow immigrants from Germany, Annelene Jessen, 23 (*third from right in picture at left*), goes riding on 10,000-acre Lembcke ranch near Laramie. Annelene came to study at the university, may stay in the U.S. Back in Owschlag, Germany (*above*) Annelene has mother, sisters and brother.





4. PARENTS IN ASIA

Mrs. Alan Higgins (*dark coat in picture at left*) visits her sister, Mrs. Tom Page, on a ranch near Laramie. Their father, Dr. Robert Burns, is head of a Wyoming University team setting up an agricultural college in Kabul, Afghanistan. Above: Mrs. Burns is shown in Kabul with two members of the team.





5. A DAUGHTER IN BRITAIN

George Squires, 46 (*left*), came over from Norwich, England only last April leaving behind a married daughter, Patricia Rhodes, and infant granddaughter (*above*) in Norwich. In Laramie, Squires works for Great Western Aggregates, Inc., which supplies shale and other light rock for concrete construction.

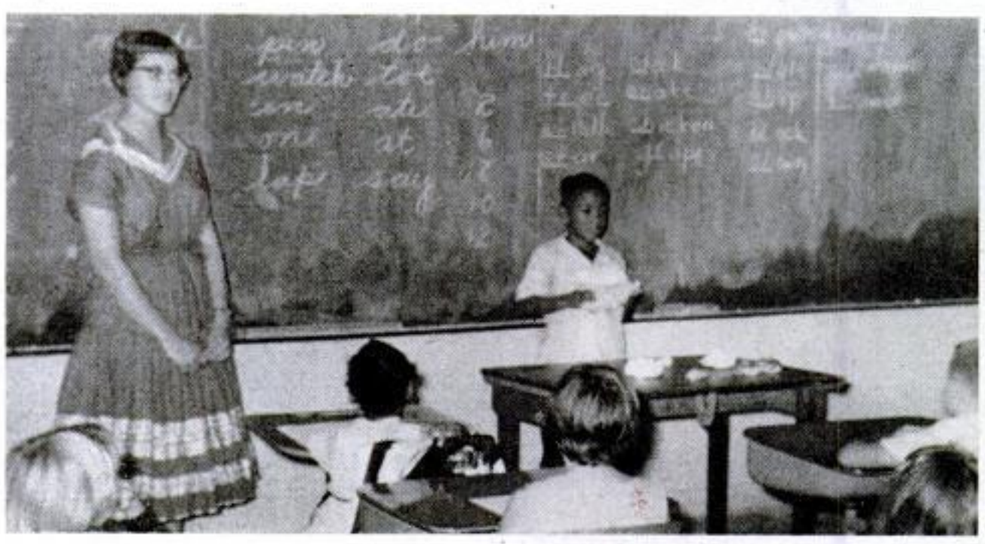
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6. A PROTÉGÉE ON GUAM

President of Laramie's school board, Mrs. J. A. McPherson (*above*), reads letter from a protégée, Emma Crabtree, now teaching on Guam (*below*). For two years Mrs. McPherson lodged Emma and another teacher in Laramie. This year they transferred to Guam. She hears from them every two weeks.





7. AN OLD FRIEND IN JAPAN

Mrs. Theodore Dunnewald holds paper fish, gift from old Japanese friend, Mrs. Matsui Tominomori (*above, with son Eiji*). Mrs. Dunnewald was housemother at University of Michigan and Mrs. Tominomori was student in dorm. Mrs. Dunnewald helped support Eiji while he went to Columbia.



8. FELLOW HAMS IN EGYPT

From his amateur radio station in his Laramie home, radio ham Warren Mallory (*above*) talked with three English soldiers (*below*) in Port Said, in December 1956; left to right: D. H. McLean, W. G. Houghton and D. W. J. Haylock. The British have since pulled out of Port Said and Mallory has lost contact with them.





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9. A HUSBAND IN ICELAND

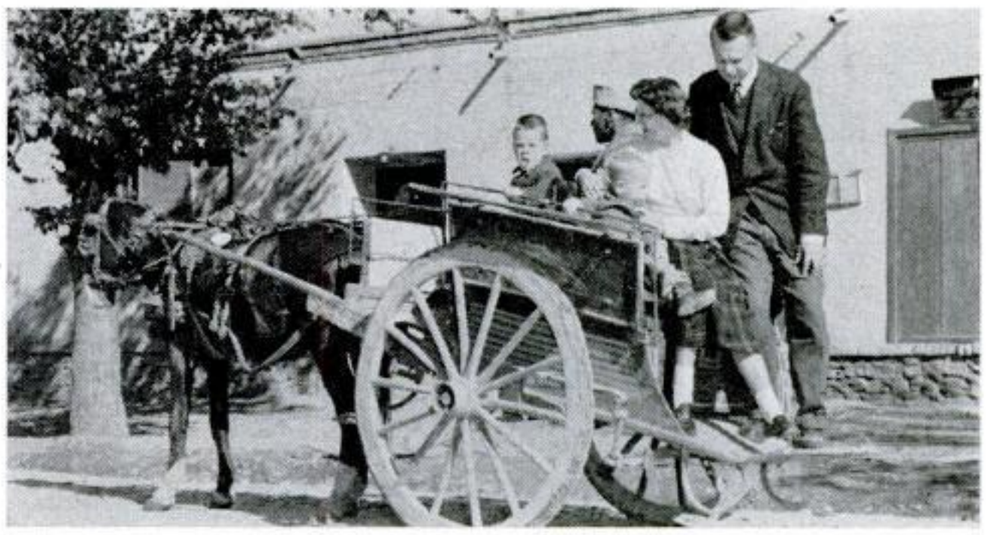
Frances Carroll, shown above cleaning the shoes of her daughter Martha, has a husband Charles (*below*), who is a career staff sergeant in the Air Force, stationed in Iceland. Early this month they were reunited briefly when Mrs. Carroll gave birth to a second daughter, Betty Jean, and Charles flew to Laramie.

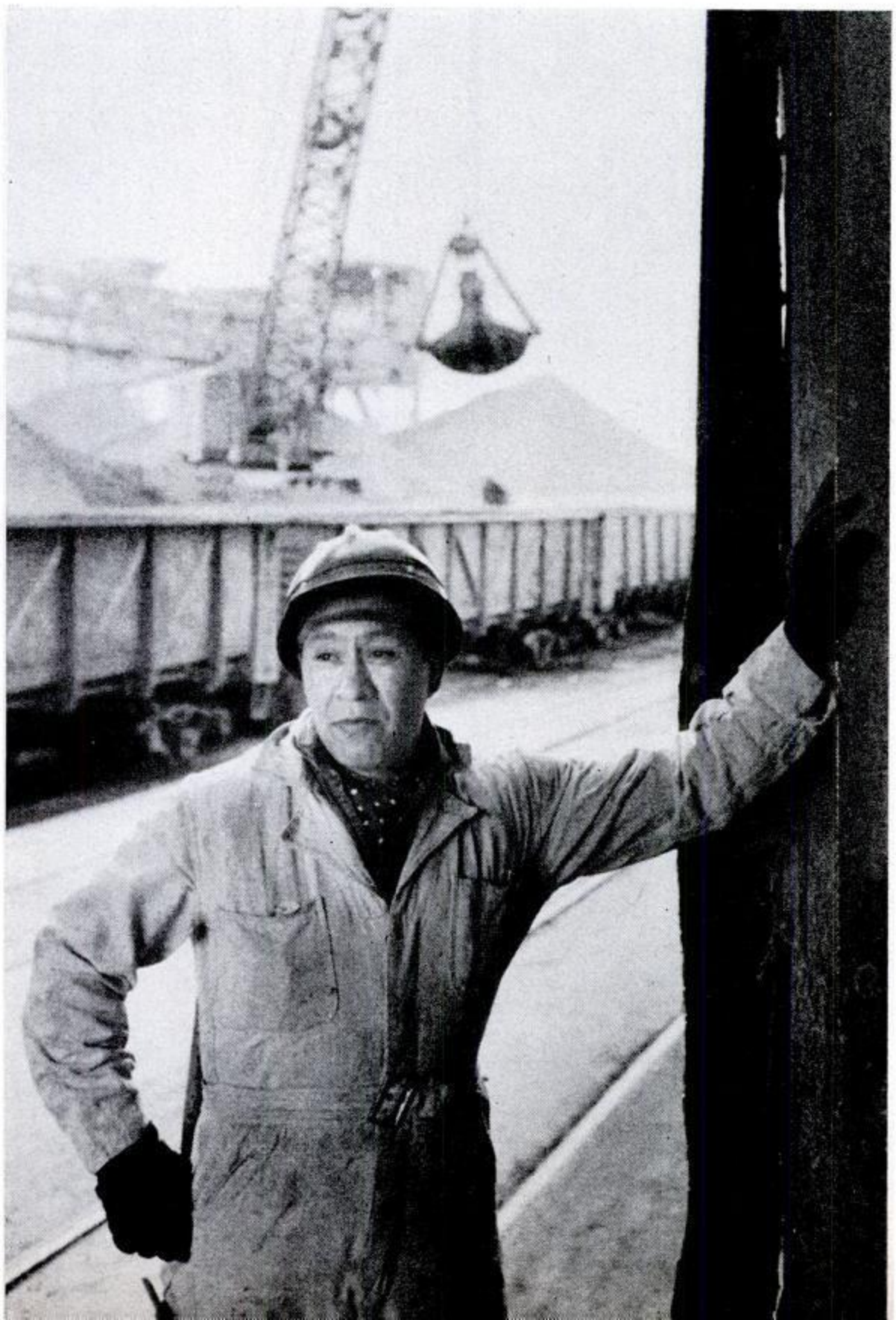




10. A DAUGHTER IN AFGHANISTAN

Alice Stevens (*above*) at her desk at newspaper, the Laramie *Daily Boomerang*, where she is a columnist and reporter, has a daughter Jean who is married to Richard Davies, second secretary of the U.S. embassy in Kabul, Afghanistan. Below: Jean takes a ride with her family in an Afghan cart.







11. A FATHER IN MEXICO

Harry Hidalgo (*left*), born in Mexico City, entered U.S. in 1939, settled in Laramie where he works for Monolith Portland Cement Company. He keeps in touch with his father Jeronimo, who lives in Mexico City (*above*) and makes his living selling baskets and silverware to American tourists.

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PRETTY LINK TO PARIS

The prettiest Laramieite to strengthen Laramie's ties with the outside world is 19-year-old Sylvia Johnson, a Laramie plumber's daughter. Sylvia was studying fashion design at Stephens College in Columbia, Mo. last April when a classmate's father, French Dress Designer Albert Lempereur, paid a visit to the college. Lempereur was so impressed with Sylvia's work that he invited her to work for a year in his Paris salon as an apprentice seamstress, model and designer. Back in Laramie, Sylvia said goodby to parents, friends and her fiancé, a TV announcer in Cheyenne, and sailed for Paris. Her letters home told of making new friends and settling down to a bustling new life. It was chillier in Paris than she thought it would be, she said, so could she please have her heavy winter coat—and also, she added a little wistfully, some of her mother's icebox cookies.



WITH HER BOSS, Albert Lempereur, Sylvia tries on a white wool dress. Lempereur makes good ready-to-wear clothes, copying American production methods.



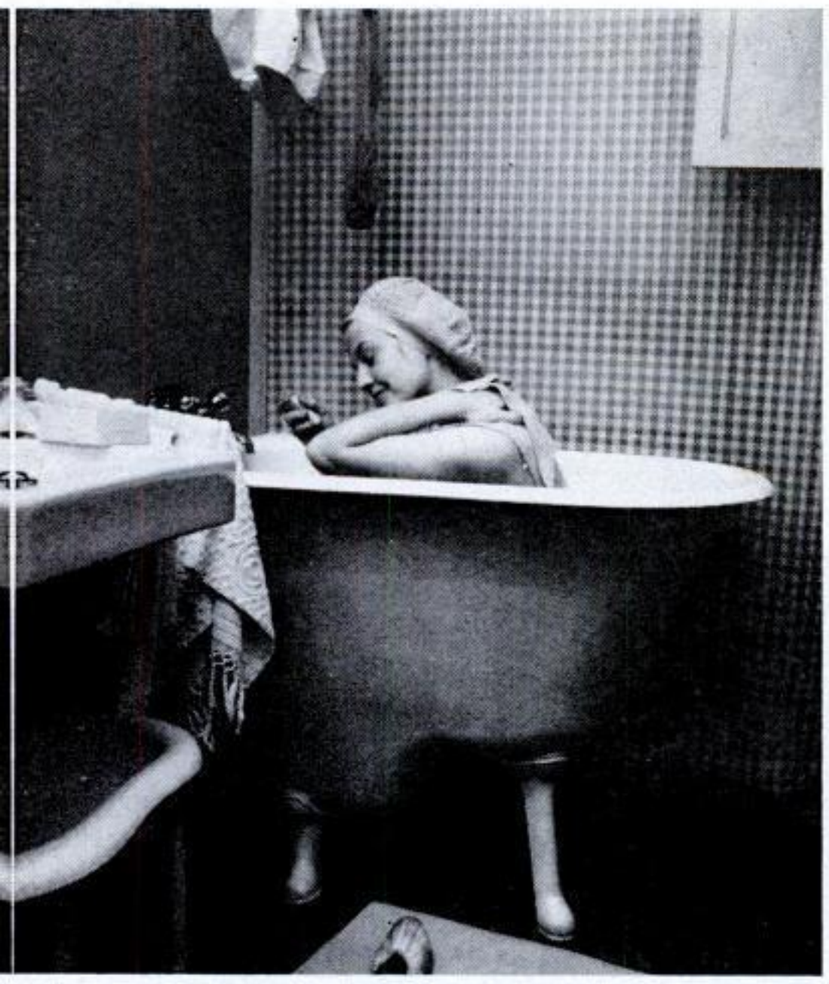


CHANGE OF HATS marks Sylvia's switch from Laramie to Paris. On Laramie street (*top*) she is followed by cowboys. In Paris she passes sailors in pompon hats.

AT A PARIS STREET CORNER SYLVIA EXCHANGES SMILES WITH NEW FRIEND.



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TINY TUB serves Sylvia in her one-room apartment Said she, "I only wish my father could see it."



LEARNING TRADE, Sylvia picks up a dress form at technical school where she studies on her day off.



RUBBERNECKING, Sylvia takes tour of Versailles. Here, with guide, she sees the Salon Oeil-de-Boeuf.

JOSETTE ARGENTE, 21. JOSETTE IS TWO YEARS ALONG IN A FIVE-YEAR APPRENTICESHIP WITH LEMPEREUR AND PLANS TO BECOME A DRESSMAKING TEACHER

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Publisher's Preview

THE FIRST OF LIFE'S



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GREAT SERIES FOR 1958



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

CAPTURED SECRET DOCUMENTS, HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS, SPECIALLY COMMISSIONED PAINTINGS AND 30,000 WORDS OF TEXT RECONSTRUCT FOR YOU THE MOST MOMENTOUS POLITICAL EVENT OF MODERN TIMES

THE Russian Revolution not only changed the government of Russia 40 years ago, it changed the way you live in America four decades later. The news Russia makes today . . . Sputniks in the sky . . . power plays in the Middle East . . . savagery in Hungary . . . had its beginning in the uproar and carnage of 1917. For then it was that a small band of Lenin-led Bolsheviks seized power and launched a reign of tyranny and terror that touches every land, every person in the free world today.

Yet for all its staggering importance the true story of the Russian Revolution is little known and little understood in America. Thus LIFE will, in the issue of Jan. 13, begin a four-part series on the Russian Revolution. It will reveal the men, events and circumstances of that historic revolt which explains the sources of Soviet conduct today.

This will be one of LIFE's great journalistic efforts, equaling in illustration and reading reward even LIFE's finest series, The World We Live In, The Epic of Man, Segregation, The World's Great Religions.

Captured secret documents, specially commissioned paintings, remarkable color photographs will all be combined to re-create the revolution and the events leading to it. Carefully investigated for more than a year, the raw facts unearthed by LIFE's team of researchers in countries all over the world, expert consultants and Russian specialists will be woven into an exciting narrative by Alan Moorehead, one of the most gifted popular historical writers in the world.

As with all LIFE series, each instalment will be scholarly enough to meet the precise standards of historians. And yet such is the freshness of LIFE's presentation that the series will rival in readability any sheer adventure yarn you have ever read.

For some publications one such stunning effort a year might satisfy both editors and readers. Not so with LIFE. Even as the Russian Revolution is being put to press, great new series are being prepared in 1958 for publication in LIFE to add to your understanding of the world about you and to keep giving you in LIFE the greatest word and picture package your money can buy. Ahead are series on:

HOUSING: A series on houses for everyone, from the worker to the millionaire. What makes a house livable, how to get more comfort and convenience for the price you want to pay, will be shown in superb photography and special drawings.

FAMILY MONEY MANAGEMENT: Ways you can get more mileage out of your family budget will be the subject of this valuable series. LIFE's views on credit buying, foolish spending, comparative consumer values will prompt thoughts of your own to stretch your family dollar in these days of rising costs.

CHURCHILL'S HISTORY: Completing his chronicle of the English-speaking peoples, Sir Winston will appraise the War between the States with an old soldier's judgment on the Civil War battles and generals who fought them. Three instalments superbly illustrated in full color will also include a look at the Victorian era.

CRISIS IN THE COLLEGES: A three-part series documenting the staggering problems of the nation's colleges which, already jammed to capacity, must prepare to enroll twice as many students 10 years hence. If your children will be college age then—this is your problem now.

WINNING OF THE WEST: A multipart series, illustrated by vibrant paintings and original documents, will tell the story of the "Winning of the American West." Indian fighting, fur trading, Mormon emigration, discovery of gold, building the railroad—all will come alive in LIFE's panorama of the pioneer West.

IMMORTALITY: In these photo essays LIFE will consider the fact of death and what it means. And pictorially and from the great writings of many religions and philosophies, LIFE will present great and varied concepts of a life hereafter.

AMERICAN FOLKLORE: For three years famous Artist James Lewicki has been illustrating some of America's great folk tales—Fountain of Youth, Frankie and Johnny, etc. His paintings will appear in a special LIFE series delighting Americans young and old.

These extraordinary series are only part of LIFE—the long planned "bonus" features that help you make more sense of the world you live in today and refresh your recollections of history. But the first purpose of LIFE is to report *news* in pictures.

And as the world's news becomes more and more technical and scientific, more and more Americans will look to LIFE for a clear presentation of the events of the week.

For what other magazine during the recent mind-reeling weeks of scientific discovery and crises in Washington has given you anything like LIFE's coverage of Sputnik, The Missile Mess, Eisenhower's Illness, the sorry showing of Vanguard? What other magazine can array for you all the eyewitness photographs that tell the story—the inventive charts and cartography that add dimension and meaning to the story—so that in a single seeing you can understand all you need to know about an event that captures the headlines but confounds the mind? No other magazine. For only LIFE is geared to cover the news of the world while it is still news and give it to you in pictures just four rapid days after it happens.

Because of LIFE's worldwide staff, because of our association with the great newspicture services throughout the world, this can be said about LIFE: in the course of a week every important news picture taken anywhere turns up on the LIFE editors' desks. The best of what *they* see—*you'll* see—each week of the news-filled year ahead, to make LIFE a reading value no other magazine can match.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*

Charge of the Cossacks on "Bloody Sunday" (Jan. 22, 1905) will be reproduced in full color on the cover of Jan. 13 LIFE

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How We Appear to Others

U.S. 'ENVOYS-ORDINARY,' WIDELY CRITICIZED, STILL SUCCEED IN WINNING FOREIGN HEARTS

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

IN the happier days of not-long-ago, the world got along nicely in its thinking about America with a few clichés: "Americans are rich," or "Americans are always in a hurry." For reasons that occupy the rest of this issue, the world now feels the need to know who and what Americans really are—this new race that for better or worse has risen suddenly to the leadership of the West. And so the American traveling abroad to see the sights is now himself a sight. However innocent of the intention, every American in a foreign land has become a sample of the whole 172 million of us—an envoy-ordinary, so to speak.

What composite face and personality do Americans show abroad?

In attempting to find the answer, LIFE has conducted interviews in the areas most frequented by Americans: the British Isles, Western Europe and the countries of the Mediterranean basin. The people interviewed ranged from leading intellectuals and high government officials to hack drivers and errand boys. Most of the interviewing was done by a resident of the country, either a native citizen or someone so fluent in the language as to encourage free-spoken opinion. An example will show the merit of this method. In England a journalist anonymously engaged to work on this article could report: "A refined young woman neighbor who came to tea the other day picked up a copy of LIFE from the table, dropped it with a shudder and said, 'Americans, ugh! Beastly people!' "

The young woman did not, one can say with qualified satisfaction, speak with the voice of Britain. Nor does anyone else. Americans abroad are bound to seem widely different depending upon which foreigners are looking at which Americans under what circumstances. Considering the almost infinite number of possible combinations, it is a wonder that there are any points of even approximate agreement. Actually there are quite a few. In one country after another certain generalizations appear, both critical and approving. In addition, certain categories of Americans prompt special comments, which will be dealt with separately.

First, what are the general qualities the foreigner thinks he sees in the average visiting American?

At home away from home

MORE than almost any other traveler the American who is away from home seems to retain his identity, his way of thinking and, so far as possible, even his way of living. He often manages to leave the impression that he thinks his way is best and that all other ways are inferior. Says an English government official, "We get the feeling that we are cottagers being inspected—or that they might be turning over in their minds whether to convert us into a large outdoor museum or perhaps one of their national parks."

An American sent abroad on an official mission seems to arrive usually with the spirit of evangelism. "Americans come to international congresses with sheafs of paper and drawings," an Italian economist observes, "and are always teaching something to Europeans with an air of missionaries imparting the gospel of civilization." Even if the foreigner happens to admire "the American way," he still finds this attitude rather discomfiting. A French contractor says, "They take themselves for God the Father. I avoid them. How can you have any human contacts with a judge?"

A corollary American trait is the tendency to prescribe easy solutions for complex problems. An Italian journalist says, "They are full of optimism and simplifications. At least 50 times some American has said to me, 'There are no Italian problems that a little hard common sense couldn't solve.' Every time an American thinks of a solution to an Italian problem, everybody looks automatically to see what the hole in it is."

'Little Americas' abroad

HOW much of this criticism derives from foreign sensitivities is hard to say. Certainly the foreigner is often ready to resent any signs of American conceit. But the American seems to be particularly invulnerable to surrounding influences. He tends to speak foreign languages badly, if at all. He and his family dress obdurately in native American costume: the children frequently in blue jeans, the parents in styles that by local standards may be inharmonious or even offensive (a low-cut street dress in Arab countries, for instance) and in colors that seem too bright. The man usually drives an American car, a chromium-plated monster twice the size of the average foreign car. He has his own newspapers, his own magazines and in central Europe even his own radio stations.

If he is part of the U.S. military forces or part of a big U.S. diplomatic mission in a country where housing is scarce, he probably lives in a U.S.-built housing project. Here, in these "Little Americas" or "Golden Ghettos," in addition to his mechanized American-style apartment he has the celebrated and controversial post exchange. A German correspondent reports, "Munich housewives gawk and shake their heads as they ride the streetcar past the U.S. Army PX and see the sloppy Army wives with their hair up in curlers under their turbans or babushkas, their gone-to-pot shapes flaunted in toreador pants. . . ."

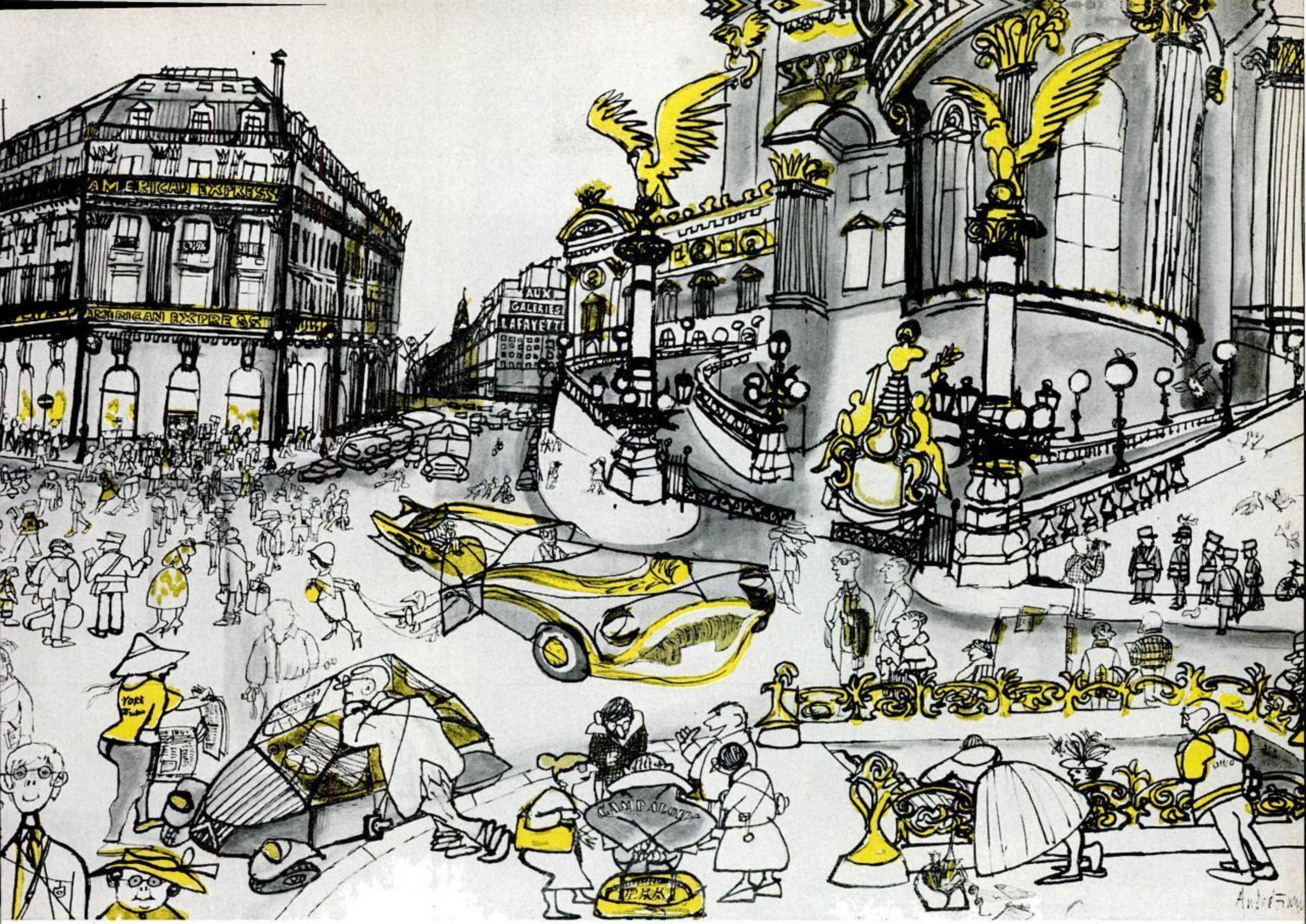
Even if he has no such special privileges to set him apart from the local population, the American does not establish personal relationships easily. Partly this is a matter of money. He has more of it than his native opposite number professionally (some U.S. lieutenants make more than an Italian general), and this is bound to give rise to rancor on the part of the foreigner. LIFE's reporter in Turkey relates, "At the end of a smiling discourse on the 'friendly, kind, sincere, gentle Americans' one man bitterly remarked, 'In a day they spend more than I make in a month.' " A young French recruit in a NATO camp in Germany said, "Americans can throw around money while we get a dollar a week. Of course we feel sour." From Madrid to Beirut and from Bonn to Baghdad, the Americans with their money are blamed for creating a shortage of good servants and first-class housing, and matters are not helped by the knowledge that they often are living better abroad than their income would allow them to do at home.

But envy is only one obstacle to better relations abroad, and not the chief one. The American, in spite of his diffuse friendliness and sometimes a "tail-wagging overeagerness" to be liked, apparently is not at ease among foreigners and prefers the company of his own kind. From one country to another one hears



AMERICANS IN PARIS appear to Frenchmen to outnumber the French. Here Artist André

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François shows U.S. visitors in front of American Express building engaging in typical pursuits—reading mail from home, walking dogs, waiting in big U.S. car or gawking at a foreign make, peering thoughtfully into a subway entrance. Almost all are prepared to snap a picture at instant's notice.

the complaint, "They make no effort to understand us, they never invite us, they are not much interested in us." Even in Denmark, where there are few Americans and English is a second language for most people, one is told, "They are too happy about cocktail parties within their own American circles and associate too little with Danes."

Evangelized, patronized and then avoided socially with a hearty smile, the average foreigner is understandably inclined to pick flaws in the American character. He finds them—in a number and variety unkind to our national ego.

For one thing, the American is noisy. In a public place his talk and his laughter are too loud and draw attention. He drinks too much, and when he drinks he becomes louder. A Turkish girl touches several sore points: "The Turk admires and yearns for the freedom of America, but he hates the way the Americans come here and act as if this country were a dominion of America. Most of them act, as we say, like a *sımarık çocùk*, a 'spoiled child.' When they go into public places they act as if they were at home and try to take over the whole place."

Much about the American's informality is disconcerting, even offensive. His casualness is often felt to reflect either a lamentable ignorance or deliberate rudeness. Either way the American is considered to be *sans gêne*, without tact. His lack of a sense of protocol and caste makes him appear presumptuous. He takes it for granted that government or private officials will open their doors to him on request. He tends to be insensitive to local nuances of behavior.

American children come in for their share of criticism too. They often seem noisy, rude and undisciplined. In Vienna, the home of psychoanalysis, a woman who lives next door to an American family with a 5-year-old son says, "If that boy were mine I would spank him any time he doesn't behave, and I wouldn't give a damn about Freud."

Some good points

THESE seem to be our major sins and oddities as seen by the people among whom we move. What about our good points? It is a relief to be able to report that we have some, that there are certain "American" qualities that the foreigner finds attractive. Foremost among them is American generosity. In part this impression is founded on Marshall Plan aid and the various postwar public and private benefactions. "I will never forget receiving those CARE food packages from people I didn't know," a German woman says. Direct experience with visiting Americans has usually confirmed and reinforced this image of an openhearted people quick to respond to a genuine need.

Especially is this true of the American serviceman. In Barcelona, units of the U.S. Sixth Fleet have been contributing every payday to build a school in a poor district that has none. The fund now has several thousand dollars. In Straubing, Germany the Sixth Armored Cavalry Regiment over a period of years raised some $7,500 for local orphanages, and the whole town turned out to pay a sad farewell when the regiment was rotated back to the U.S. A German says, "I was at Neubiberg Air Base the other day and saw a collection box at the entrance to the officers' club with a sign, 'For Our Neighbors' Cows.' I asked about it and learned that an orphanage beside the base had had its herd of cows slaughtered because of TB. The airmen were collecting to buy the orphanage a new herd."

The foreigner admires the American for certain other qualities that may surprise a good many Americans. For instance, the men are thought to be extremely courteous to women: their gallantry far exceeds that of the European male. One German woman comments, "They are always opening doors, helping into cars, and—especially—standing up when a lady comes to the table. Ordinarily, if a German man rises in such a situation, it means he is about to leave." A French woman: "When my American tenant drives me in the car, he opens the door for me, gets in, gets out, gets in again, out again. He downright tires me."

Americans are also thought to be, on the whole, a very honorable people, sincere and reliable in their dealings with others. In Catholic countries they are admired by many for their devoutness, which far exceeds that of the majority of the local population. "American

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CRITICAL VIEW of American conduct abroad is expressed in this drawing by British Cartoonist Ronald Searle of U.S. visitors in an Italian town. Villagers watch, fascinated, from stairway as the strangely clad members of tourist party, just disgorged from huge American automobile, disport themselves about fountain while one of a group of lounging GIs gives a wolf call at a passing girl.

HOW WE APPEAR CONTINUED

Catholics are showing us how to behave in church," a Spaniard says. Regardless of their religion, they are looked on as a people characterized by a fundamental decency and an idealism, perhaps misguided and misinformed but still attractive.

And it is this which disarms foreigners and makes it possible for them on the whole to regard the Americans in their midst with toleration or even a certain affection. If the American is immature, with the heedlessness and rough manners of the adolescent, he also has the adolescent's optimism, exuberance, simplicity, desire to please and other charming qualities.

Of all the impressions Americans leave of themselves among the various national populations, none is so generally agreed on as this. "Regarded as men," comments an Italian police official, "they are just bighearted boys." A Lebanese novelist: "They are noisy but good-hearted children." An Irish lawyer: "There is a freshness and enthusiasm about them bordering on naïveté." An English librarian: "They are delightfully adolescent. They have that zest for life and love of fun and just ache to be told how wonderful they are."

'Hit and myth'

IT will be clear from the foregoing that national character typing, as one social anthropologist has commented, is at best "a hit and myth proposition." A great many of the people interviewed were aware of this and said so with such comments as "Which Americans are you talking about? There are all kinds."

To get beyond these necessarily broad simplifications, special efforts were made to consider the question of "which Americans." Americans abroad tend to fall into several distinct categories, some of them small but all of them attention-catching. In the eyes of foreigners each of these groups has a character and quality of its own. When foreign nationals were asked to comment on these special classifications of Americans, here is what emerged:

The American professional diplomat, whether his job is important or minor, stands high in the estimation of most of those who know him. He is said to suffer from a compulsion for facts; he seems excessively cautious in making a decision; he is not, as a type, consistent in quality, and in individual instances can be, a British political reporter says, "so incredibly awful that one wonders how the same system could produce such extremes." But in general U.S. diplomats are admired. They are thought to be certainly as capable as the representatives of other countries and more capable than most. A collection of adjectives from the various capitals includes "well-informed," "candid,""honorable,""cooperative,""effective." A leading member of the German foreign office comments, "When I realize that the United States took over all these responsibilities only 15 years ago, without the prior existence of a trained official class, then I regard their caliber as a miracle."

Visiting congressmen, a small but conspicuous group, receive low marks almost everywhere. "With honorable exceptions," commented a British treasury official, "they tend to perpetuate the jokes about visiting congressmen." Sample joke: A U.S. senator arrives at a foreign airport. One member of the reception committee is introduced as "Mr. Smith of UNESCO." "Glad to meet you, Mr. Smith," rumbles the senator. "Fine little country, Unesco."

Technical experts, both those sent under the Point Four program and those who come on assignment from business firms, are admired for their professional skills and are usually considered to be better trained than their local foreign counterparts. They stir up some resentment among the people whose methods they are sent to change, but on the whole they are well-accepted. When they are blamed, other than for excessive zeal, it is for being "too specialized," fine in their field but ignorant outside of it.

American students abroad, especially if they come on scholarships or exchange programs, are considered to be not only conscientious but sometimes overly serious about their studies. A Sorbonne professor says, "They approach a painting, a book or a new omelet with a feeling of responsibility."

The U.S. businessman cuts a pretty good figure abroad. The idea of America as a nation of dollar chasers has been moderated, and so has the picture of the "typical" American businessman with his horn-rimmed glasses, overflowing pockets and brassy ways. To be sure, he has his annoying traits, such as wanting everything done in a hurry, and his characteristic friendliness sometimes irritates his more conservative European counterpart. One Dane of the older generation objects, "The American smiles all the time. He shakes hands. He is 'so happy' to meet us. Nonsense! Business is business, and there is no need to love each other because you trade with each other."

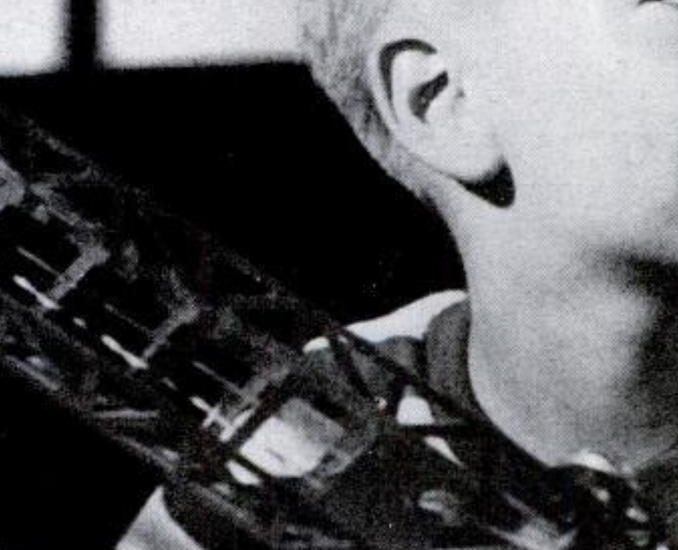
At the same time, the American is a careful negotiator. An Italian businessman remarks sadly, "You make the deal with them quickly, but then you lose days working out the

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... PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866

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contracts in every small detail." Still, these traits are often enough rather admired. A Frenchman interprets the caution displayed by U.S. businessmen to mean that "They are open-minded but not openhanded." They are given credit for quick comprehension and imagination as well as for a general efficiency of method, and in every country the local businessmen pay them the final compliment of imitation.

The tourist from the U.S. seems to be even more cautious than the businessman. Circumspection is, in fact, the tourist's outstanding characteristic. In the eyes of those who serve him, this amounts to an unbecoming suspiciousness. "The American regards himself as an 'Innocent Abroad' surrounded by cunning coves bent on exploiting him," a British hotel man says. "He fears being the 'international sucker,' and therefore sometimes looks like the international skinflint." Testimony comes from all directions about this. The manager of an Italian airlines office: "Americans have the idea they are being charged too much. They are always trying to get reductions in hotels, restaurants and shops." A Greek correspondent: "People here feel that their American clients do not trust their honesty."

But American tourists tip well, if not lavishly. They are the favorite clients of the tourist industry everywhere, for in spite of their nervousness about being exploited they end up spending a good deal of money, are usually well-behaved and are not hard to please. An Italian interpreter says, "They are profuse in their compliments, as though they had started out convinced they were going into the jungle and were surprised to find that they could get along as well as in America."

This quality of chronic surprise, founded on diffuse ignorance of local civilizations, ways and customs, is the second most widely noted trait of the American tourist. He is an ardent sightseer, but generally he has neglected to acquire much sense of the history of the city or country he is visiting or of its sources of self-esteem. This gives an impression of superficiality and contempt, strengthened by his way of rushing along on a split-second schedule, of "doing" a museum in half an hour and a country in two or three days.

The American soldier, unlike the tourist, is abroad because he has to be. He is often homesick and bored, and his actions often reflect his efforts to enliven his existence. In Germany, which has much the largest complement of U.S. troops, a correspondent reports, "The majority of those GIs who leave the barracks on liberty are seeking the pleasures of drink, women and hell-raising, and a special shoddy branch of the burgeoning German economy has been set up to give them what they want. Its components are cheap, brassy nightclubs and cheap, brassy dolls, both specializing in servicing American soldiers.

"The trouble arises when by chance some outsider wanders into the firing line—an honest woman mistaken for something else, a taxi-driver paid off with the heavy end of a beer bottle, a passerby who is innocently knocked down in a scrap between two gangs of GIs. When this happens the average German sees it as an expression of sovereign disregard toward him and his countrymen."

That the GI moves in herds and does not mingle much with the population contributes to the tendency to think of him as a time-serving stranger with no real interest in his surroundings. The ancient problem of the lonesome male and the local girls also exists wherever there is a military base, adding to the complications. A British reporter relates, "About 3 o'clock in the morning the station-master at a commuting town near London was awakened by an alarm bell. He hurried out of bed and found six naked girls in the ladies' waiting room. 'The Yanks,' they said, had locked them in and thrown away their clothing." Of course, people know very well that girls who meet with this kind of social embarrassment probably had it coming to them. But even so the troops are resented as an enticement to corruption.



AFFABLE AMERICANS, Air Force officers make friends with German women in coffeeshop.

Yet it would be unfair to say that the average serviceman behaves badly or that he is disliked as an individual. In proportion to his numbers the troubles he causes are few, and in most places there is a philosophical tendency to make excuses for him on the ground that "soldiers are alike everywhere."

'Anti-Americanism' among friends

IN this whole matter of foreign judgments of American behavior one finally has to conclude that the subjective factors are almost always more important than the objective ones. In England, where the language barrier and so many of the other handicaps to understanding are removed for Americans, there probably exists more smoldering "anti-Americanism" than anywhere else in Western Europe. France, our other great friend, is doubtless a close second in this respect. Aggrieved national vanity is doubtless the main reason for this: Britain and France, traditionally America's superiors, suddenly awoke to find the U.S. a super-power and themselves reduced to an inferior status. In such a situation human nature has demanded that flaws in our national character be pointed out. We were too big; we had to be deflated a bit for the comfort of our friends.

This thesis was well-documented at the time of the first Sputnik. The most common reaction—after the amazement at the thing itself—was amused satisfaction at the discomfiture of the American government. And nowhere was this felt so much as in Britain and France. This jocular mood lasted until the bigger Sputnik II came along with its unmistakable message that, as Khrushchev put it, all Europe "might become a veritable cemetery." Subsequently it became less and less fashionable to denigrate the American character: the American government could be criticized for laxness and errors of policy, but America itself and the American resident or tourist took on a new likability. Then came the Vanguard fiasco, and Europeans were both disgusted by the failure and derisive over our loss of face.

Such fluctuations are bound to occur with the movement of events. The democratic governments of our European allies tend strongly to base their foreign policies on popular wishes. But these fluctuations aside, what sort of reservoir of basic liking and goodwill do we have? What have we to draw on during the next years when some of our allies may be tempted to give up and submit to the Russian dogma that Communism is "inevitable"?

'The American way'

THE reservoir is a substantial one despite all the criticism. Among the reasons, paradoxically, is the fact that the American commercial civilization which is so often deplored in theory is being so widely adopted in practice. From the big American-style department store in Stockholm to the superservice gasoline stations in Athens, "the American way" is spreading over the map. It does not necessarily make our foreign policy more palatable. A correspondent in Lebanon says, "Some of the most bitter criticism of U.S. policies I have heard came from an Arab student at the American University of Beirut as he sat, dressed in blue jeans, sipping a milk shake in a student hangout called 'Uncle Sam's.' " But what is known roughly as "the American way of life" is tremendously popular.

In many countries there is a strong feeling of actual kinship with America because of the immigrants they have sent here. Each nationality tends to exaggerate its own contribution to our national mixture. The British, for instance, who generations ago became a subsidiary source of immigrants to the U.S., persist in thinking of Americans as slightly spoiled Englishmen. The Spaniards, with little permanent immigration, remember the days of the conquistadors and think of themselves as a primary force in the culture of the American West and Southwest. German thinking about America is governed by what one correspondent calls "the Uncle Otto influence." He says, "The German masses are linked by family ties to the U.S. as they are with no other country, and they find it hard to think badly of a country in which their 'Uncle Otto' lives."

Our reservoir of goodwill is increased further by the fact that the old image of America as a culturally backward country is fading. The great American symphony orchestras are known, and American painting is respected so far as it is known. Above all, modern American literature is everywhere recognized as the most vital and influential in the world. The novels of Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos, Wolfe, Fitzgerald, the plays of Thornton Wilder, Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, the literary criticism of such men as Lionel Trilling—all command great admiration. There is naturally a decided lack of uniformity in opinions about American culture, but it seems significant that the clichés persist far more often among older people and in the countries whose civilizations have been rather isolated. To the Spaniard of middle years or more, the American intellectual may be a matter of doubtful rumor if not

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blank disbelief. But a young British political analyst, speaking for his milieu, declares, "Any feeling of intellectual superiority here toward Americans is quite, quite gone. The snobbery still exists but only in the backwaters—I do not exclude corners of Oxford and Cambridge—and among most of us the American intellectual has become something of a social lion."

As for the undeniable existence of criticism of America, hurt feelings should not make us forget that while our friends may carp at us, they carp at one another far more. As a nation and as individuals, we are everyone's favorite or almost-favorite foreigners. This is not to say that they like us a great deal but that at least they dislike others more. The winners of an international unpopularity contest undoubtedly would be the British. The French outside of France are considered selfish and irresponsible; the Germans, hypocritical and untrustworthy; the Italians, venal and showy. Compared to such crimes, our cardinal defects—lack of modesty, manners and maturity—seem rather mild. And this feeling appears on the whole to be strengthened by actual contact with visiting Americans.

The evidence for this belief is murky, to say the least, but it includes two common pieces of observation. One is that the individual American usually finds himself excepted from whatever criticism is currently in fashion about Americans in general: "Of course I know *you* don't, but why do *the Americans* think ... so and so?" To foreigners the American-in-the-flesh usually emerges as a reasonable and reasoning human being, a reassuring sight to people who have only the dimmest idea of what "Washington" is, but for whom the phrase "Washington says" has the connotations of an unpredictable giant delivering them to their fate.

The other observation is that the American, whatever his real faults may be, corrects by his presence the weird oversimplifications that endow him with imaginary ones. American women, for instance, are widely believed to have lost all ability to cook except out of cans and ready-mix boxes. They are thought to be reluctant mothers and iazy wives who have to be waited on hand and foot by their husbands. The American man appears in a similar cartoon-image as the servant of his wife, as a roistering playboy, or as a brute with a bottle in his hand and his feet on the table. It is reassuring for the foreigner to get to know an American family and to recognize that they share most of the same ambitions, frailties, frictions and pleasures as his own family.

A qualified success

AND this tends to be true in all the categories of experience. A Spanish wine merchant looks at an American pilot and his wife and three children in the park in Madrid and his heart is warmed. A great British editor, who sees the whole sweep of American activities in Britain, says, "The more the Americans can visit here and work here, the better the effect will be on our relationship. Looking at the whole pattern, they unquestionably have been a success."

But unquestionably, too, their success has not been commensurate to the need. Americans abroad have been reasonably effective as individuals. But the times require them to be not just themselves but also deliberate, tactful, thoughtful exponents of their nation's role as leader of the free world.

One thing is required above all else: better education and training for the Americans going abroad. The American needs to think of himself not only as a citizen of his own country but as a man with a responsibility in the world. Auspicious starts have been made in this direction. A number of institutions, such as the American Institute for Foreign Trade in Phoenix, Ariz. and the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, have launched programs aimed at educating Americans for foreign service. An official letter from the President attached to each new U.S. passport now reminds the bearer of his ambassadorial role as he travels. These steps should help. Businessmen and officials who approach their foreign assignments more tactfully and tourists who display a mature modesty about their country will certainly merit increased approbation abroad.

But much remains to be done. The U.S. armed forces today give foreign-bound servicemen only the sketchiest preparation for life in a strange land. Many an American tourist still requires more than a printed note clipped to his passport to make him aware that a single foolish action on his part can damage his country incalculably.

Nevertheless, the evidence of recent years indicates that we are showing some signs of improvement and that our "envoys-ordinary" may yet be able to achieve the extraordinary standards of behavior and performance that the times demand.

GENEROUS U.S. SOLDIERS, members of the 510th rocket battalion, give an ice cream party for orphans in Vicenza, Italy. Unit has earned wide local popularity, partly through gifts to orphanage which include washing machine and $2,400 in cash. Officer feeding child is Chaplain John B. Rettagliata.



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VISIT ON HORSEBACK is paid to Authoress Neill James by Zara Alexeyewa Khyva St. Albans, a U.S.-born ex-ballerina who wears Hungarian riding costume. Against the banana palms, lime and orange trees of Neill's jungle patio, they discuss how the American colony can help save the local lake which is drying up.

Yanks Who Don't Go Home

EXPATRIATES SETTLE DOWN TO LIVE AND LOAF IN MEXICO

A great many Americans abroad are not there to build dams or swing business deals but to live and enjoy it. For these people one favorite country right now is Mexico, where some 40,000 of them find retirement pleasantly cheap and comfortable. In all Mexico no place provides a better balance between cheapness and comfort, civilization and unspoiled surroundings than the twin towns of Chapala and Ajijic (pronounced half hiccup, half sneeze: Ah . . . hee . . . heek!).

Here on the banks of Lake Chapala, 300 miles west of Mexico City and 35 miles south of Guadalajara, about 500 U.S. expatriates hire servants at $15 a month and practice the art of doing nothing. Their society has two strata: an oldish elite who have retired to enjoy the savings of workaday lives; and a youngish clique of artists and oddballs who have retired to experiment with words and pigments or the accepted routines of daily life. The older set has a country club and nine-hole golf course in Chapala. The bohemians have an art gallery-bar in Ajijic. But in both groups everyone has his or her own private patio full of sunshine and mountain air.

Photographed for LIFE by LEONARD McCOMBE

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AT BRIDGE GAME Mrs. Frances Williams (*back to camera*) entertains three guests in roofed part of her patio. Her 10-room, two-patio house rents for $44.

The older upper crust

Many of the people who come from the U.S. to retire in Chapala find that life without TV and safe tap water is insupportable. They quickly return home. Others who prefer servants to sanitation and have a capacity for self-entertainment settle down permanently and soon find the days do not have enough hours for all their pursuits. Some keep busy with domestic duties, as does ex-piano teacher Elsa Campbell (*right*), who helps her brother, two sisters and three servants run an elegant household in a home they designed and built for themselves. Some, like the Williams family (*top center*), go in for outdoor sports: fishing, hunting, croquet, golf or riding. Warren Rhodes (*far right*), a former Du Pont executive, takes care of his health. A few even work, like Neill James, who writes books, builds and rents houses, runs a dress shop and organizes local charities. Most play bridge. But with rum and brandy at a dollar a bottle, the one thing everyone does is visit neighbors and give parties. And they also do what people do in any small town: they gossip.

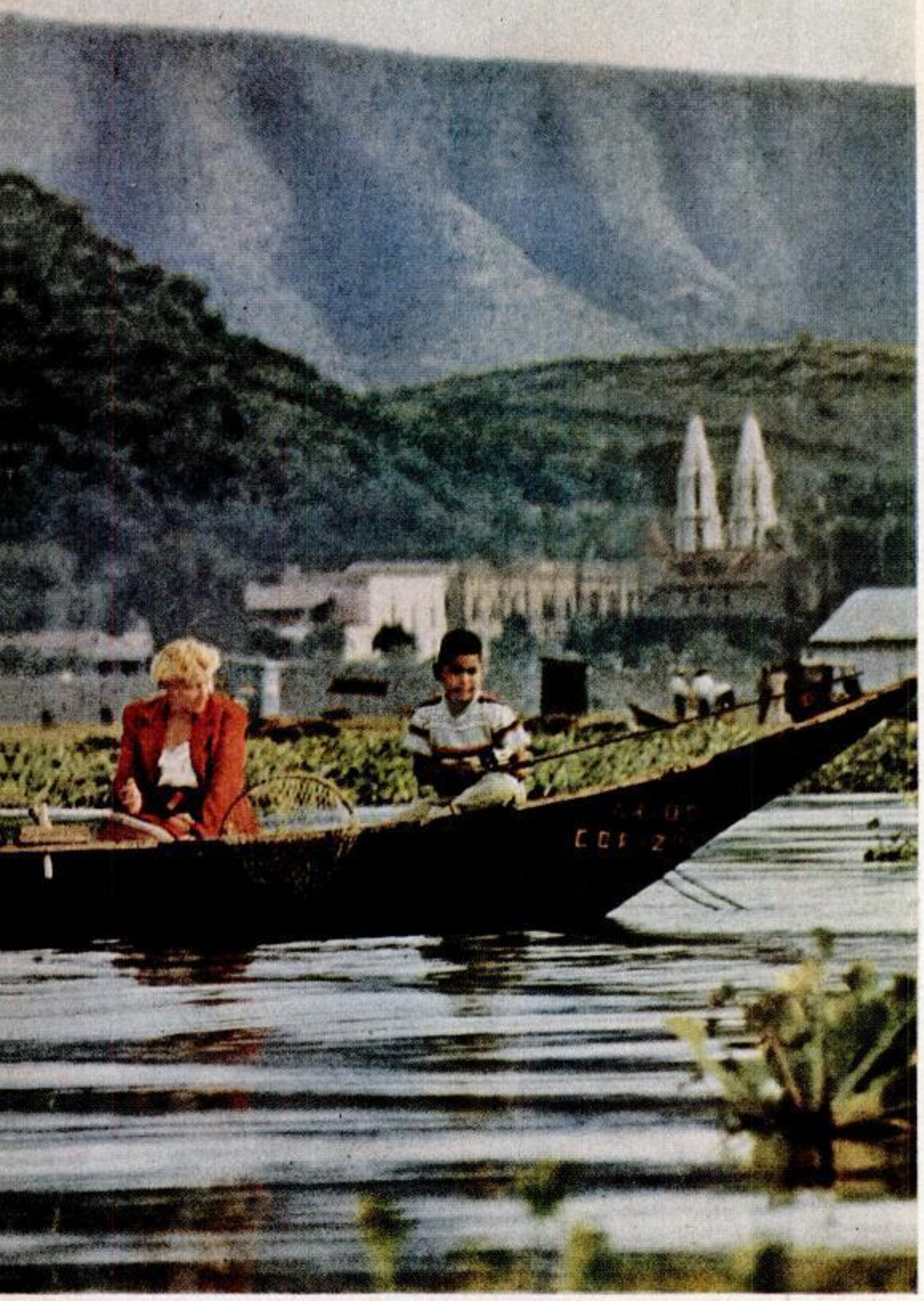


ON LAKE CHAPALA the Williams family goes fishing at sunup. They are Marvin Jr., 17; Marvin Sr., former Alcan Highway engineer; his wife Frances, a



ARRANGING ZINNIAS, Elsa Campbell, from Central City, Colo., works in striped shade of terrace roofed with bamboo. Leather furniture is made locally.

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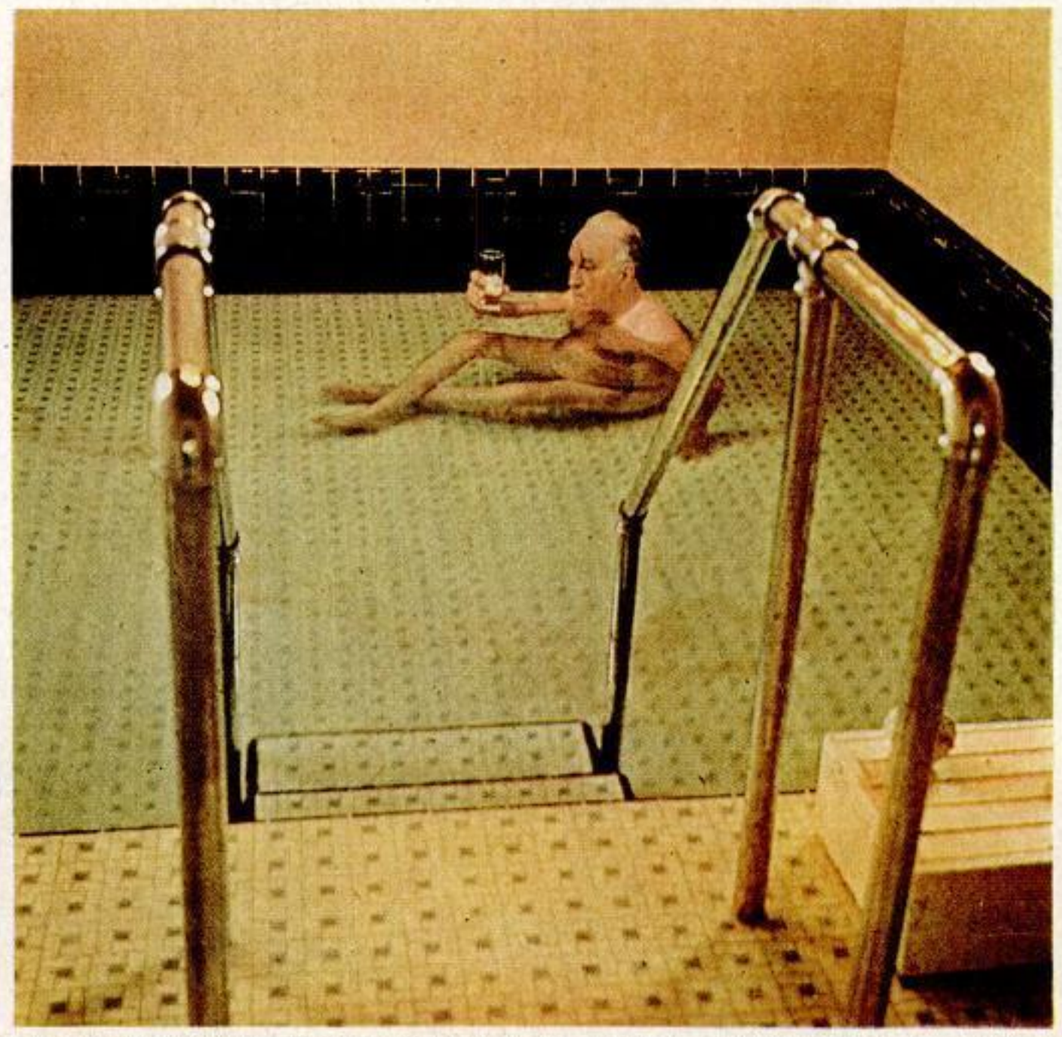
nurse turned novelist; Vernon, 11, their adopted Eskimo son. Steeples (*at right*) belong to Chapala's main church. Floating flowers are water hyacinths.



OUT CALLING, Neill James (*left*) from Mississippi gossips with Christine and Bernt Ornberg. Bernt was New York decorator. Plant in back is "telephone vine."



HUNTING TREASURE, Neill James (*center*) stands over metal detector in a field she bought for gold reputedly hidden there by thieves. She found nothing.



IN HIS OWN SPA Warren Rhodes, from Delaware, nurses glass of medicine and soaks in hot sulphur water from his own well. He built bathhouse himself.

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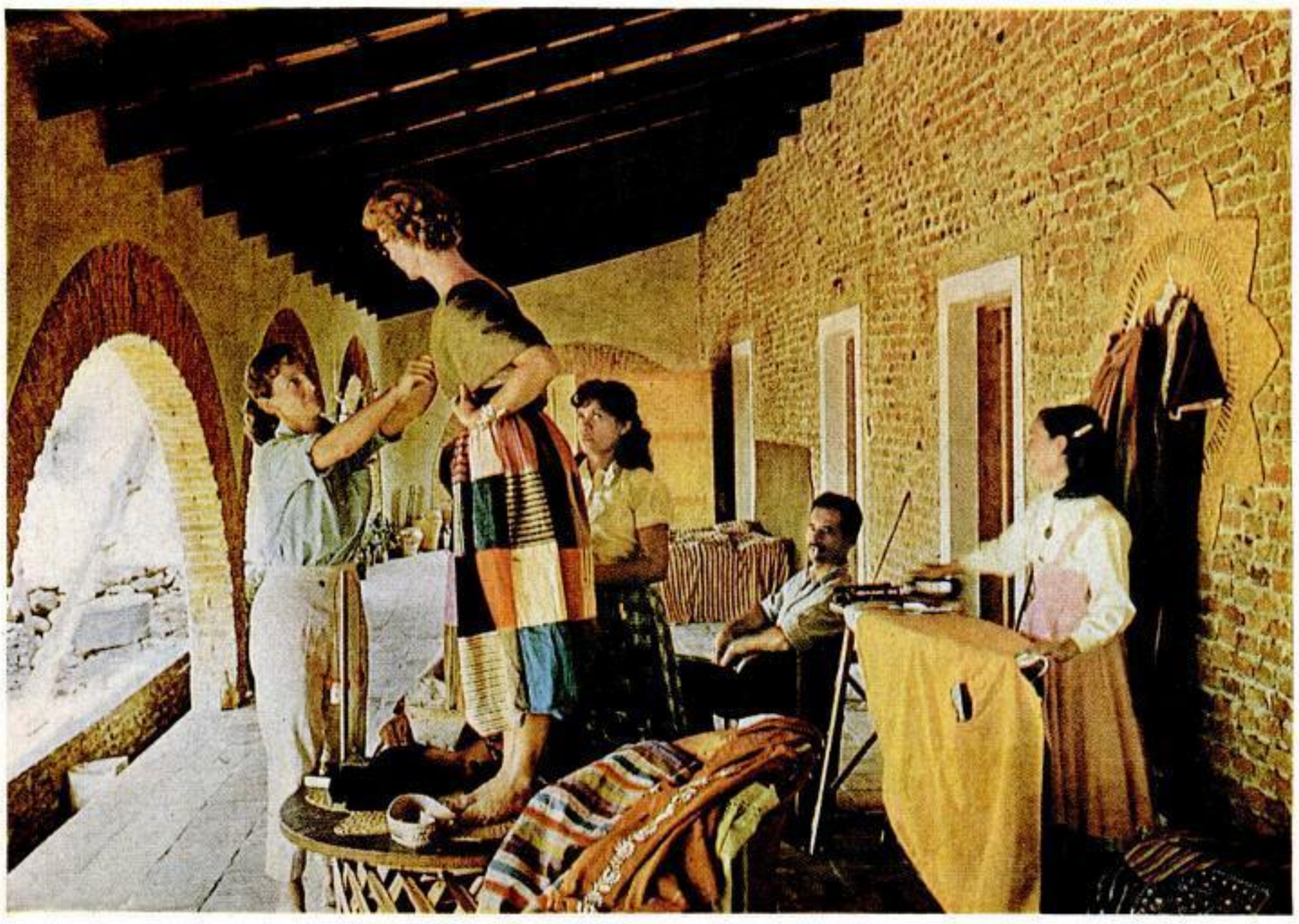
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Younger crew of bohemians

The bohemians of Ajijic include writers, musicians, painters and dilettantes, divorcées investigating the idea that they have been stuffily brought up and need to express themselves, and a sprinkling of international vagabonds. In *guaraches* and dungarees, they set up easels in the streets, argue esthetics in the *cantinas* (drinking joints) and amaze the Mexicans with progressive jazz by night. At their parties they read poems and play guessing games and charades as well as gossip.

Not all the bohemians are poor. Margaret North de Butterlin (*left*) is both rich and fashionable. She buys paintings and encourages the local artists in all they do. Her present husband runs the Galeria where the painters display their works and also buy drinks. Mrs. Wood (*below left*) runs a thriving little dress business. Serious young Artist Lothar Wuerslin (*lower right*) hopes to make money some day. Incorrigible John Langley (*top right*), English-born but sometimes a U.S. resident, is a nine-fingered violinist who says that he subsists on the insurance money from finger number 10 which he blew off in a hunting accident.

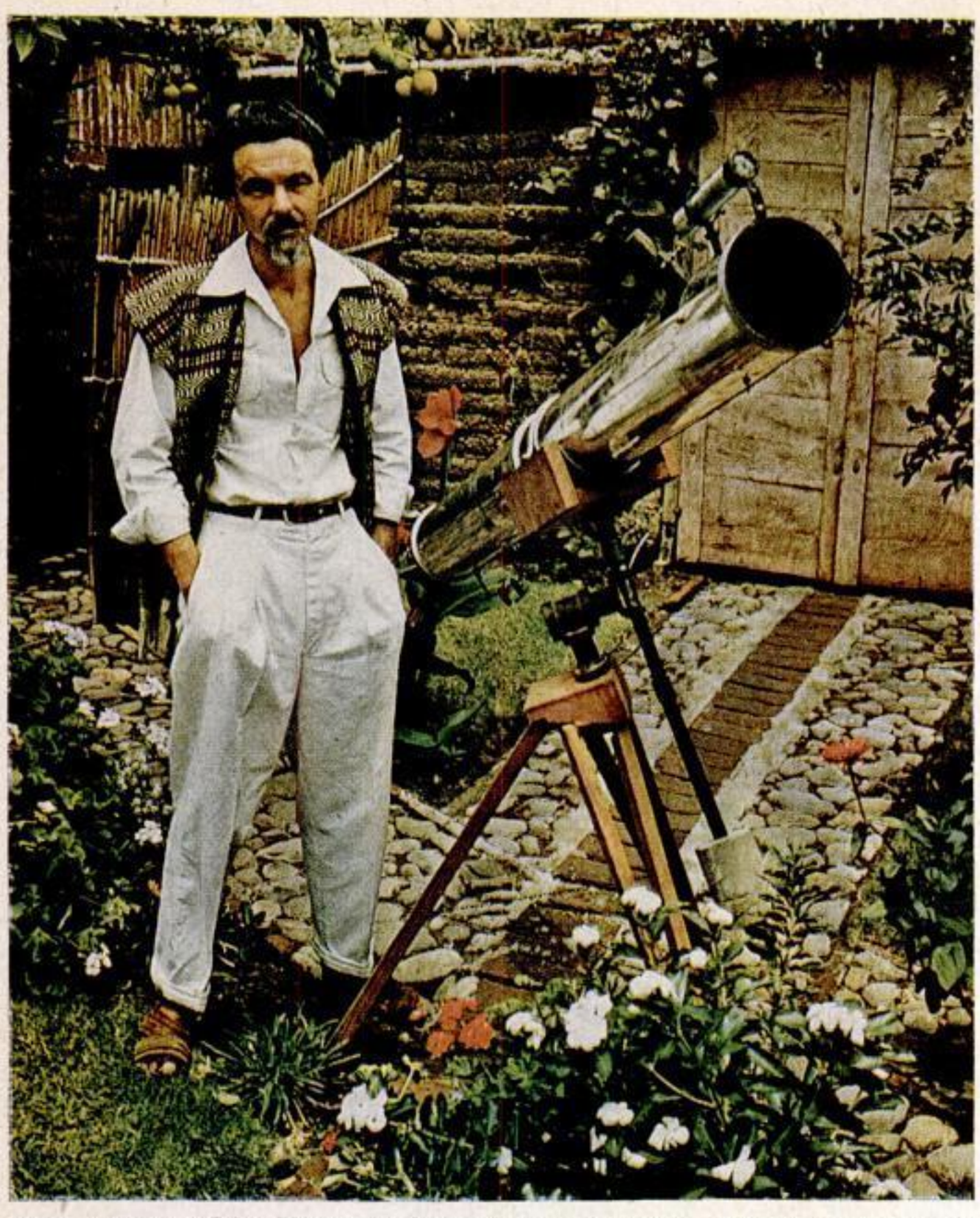
CONNOISSEUR Margo de Butterlin poses by a Polynesian drum in her *objets d'art*-filled *sala*. U.S.-born but Mexican by her last marriage, she has collected art in expatriate colonies all over the world.



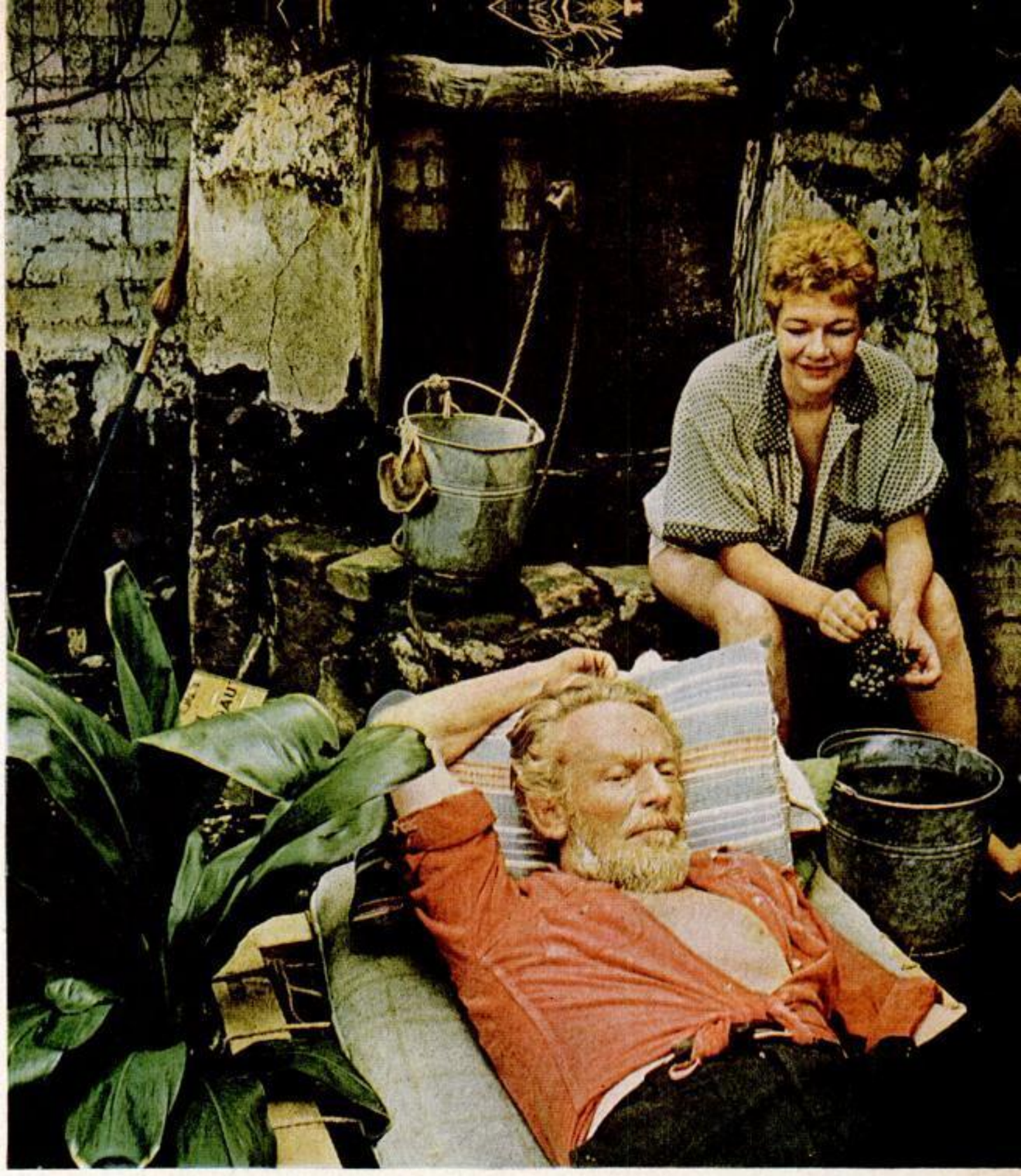
COUTURIERE Colleen Wood (*left*) from San Diego works on her porch with local girl to fit customer from U.S. Ironing is Anne, eldest of her three children. Seated is her Mexican partner, Daniel Anaya.



CHESS-PLAYING FAMILY, Lothar and Ann Wuerslin, ponder next move at end of entry to their $5-a-month home. He frescoed foyer himself. She sat for painting on easel. Baby was born in Mexico.



DILETTANTE John Upton displays telescope he made. Writer, composer, inventor, he says he needs one luxury: "freedom to train and enjoy my own mind."



DO-NOTHING John Langley lazes on couch in patio while Jeanora Bartlet sits on the edge of well after morning wash, eating grapes from an arbor overhead.



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CIRCLED IN HYACINTHS, Ann and Lothar Wuerslin take a bath in Lake Chapala. Their four-room adobe cottage boasts only one spigot and no tub. Before they have used up all their savings and have to return to their native New York City, Lothar hopes to have finished enough good paintings for a one-man show.

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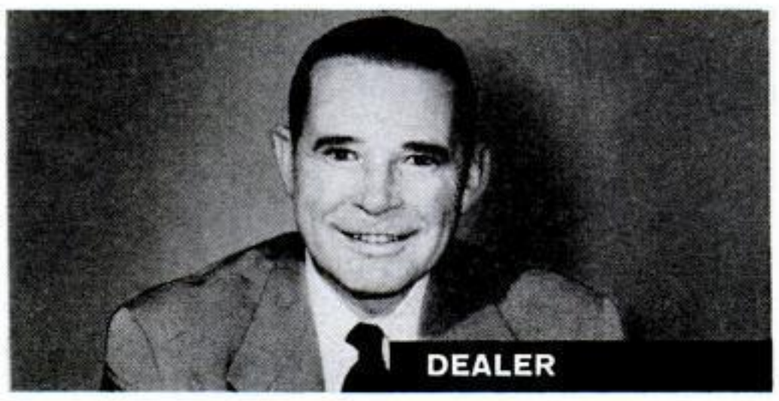
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AS RAOUL WATCHES, MRS. ANDERSON TOSSES SISTER-IN-LAW GIFT OF LINGERIE. FATHER, MOTHER, NIECE HOLD THEIR PRESENTS—SHIRT, BROCADE, DOLL

Happy Visit to the Old Country

Of all Americans abroad the most eager to go and most tenderly welcomed are those going back to visit the old country. Each year thousands of naturalized Americans make sentimental journeys to the land of their birth, to relive scenes of their youth and pick up old ties of friendship.

The Raoul Andersons of Oak Lawn, Ill. had a special reason for going back to Arvika, Sweden this summer: it was a golden wedding anniversary for Bertha Anderson's parents. Raoul had come to the U.S. in 1928, married Bertha when he went back for a stay in 1938. In Oak Lawn, where Raoul is a steamfitter, the Andersons own a house and car and have brought up three daughters that they were eager to show off in Arvika.

"Everyone," says Mrs. Anderson, "made me feel at home right away. I felt like I had been gone only a few weeks." Like long-absent returnees everywhere, they brought with them a load of gifts. In turn they were obliged to accept meal after meal offered, in Swedish fashion, at all times of the day at each house they visited. "My biggest thrill," said Bertha, "was coming back to set my feet on the ground where I played as a little girl. It was the same sun, the same little lake. . . . When it came time to leave, people were crying on the dock . . . and I was crying on the deck."

AT GOLDEN WEDDING PARTY ANDERSONS JOIN 66 FAMILY MEMBERS COVERING FOUR GENERATIONS IN CONGRATULATING HANNAH AND VIKTOR JOHANSSON

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FAMILY DANCE around Maypole at party included Mrs. Anderson (*center foreground*) preceded by her daughters and Raoul at right among men in center.

GIFTS FROM AMERICA, a white shirt and a shawl, are proudly worn by Bertha's parents as they sit amid flowers beneath their portrait made 50 years ago.

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